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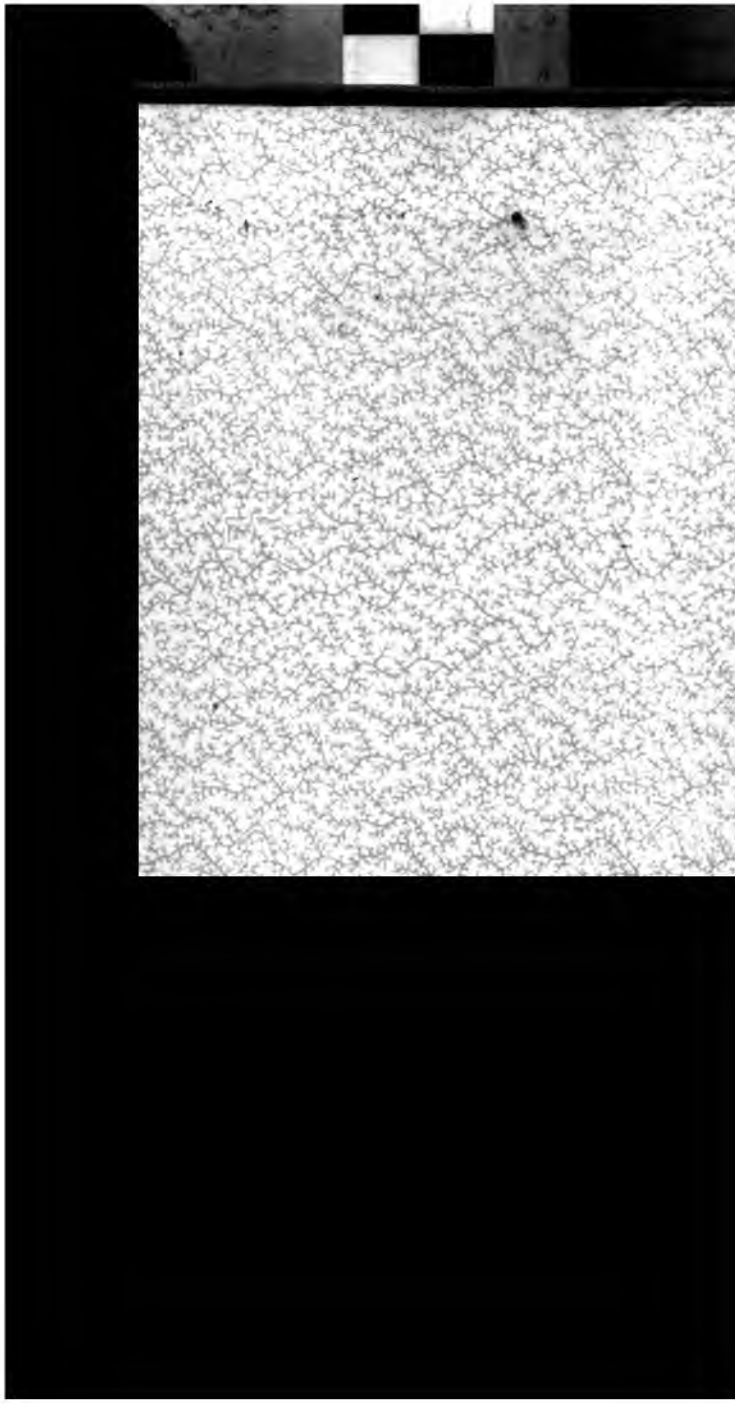


MEDULLA
POETARUM ROMANORUM:
OR, THE
Moſt Beautiful and Inſtructive
PASSAGES
OF THE
ROMAN POETS.
BEING A
COLLECTION,
(Diſpoſed under proper HEADS,)
Of ſuch DESCRIPTIONS, ALLUSIONS, COMPARISONS, CHARACTERS, and SENTIMENTS, as may beſt ſerve to ſhew the RELIGION, LEARNING, POLITICKS, ARTS, CUSTOMS, OPINIONS, MANNERS, and CIRCUMSTANCES of the ANTIENTS.
WITH
TRANSLATIONS of the ſame in ENGLISH VERSE.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for D. MIDWINTER, A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH, J. and J. PEMBERTON, R. WARE, C. RIVINGTON, F. CLAY, J. BATLEY and J. WOOD, A. WARD, J. and P. KNAPTON, T. LONGMAN, and R. HETT. MDCCXXXVII.

TO THE

Right Honourable

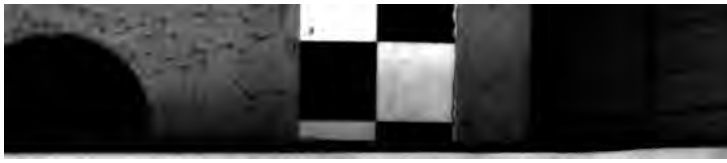
THOMAS

Earl of HADINTON.

My LORD,

THE Work I have now the Honour to preſent your Lordſhip, will, I hope, be of Service to you in the Progreſs of your Studies, and prove an agreeable Relaxation from the more laborious and leſs entertaining Parts of Learning, while at the ſame Time it ſupplies the Mind with Stores of uſeful Knowledge.

The *Romans* excelled all Mankind in polite Literature no leſs than they did in



Arms, and an Acquaintance with their Poets is abſolutely neceſſary to the acquiring a fine Taſte: their Elegance is the Standard whereby to form our ſelves, or to judge of others, and from their Age to this, thoſe have ever been moſt eſteemed, who have been moſt induſtrious to ſtudy and to imitate their Excellencies.

But, my Lord, the *Roman* Learning, extraordinary as it is, muſt be accounted of little Conſideration, if compared with the *Roman* Virtues:——You will find every where throughout theſe Collections the moſt exalted Sentiments of Humanity, Goodneſs, Generoſity, Honour, Liberty, and the Love of one's Country: Sentiments which tranſplanted into a Breaſt ſo happily diſpoſed for their Reception, muſt produce all thoſe noble Qualities which make Greatneſs amiable, which command a ſincere and real Reſpect of infinitely higher Value than all the falſe Incenſe of ſervile Flattery, and which diſtinguiſh the Poſſeſſor of them more than the largeſt Fortune or the moſt pompous Titles.

DEDICATION.

My Wiſh is, that, adorned with all theſe Perfections, your Lordſhip may ſoon become, and long continue, the Glory of your Country, and the Delight of all your Friends. And may I be permitted the Honour of profeſſing, that I am with the utmoſt Zeal and Reſpect,

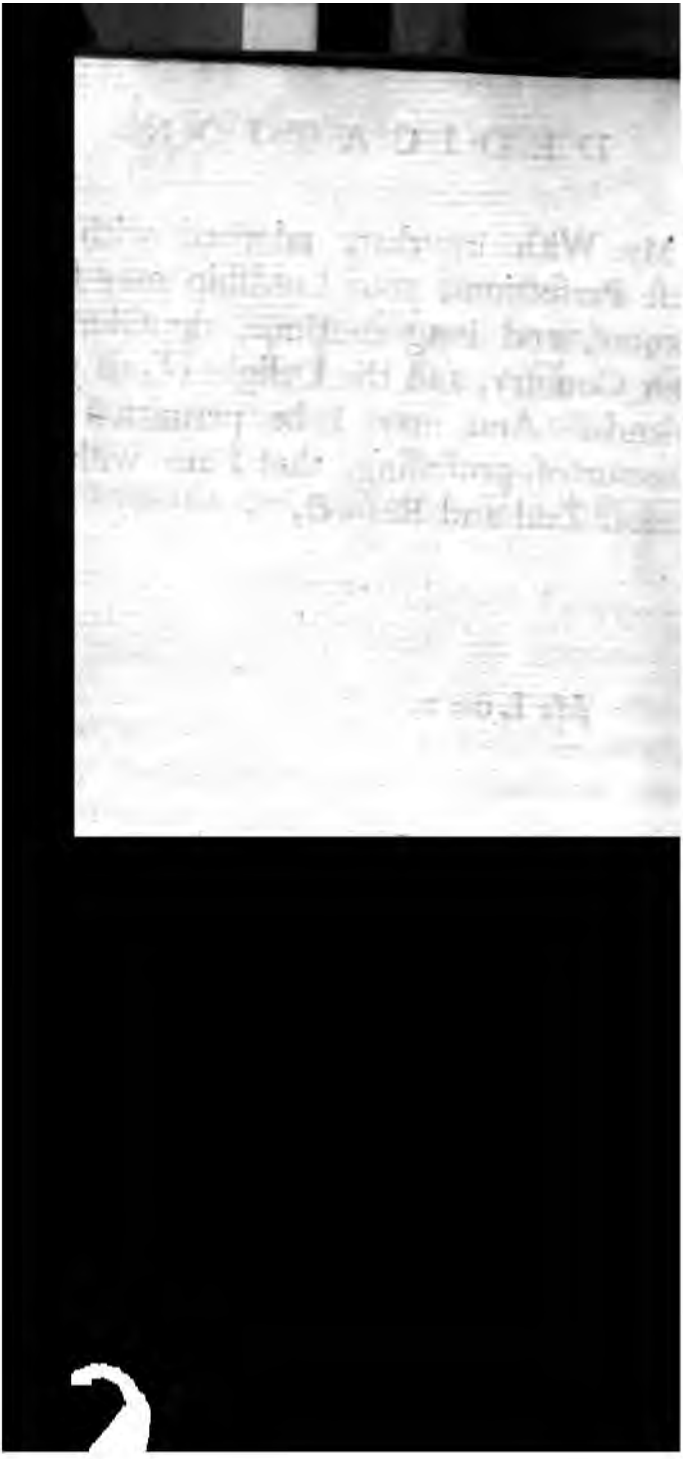
My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

HENRY BAKER.



TO THE

READER.

THE *Claſſic* Writers have with great Juſtice obtained the Applauſe of their Co-temporaries, and preſerved the Admiration of ſucceeding Ages. Whatever Diſcoveries may have been made in the knowledge of Nature, whatever Improvements in the Productions of Art, They are confeſſedly the Standard of all that regards the Beauty of Sentiment, or the Delicacy of Expreſſion.

Conſcious of this, the moſt admired Moderns have wiſely contented themſelves with borrowed Honours, and recommended their Performances by an happy Imitation, or an ingenious Improvement of their Predeceſſors: Proud rather to ſhare than rival their Fame, they have generally built upon the ſame Plan: and even where they would be thought Originals, frequently condeſcend not only to copy, but tranſlate.

In darker Ages they were ſometimes able to conceal the Theft, and uſurp the Credit which belonged to their Benefactors; but the inquiſitive World is now

ſenſible

... a true Judgment of Compo
by any means abate the Pleasur
Production gives, nor diminish ou
know from whence the several Ma
it are collected. — It will yield a ne
the original Heroics; and an Authc
ed by the Spirit of a great Master
cotiments, and judiciously connect
wn Design; will have the Honour o
r, who perfect of any venerable an
ins of Antiquity, inserts them int
h a manner, as to make them ap
ed for it.

With this view the following Colle
to the Reader, which contains a C
ne is valuable in the P...

To the READER.

Thoſe who are already converſant with the Authors, and to whom nothing valuable can be pointed out which has eſcaped their Obſervation, will however be pleaſed with an Index, that may refreſh their Memory, and ſave them ſome trouble, when they are at a Loſs to find a particular Expreſſion, or a favourite Thought.

But theſe are not the Perſons for whom the Editor has undertaken this Work: They are rather the Judges, to whoſe Cenſure he ſubmits himſelf in the Execution of his Performance.——If he has judiciouſly collected the ſeveral Parts, They will be his Advocates to Thoſe whoſe Benefit he intends, and bear Witneſs to the Uſefulneſs and Advantage of the Deſign.

To ſuch as have a good natural Genius, but whoſe Underſtanding is not yet arrived at Maturity, it will be of ſervice, to mark the Beauties, which they will taſte and reliſh as ſoon as their Attention is engaged: though without this Help, many of them might be paſſed by, undiſcovered, or unremarked.

The Tranſlations will inable thoſe who have made but a moderate Progreſs in the learned Languages, to preſerve at leaſt, if not improve what they have obtained.——What was Labour and Fatigue in the

licate Taſte of what is polite, th
ſupply what partial Education r
of the other Sex, who only wan
tion to cultivate and improve a fir
the ſame Advantage.

The Inſtructors of Youth will
in a Manual which contains a Rep
beautiful Sentiments finely expreſſe
ble to themſelves, they will alway
hand, proper to exerciſe the Under
rich the Memory, of thoſe who a
their Care.

Upon the whole, we propoſe tl
Readers of every degree, that a ſerio
uſefully imployed, or a vacant Minut
ip.—We have therefore carefully ex
ginal Authors, and if ---

To the READER.

The Tranſlations, where they have been done by eminent Authors, and come near the Spirit and Letter of the Originals, the Editor has choſe to borrow from thoſe Authors: He has ſupplied what was wanting: and ſometimes taken the Liberty to alter what he thought might be render'd more exact.

The Pains he has been at are amply repaid in the Pleaſure he has receiv'd: If any others ſhall, at leſs Expence of Time and Trouble, reap the Benefit, and partake his Pleaſure, the Satisfaction will be proportionably increaſed.

A few

...is, without the
TRANSLATIONS are
which Miſtake the followi

Page

5. *Æn.* Lib. IV.
Claud. Rapt. Proſ.
7. *Æn.* Lib. III.
9. *Ovid. Met.* Lib. VI
14. *Hor.* Epiſt. XVIII.
15. *Æn* Lib. III.
17. *Rapt. Proſ.*
Met. Lib. VII.
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19. *Æn.* Lib. IX. X.
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21. *Virg. Georg.* Lib. IV.
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Georg. Lib. II.
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29. *Georg.* Lib. I.
31. *Met.* Lib. I.

MEDULLA
POETARUM ROMANORUM:
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PASSAGES
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ROMAN POETS.

ABSENTIA

ECce jacent collo ſparſi ſine leg
Nec premit articulos lurida
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt i
Non Arabum noſtra dona e
Cui colar, infelix! aut cui placuiſſe l
Ille mei cultus unicus auctor abeſt!
Ovid.

ntra vident oculi ſcabra pendentia t
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris ir
venio ſylvam

THE

Moſt Beautiful and Inſtructive

PASSAGES

OF THE

ROMAN POETS.

ABSENCE.

NEglected, now, behold my Treſſes flow:
Not ſparkling Diamonds on my Fingers glow,
All plain, and cheap, the humble Weeds I wear:
No Golden Ornament adorns my Hair:
My Locks, no longer now, perfum'd diffuſe
The fragrant Odours of *Arabian* Dews.
Why ſhould I dreſs, or practice Arts like theſe?
He's gone whom only 'twas my Wiſh to pleaſe!——
I view the Grots, rough-arch'd, whoſe mould'ring Stone,
Fair, once, to me as poliſh'd Marble ſhone.
The Grove I view, beneath whoſe friendly Shade,
We oft have found a ſoft delightful Bed:
But Him, the lovely Lord of Them and Me,
Nor in the Grottoes, nor the Grove I ſee.
What then avails the now deteſted Place!
To Him alone it ow'd it's ev'ry Grace.
The with'ring Graſs informs me where we lay,
And the preſs'd Plants our mutual Weight betray:

Incubui : tetigique locum, qua parte fuiſti :
Grata prius lachrymas combibit herba meas.
Quin etiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus : & nullæ dulce queruntur aves.——

Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis,
Horridior ruſco, projecta vilior alga,
Si mihi non hæc lux toto jam longior anno eſt.——
Virg. Ecl.

Stant & Juniperi, & caſtaneæ hirſutæ :
Strata jacent paſſim ſua quæque ſub arbore poma :
Omnia nunc rident : at ſi formoſus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas & flumina ſicca.——

Aret ager : vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba :
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras.
Phyllidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit :
Juppiter & læto deſcendit plurimus imbri.——

Poſt————lumen obſcura viciſſim
Luna premit, ſuadéntque cadentia ſidera ſomnos :
Sola domo mœret vacuâ ſtratísque relictis
Incubat : illum abſens abſentem audítque vidétque.-
Æn. Lib.

Attritósque manu radios, projectaque penſa,
Cunctáque virgineo ſparſa oblectamina ludo,
Ceu natam, preſſat gremio : caſtúmque cubile
Deſertósque toros, &, ſicubi ſederit olim,
Perlegit.————
Claud. Rapt.

————Sic æſtuat ales,
Quæ teneros humili fetus commiſerit orno
Allatura cibos, & plurima cogitat abſens :

'here, down I lye, where thy dear Print I view;
ut firſt my plenteous Tears the Turf bedew.
'he Trees with falling Leaves Thee gone deplore,
\nd Birds ſweet-warbling charm the Ear no more.——
More bitter than the hateful * Poyſon-Plant
'ardinia yields, may I be thought by Thee:
Aore rough than Gorſe, more vile than with'ring Weeds
Which by the Tides are caſt upon the Shore:
Thus baſe, thus odious, let thy Swain appear,
'f this Day ſeems not longer than a Year.——
Here Junipers, and prickly Cheſnuts grow,
eneath each Tree it's Apples ſtrew the Ground,
nd ev'ry Scene with Satisfaction ſmiles:
ut from theſe Hills ſhould fair *Alexis* fly,
ou'd find our Rivers leave their Channels dry.——
Scorch'd are the Fields: with Thirſt the Herbage dies:
cchus the Hills his viny Shade denies:
ut when my *Phillis* comes to bleſs the Plain,
'he wither'd Groves ſhall all be green again,
nd *Jove* deſcend in plenteous Show'rs of Rain.——
When, in its Turn, the Moon obſcure withdraws
t's Light, and ſetting Stars perſwade to Sleep,
onely ſhe pines within the empty Court:
Lies on the Couch which juſt before he left:
Him abſent, abſent ſtill ſhe hears and ſees.——
The Rock, the Wheel, and ev'ry little Toy,
Which did the Virgin's ſportful Hours employ,
n her loſt Daughter's ſtead ſhe fondly preſs'd
Cloſe in her Lap, and hugg'd them to her Breaſt:
Explor'd her empty Bed, and ev'ry Place
Which her Child us'd did the ſad Mother trace.——
Thus anxious is the Bird, whoſe unfledg'd Young,
)n ſome low Aſh's ſlender Twigs are hung,
While to fetch Food ſhe roams: her careful Breaſt
s by a thouſand diff'rent Fears poſſeſs'd:

* An Herb like *Smallage*, ſo exceeding bitter and aſtringent, that it nvulſed the Jaws of thoſe who taſted it, and threw them into violent gonies.

...ues, animum ſi ver
... illud tibi, nate Dea, præque om
...icam, & repetens iterumque iterum
...nis magnæ primum prece numen ac
...ni cane vota libens, dominamque p
plicibus ſupera donis.————————

Virg

Pallas. Arachne.

Pallas anum ſimulat: falſósque in tempo
lit, & infirmos baculo quoque ſuſtinet
ſic orſa loqui.————————

Il. ————Non omnia grandior
fugiamus, habet. Seris venit uſus ab
ium ne ſperne meum. Tibi fama pet
nortales faciendæ maxima lanæ.
Deæ: veniámque tuis temeraria dictis
e voce roga. Veniam dabit illa roq

Leſt the rude Wind ſhould ſhake them from the Tree,
Or prying Man the hidden Neſt ſhould ſee,
Or cruel Serpents ſeize the tender Prey,
And bear the helpleſs little Ones away.——

ADVICE.

——IF *Helenus* has any Skill,
If any Faith, and if *Apollo* right
Inſpires his Prophet: One thing, Goddeſs-born,
One Thing, above the reſt, I will adviſe,
And oft repeat it: with religious Pray'r
Firſt *Juno*'s Deity adore: to her
Pay willing Sacrifices, and with Vows,
Suppliant, o'erpow'r the mighty Queen of Heav'n.——

Pallas. * *Arachne.*

The Goddeſs then a Matron's Form put on;
With ſilver Hairs her hoary Temples ſhone:
Prop'd by a Staff, ſhe hobbles in her Walk,
And, tott'ring, thus begins her old Wife's Talk.
Pall. Young Maid, attend, nor ſtubbornly deſpiſe
The kind Inſtructions of the Old and Wiſe:
For Age, tho' ſcorn'd, a ripe Experience bears,
That golden Fruit, unknown to blooming Years.
Still may remoteſt Fame thy Labours crown,
And all Mankind thy Skill in Weaving own:
But to the Goddeſs yield, and humbly meek,
A Pardon for thy bold Preſumption ſeek:
The Goddeſs will forgive.——
——At this the Maid,
With Paſſion fir'd, her gliding Shuttle ſtaid:
And ſcarce refraining Blows, with ſuch a Look
As high Reſentment ſhew'd,——
To *Pallas* in Diſguiſe thus fiercely ſpoke.

* *Arachne* preſuming to vye with *Pallas* in the Art of Weaving, the Goddeſs in Diſguiſe comes to give her good Advice.

...ciunt patulæ commiſſa fi
Et ſemel emiſſum volat irrevocal
Qualem commendes, etiam atqu
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pud
Fallimur, & quondam non digni
Quem ſua culpa premet, deceptu
Ut penitus notum, ſi tentet crimi
Tuteríſque tuo fidentem præſidio
Dente Theonino cum circumrodit
Ad te poſt paulò ventura pericula
Nam tua res agitur, paries cum pr
Et neglecta ſolent incendia ſumere

Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis ull
Commiſſumque teges, & vino tortu
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena
Nec cum venari volet ille, poëmat

Ar. Thou doating Thing, whoſe idle babling Tongue,
But too well ſhews the Plague of living long;
Hence, and reprove with this your ſage Advice,
Your giddy Daughter, or your awkard Neice:
Know, I deſpiſe your Counſel, and am ſtill
A Woman, ever wedded to my Will.——
Now to adviſe you, ſince you want Advice:
Take heed of whom you ſpeak, and what it is
Take heed to whom: avoid the buſy Man:
Fly the Inquiſitive; He'll talk again,
And tell what you have ſaid: The leaky Ear
Can never hold what it ſhall chance to hear,
But out it runs: What Words you once let fall,
For ever gone, no Mortal can recall.
Praiſe none till well approv'd on ſober Thoughts,
Leſt afterwards you bluſh for Other's Faults:
But if you have commended, thro' Miſtake,
A worthleſs Raſcal, no Excuſes make
On his Behalf, but give him up to Shame:
Yet manfully defend another's Fame,
If long Acquaintance has approv'd him true:
For the ſame Malice ſoon may ſlander you.
When your next Neighbour's Houſe is all a Flame,
If you neglect it, your's will be the ſame.
Be never with that curious Itch poſſeſs'd,
Of tearing Secrets from Another's Breaſt:
But when imparting Friendſhip makes 'em thine,
Revere, and guard them, as a ſacred Shrine,
By Frowns not frighted, nor betray'd by Wine.
Delights to which thy private Fancy bends,
Eſteem, with due Submiſſion to thy Friend's:
Nor when he calls to hunt, the Sport refuſe,
And ſtay at Home to trifle with the Muſe.
Read learned Authors, ſtudy well the Wiſe,
And ponder all the Methods they adviſe,
To make thy Days in pleaſing Quiet roll;
Leſt carking Avarice diſturb thy Soul,
Or Terrors ſhake, or Cares thy Mind abuſe,
Or anxious Hope for Things of little Uſe.

O [illegible] Parthorum ſolium
Care puer, terríſque proc
Parthorum Arſacis conſurgeret
Sufficeret ſublime genus, luxú
Inſula nobilitas poſſet te ſola

Altera Romanæ longè rectori
Conditor. Virtute decet, non ſa
Major & unius fato conjuncta

Tu licet extremos latè dominére
Te Medus, te mollis Arabs, te Se
Si metuis, ſi prava cupis, ſi duceris
Servitii patiere jugum: tolerabis iniq
Imperia legum. Tunc omnia jura te
Cùm puteris Rex eſſe tui: proclivior
In pejora datur, ſuadétque licentia lu
Illecebriſque effrena favet: tunc vim
Aſperius, cum [illegible]

Conſider whether Virtue be produc'd
By Education, or from Heav'n infus'd:
What leſſens Care: what makes a Man to be
His own beſt Friend: whence pure Tranquility
Reſults, from Honour, or from ſhining Wealth,
Or from a private Life, led as it were by Stealth.——

ADVICE to a PRINCE.

DEAR Youth, if Fortune on the *Parthian* Throne
Had fix'd thy Lot: if from the great *Arſaces*
Deſcended lineally, and much rever'd
Far thro' the diſtant Eaſt, the bright *Tiara*
Shone round thy Brows; then might thy princely Rank
And high Extraction render Thee ſecure,
Tho' wantoning in ſlothful Luxury.
But diff'rent much the Caſe of thoſe that wield
The *Roman* Scepter: *Virtue*, here, not *Blood*,
Muſt fix thy Fame: when exercis'd by Power
'Tis then moſt great, moſt uſeful to Mankind.
Tho' thy wide ſtretch'd Dominions ſhould extend
To *India*'s utmoſt Bounds, tho' down to Thee
The *Mede*, the *Arab*, and the *Perſian* bow,
If thy Deſires are wicked, if by Fear
Or Anger Thou art ſway'd, Thou're but a Slave;
And in thy Breaſt ſhalt feel the Tyrant's Pow'r.
Then only art Thou fit to wield the Scepter,
When Thou canſt rule Thyſelf. Vice ſtill proceeds
From bad to worſe: Licentiouſneſs leads on
To Luxury, and that to lawleſs Luſt.
Moſt difficult the Taſk to practice Chaſtity,
When the hot Blood boils high; and Anger, then,
But ill adviſes, when Revenge is near.
Thou, the firſt Sallies in thy Boſom quell,
Nor e'er be thy Concern what 'tis Thou canſt,
But what Thou ought'ſt to do: and the Regard
Of what is juſt, let always rule thy Will.

My

præterea crebro ſermone monebo,
is medio telluris in orbe
gnoſcas: cunctis tua gentibus eſſe
um, nec poſſe dari regalibus uſquam
vitiis: nam lux altiſſima fati
nil eſſe ſinit, latebráſque per omnes
abſtruſos explorat fama receſſus.

in primis: nam cùm vincamur in omni
ola Deos æquat clementia nobis.

biè ſuſpectus agas, neu falſus amicis
ve avidus: qui talia curat, inanes
trepitus, nulla non anxius hora.
ccubiæ, nec circumſtantia pila
atur amor: non extorquebis amari:
a fides, hoc ſimplex gratia donat.——

ret, plus ipſe timet: ſors iſta Tyrannis

But this I o'er and o'er again adviſe,
That Thou remember Providence has plac'd Thee
In the full Point of Light; where all Thou do'ſt
By every Nation round Thee is obſerv'd.
The Faults of Princes ne'er can be conceal'd:
The Splendor of their elevated Rank
Permits not ought they do to be unknown:
Fame enters their moſt hidden Privacy,
And ſearches all the ſecret Windings out.
Be gentle and benevolent to all:
We may in every Excellence beſide
By Others be outdone, but Clemency
Exalts and makes us equal to the Gods.
Act not a double Part, nor, falſe Thyſelf,
Give Ear to Rumours; for who-e'er does ſo,
Shall be affrighted at each idle Noiſe,
And, never, never know an Hour's Peace.
Whom Men at Arms and glittering Spears ſurround,
Is much leſs ſafe than he that Love defends:
But Love can ne'er be forc'd:—This, mutual Truſt,
This, kind and gracious Acts alone, procure.
Whom all his People fear, himſelf much more
Muſt be afraid: a Fate for Tyrants fit.
Let ſuch with Envy perſecute all thoſe
Whom Fame ſpeaks well of, and deſtroy the Brave.
With Swords and Poiſons let them live encompaſs'd,
Immur'd in Tow'rs, and trembling while they threat.
But Thou a Citizen, a Father be;
The general Good conſulting, not thine own,
Still, ſtill prefer the Public to Thyſelf.
If Thou wouldſt have thine *Edicts* well obſerv'd,
Obey them firſt Thyſelf: the People, then,
With Readineſs comply, when the Law-maker,
Himſelf, they find, obſervant of the Laws.
Example in a King is all in all:
The Statutes of the Realm, ſerve leſs to form
His Subjects Manners, than the Life he leads:
For ſtill the changeful Vulgar ape their Prince.——

ÆTNA.

ÆTNA.

Orrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
umantem piceo & candente favilla:
e globos flammarum, & fidera lambit:
ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
ctans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
itu glomerat, fundóque exæſtuat imo.

eſt, Enceladi ſemuſtum fulmine corpus
olo hac, ingentémque inſuper Ætnam
, raptis flammam exſpirare caminis:
quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Trinacriam, & cœlum ſubtexere fumo.

Æn. Lib. III.

opulis ſe porrigit Ætna peruſtis:

ÆTNA.

—— *Ætna* thunders nigh
In dreadful Ruins. With a Whirlwind's Force
Sometimes it throws to Heav'n a pitchy Cloud,
Redden'd with Cinders, and involv'd in Smoke:
And toſſes Balls of Flame, and licks the Stars.
Sometimes with loud Exploſion high it hurls
The Rocks, and Entrails from the Mountain torn:
With roaring Noiſe ſlings molten Stones in Air,
And boils, and bellows, from its loweſt Caves.
'Tis ſaid the Bulk of huge *Enceladus*
Blaſted with Lightning, by this ponderous Mount
Is cruſh'd: and *Ætna*, o'er him whelm'd, expires
Flame from it's burſt Volcanos: and when e'er
He ſhifts his weary Side, *Trinacria* all
Groans trembling, and with Smoke obſcures the Sky.——
Far ſtretching it's burnt Rocks, is *Ætna* found;
Ætna for vanquiſh'd Gyants ſtill renown'd:
Enceladus's Load; who cruſh'd beneath,
From his huge Breaſt does burning Tempeſts breathe.
Still as the Monſter, weary of the Weight,
Exchanges Sides, he ſhakes the Mountain's Height:
Sicilia heaves, and ev'ry tott'ring Wall
Leans toward the Ground, and meditates a Fall.
It's pointed Summits from afar are ſhewn,
But are acceſſible to Sight alone.
While on it's other Parts freſh Greens appear,
And Groves of Trees their ſhady Branches rear,
No hardy Hind dares turn the ſultry Soil
On the high Crown, and cultivate with Toil.
For now black Clouds and Tempeſts force their Way,
And with their loathſome Pitch pollute the Day:
Now maſſy Fragments of the ſhiver'd Stone,
Torn from it's Root, againſt the Stars are thrown.
But tho' the Burnings rage to ſuch Exceſs,
Still with the Snows they hold a faithful Peace.

Here

Affectio Filialis.

glacies tanti ſecura vaporis,
efenſa gelu, fumóque fideli
ontiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.
ulos tormenta rotant? quæ tanta cavernas
erat? quo fonte ruit Volcanius amnis?
objicibus diſcurrens ventus opertis,
er ſaxa furit rimoſa meatu,
tatur iter, libertatémque repoſcens
ltivagis populatur flatibus antra.
ſulphurei ductum per viſcera montis,
igneſcit aquis, & pondera librat.——

Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

Affectio Filialis.

ſic Æſonides: O cui debere ſalutem
fiteor, Conjux, quanquam mihi cuncta dediſti,

Here hoary Winter does her Seat maintain,
Secure of Thaws, and unmoleſted reign:
Thick Clouds of Smoke hang o'er the freezing Coaſt,
And the ſwift Flames ſweep harmleſs o'er the Froſt.
What forceful Engines whirl aloft in Air
The craggy Quarries, and the Mountain tare?
From what ſtrange Source proceeds the burning Stream,
Which on the waſted Vallies ſpouts the Flame?——
Or in Confinement choak'd, th'impriſon'd Wind
Puſhes around an open Vent to find,
And, in it's Courſe reſiſted by the Rock,
Burſts thro' it's Priſon with a mighty Shock:
Or the Sea, ent'ring thro' the ſulph'rous Veins,
Boils with the Fires, and on the blaſted Plains
Diſplodes the mingled Ruin: wildly thrown,
The Stones and liquid Flames pour with Deſtruction down.

AFFECTION Filial.

THen *Jaſon* thus his *Spouſe addreſs'd, O, Wife!
To whom I ſtand indebted for my Life:
Whoſe Tenderneſs and boundleſs Favours prove,
How much Thou art a Miracle of Love:
If Magick can:—what cannot that ſurmount?
O! take ſome needleſs Years from my Account,
And to my *Father*'s Life the Number place:
He ſpoke: and as he ſpoke the Tears bedew'd his Face.—
——————————Now
The Fire more loudly roars: and, from the Walls
The blazing Torrent nearer rolls the Flames.
Haſte then, *dear Father!* on my Shoulders lay
Your aged Body: I the Load will bear,
Nor think that Labour hard: whatever Chance
Betides us, Both ſhall ſhare one common Fate,
Eſcape together, or together fall.————
————————Yet more than all
Rewards, and Prizes, one Thing I implore:
I have a *Mother*, from the ancient Race

* *Medea.*

Affectio Conjugalis.

: quam miſeram tenuit non Ilia tellus
xcedentem, non mœnia regis Aceſtæ.
nunc, ignaram hujus quodcumque pericli eſt,
tatam linquo : nox & una teſtis
quod nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.
ro, ſolare inopem, & ſuccurre relictæ.
e me ſpem ferre tui : audentior ibo
mnes.———————

Virg. Æn. Lib. IX.

———————Ocyus enſem
viſo Tyrrheni ſanguine lætus,
femore, & trepidanti ſervidus inſtat.
cari graviter genitoris amore,
Lauſus : lachrymæque per ora volutæ.
m referens, & inutilis, inque ligatus
clypeóque inimicum haſtile trahebat :
Juvenis, ſeſéque immiſcuit armis,
aſſurgentis dextrâ, plagamque ferentis
ubiit mucronem.———

Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

Of *Priam* ſprung: whoſe Fondneſs for her Son,
Urg'd her, unhappy, thro' the Toils of War
To follow me: nor could the *Ilian* Coaſts
Detain her, nor the King *Aceſtes'* Walls.
Her, ignorant of whate'er Fate impends,
Unbleſs'd, and unſaluting, I forſake:
This Night, and thy Right Hand, I here atteſt,
I cannot bear my wretched *Parent*'s Tears.
But Thou, I beg, conſole her helpleſs Age,
And aid her deſolate: of that ſecure,
With leſs Concern ſhall I all Hazards run.——
Æneas, glad to ſee the * *Tuſcan*'s Blood,
Snatches his Fauchion from his Thigh with Haſte,
And darts impetuous on his trembling Foe.
This *Lauſus* ſaw: and ſtruck with Fear and Grief,
For his lov'd Father by ſuch Danger preſs'd,
Groan'd deep: and Tears ran trickling down his Cheeks.
The Sire, retreating, uſeleſs for the Fight,
And with his Wound diſabled, back withdrew:
And in his Target trail'd the hoſtile Spear.
The Youth ſprings on amidſt the thickeſt Arms,
Himſelf oppoſing to *Æneas'* Sword
Rais'd high, and ready to diſcharge the Blow.——

AFFECTION Conjugal. See CONSTANCY.

THE King commands his Servants to their Arms,
Reſolv'd to go: but the loud Noiſe alarms
His lovely Queen, who from her Chamber flew,
And her half-plaited Hair behind her threw:
About his Neck ſhe hung with loving Fears,
And now with Words, and now with pleading Tears,
Intreated that he'd ſend his Men alone,
And ſtay Himſelf to ſave two Lives in one.——
† He, with his concave Shell his pining Love
Conſol'd: and lonely, on the deſart Shore,
Thee, ſweet *Eurydice!* Thee ſtill he ſung:
Thee, at the Op'ning, Thee at Cloſe of Day.——

* *Mezentius.* † *Orpheus.*

Æ TAS AUREA. Prima Ætas.

us, nullíque animum flexere hymenæi.
erboreas glacies, Tanaimque nivalem
Riphæis numquam viduata pruinis
raptam Eurydicen——quærens.
o Ciconum quo munere matres,
Deûm, nocturnique Orgia Bacchi,
n latos juvenem ſparſere per agros.
que marmoreâ caput à cervice revulſum,
m medio portans Œagrius Hebrus
Eurydicen vox ipſa & frigida lingua,
m Eurydicen! animâ fugiente, vocabat:
toto referebant flumine ripæ.——

Virg. Geor. Lib IV.

UATUOR MUNDI ÆTATES.

ETAS AUREA. Prima Ætas.

prima ſata eſt ætas, quæ vindice nullo,
te ſua ſine lege fidem rectúmque colebat.

o proffer'd Loves, no Hymenéal Vows
uld move his Soul: The *Hyperborean* Ice,
id ſnowy *Tanais*, and th' extended Fields
r ever rigid with *Riphæan* Froſt,
one He travell'd o'er: *Eurydice*
viſh'd away, deploring.——————
e *Thracian* Dames enrag'd by this Contempt,
Bacchus' Orgies, and nocturnal Rites,
ith furious Madneſs tore the hapleſs Youth,
id ſtrew'd his mangled Carcaſs o'er the Plains.
ien too, his Head, from the fair Neck disjoyn'd,
rian Hebrus in his gulphy Tide
lling along, *Eurydice* he call'd,
ith his laſt Accents, and his dying Tongue:
! poor *Eurydice!* his flying Breath,
rydice! the Stream, and Banks reſound.——

The FOUR AGES of the WORLD.

The GOLDEN AGE. First Age.

THE *Golden Age* was firſt: when Man yet new,
No Rule but uncorrupted Reaſon knew:
And, with a native Bent, did Good purſue.
forc'd by Puniſhment, un-aw'd by Fear,
s Words were ſimple, and his Soul ſincere.
edleſs was written Law, where none oppreſs'd;
e Law of Man was written in his Breaſt.
ſuppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
Court erected yet, nor Cauſe was heard:
all was ſafe, for Conſcience was their Guard.
e Mountain Pine, unfell'd, ſecurely ſtood,
r chang'd for diſtant Seas her native Wood.
en Mortals, unambitious, knew no more
an the ſhort Proſpect of their native Shore.
Walls were yet: nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound:
r Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's warlike Sound:
r Sword, nor Helm was made: in calm Content,
l downy Peace, their Lives theſe happy People ſpent.

oque immunis raſtróque intacta, nec ullis
meribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus :
ue cibis nullo cogente creatis,
fœtus, montanáque fraga legebant,
, & in duris hærentia mora rubetis,
leciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes.
æternam, placidíque tepentibus auris
t Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.
n fruges tellus inarata ferebat :
vatus ager gravidis canebat ariſtis.
jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant :
de viridi ſtillabant ilice mella.— *Ov. Met.* Lib. I.
us humanum multò fuit illud in arvis
t decuit, tellus quod dura creâſſet :
bus & ſolidis magis oſſibus intùs
, & validis aptum per viſcera nervis :
ê ex æſtu, nec frigore quod caperetur ;
tate cibi, nec labi corporis ulla,
per cœlum ſolis volventia luſtra
o vitam tractabant more ferarum.
ſtus erat curvi moderator aratri
; nec ſcibat ferro mollirier arva :

The teeming Earth yet guiltleſs of the Plow,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed:
Cornels and Bramble Berries gave the reſt,
And fallen Acorns furniſh'd out a Feaſt.
On Flow'rs unſown ſoft *Zephyr* ſpread his Wing,
And Time itſelf was one eternal Spring.
In following Years, the bearded Corn enſu'd,
From Earth untill'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
Streams, then, of Milk, and Streams of Nectar flow'd,
And yellow Honey ſweating Oaks beſtow'd.——
Then Men were hard, as hard as parent Stones,
And built on bigger and on firmer Bones:
The Nerves that join'd their Limbs were tough and ſtrong,
Their Life was healthy, and their Age was long.
No Colds, nor Heats, nor dire Diſeaſes bred
By dainty Diſhes, multiply'd the Dead:
But rolling Years long found them in their Prime,
And, like the Brutes, in Search of Food they ſpent their [Time.
No brawny Plowman then had learn'd to tare
The Earth's firm Surface with the crooked Share:
None prun'd old Branches from the Trees that grew,
Or dug the fruitful Ground for planting new:
But all were well contented with the Store
Sun, Rain, and Earth beſtow'd, and wiſh'd no more.
In Woods they liv'd, on Acorns chiefly fed,
And ſuch wild Berries as in Winter, red,
Become mature: the youthful World then gave
Of theſe abundance more than now we have;
And various Fruits beſide did then produce,
Amply ſufficient for poor Mortals' Uſe.——
——————Then none reſign'd
Their Lives to Seas, or Wiſhes to the Wind:
Confin'd their Search: they knew themſelves alone,
And thought That only worthy to be known.——
That ancient Time, we call the *Golden-Age*,
Was happy: when Earth's Fruits, and wholſom Herbs,

a fuit: nec polluit ora cruore.
aves tutas movere per aëra pennas:
impavidus mediis erravit in agris:
credulitas piſcem ſuſpenderat hamo.
ine inſidiis, nullámque timentia fraudem,
pacis erant.———————

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

nemora indigenæ fauni nymphæque tenebant,
virûm truncis & duro robore nata:
que mos, neque cultus erat: nec jungere tauros,
ponere opes norant, aut parcere parto:
, atque aſper victu venatus alebat.
b ætherio venit Saturnus Olympo,
ovis fugiens, & regnis exul ademptis.
indocile ac diſperſum montibus altis
it, legéſque dedit.———————
uæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
ſic placida populos in pace regebat.———

Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat:

elicious Food; e'er he with Blood
ited.——Safely thro' the Air
wing'd his Way: then o'er the Plains
irely wander'd, void of Fear:
onfidence the Fiſh betray,
ooks enſnare.—All, then, ſincere,
ous, perfect Peace enjoy'd.——
ds were firſt the Seat of Sylvan Pow'rs,
and Fawns, and ſavage Men, who took
om Trunks of Trees, and ſtubborn Oak:
y knew, nor Manners, nor the Care
xen, nor the ſhining Share:
Gain, nor what they gain'd to ſpare.
: the Chace: the running Flood
Thirſt: The Trees ſupply'd their Food.
came, who fled the Pow'r of *Jove*,
Realms, and baniſh'd from above.
erſed on Hills, to Towns he brought:
lain'd, and civil Cuſtoms taught.
l Empire Peace and Plenty came,
Golden Times deriv'd their Name.——
flouriſhed in an Age of Gold,
or Mortals yet had heard th' Alarms
, nor the ſputt'ring of the Steel
m'd, and hammer'd into Swords.——
liv'd Mankind in *Saturn*'s Days!
ourneys mark'd out tedious Ways:
ventur'd on the azure Main,
Sails the ſpeeding Winds to gain:
known then none a Voyage made,
Veſſels with a foreign Trade.
ll as yet had wore the Yoke,
h Bit and Bridle yet was broke.
ir Houſes had: and in their Grounds
fix'd, to mark each Tenant's Bounds,
gave, and of their own Accord
th ſwelling Dugs their Milk afford.
Rage, nor Wars, as yet were found,
uel Smith had Weapons forg'd to wound.—

Ætas Argentea.

uam, Saturno tenebroſa in Tartara miſſo,
Jove mundus erat: ſubiitque argentea proles,
erior, fulvo pretioſior ære.
ntiqui contraxit tempora veris:
emes, æſtúſque & inæquales autumnos,
ver, ſpatiis exegit quatuor annum.
num ſiccis aer fervoribus uſtus
& ventis glacies adſtricta pependit.
mum ſubiere domos. Domus antra fuerunt
rutices, & vinctæ cortice virgæ.
um primum longis cerealia ſulcis
nt, preſsíque jugo gemuere juvenci.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

ovem nulli ſubigebant arva coloni:
are quidem, aut partiri limite campum
in medium quærebant: ipſaque tellus
berius, nullo poſcente, ferebat.
m virus ſerpentibus addidit atris,
ua lupos iuſſit, pontúmque movari:

Silver Age.

BUT when good *Saturn*, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.
Succeeding Times a *Silver Age* behold,
Excelling *Braſs*, but more excell'd by *Gold*.
Then Summer, Winter, Autumn did appear:
And Spring was but a Seaſon of the Year.
The Sun his annual Courſe obliquely made,
Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then glow'd the Air with ſultry Heats, the Wind
Began with Ice and Snow the Rains to bind.
Mortals to Houſes then for Shelter fled:
Caves were their Houſes, or an Oſier-Shed.
Then Furrows for the quick'ning Grain were broke,
And Oxen labour'd firſt beneath the Yoke.——
E'er *Jove* was King no Hinds ſubdu'd the Glebe:
Nor lawful was it held to ſever Lands,
Or mark their Bounds: in common all Things lay:
And Earth without Compulſion yielded Food.—
He baneful Poyſon to fell Serpents gave:
Commanded Wolves to prowl, the Sea to toſs:
From Trees the Honey ſhook: conceal'd the Fire:
And all in Streams repreſs'd the running Wine:
That Want by Thought might ſtrike out various Arts,
Gradual; in Furrows ſeek the Blade of Corn:
And by Colliſion from the Veins of Flint
Extund the latent Fire.——Then Rivers firſt
Felt hollow'd Timber: the ſea-faring Crew
Then firſt gave Names and Numbers to the Stars,
The *Pleïads*, *Hyads*, and the *northern Bear*.
'Twas then invented to intangle Beaſts
In Toils, and Fowls in Bird-lime to deceive:
And with ſtanch Hounds the Thicket to incloſe.
One with his Caſting-net, lanch'd on the deep,
Beats the broad River: from the deeper Sea
Another drags along his dropping Twine.

Then

TAS ÆNEA. ÆTAS FERREA.

i rigor, atque argutæ lamina ſerræ :
imi cuneis ſcindebant fiſſile lignum)
iæ venere artes.—— *Virg. Georg.* Lib. I.

ÆTAS ÆNEA.

a poſt illas ſucceſſit ænea proles :
ior ingeniis, & ad horrida promptior arma :
rata tamen.—————— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. I.

ÆTAS FERREA.

E duro eſt ultima ferro.
Protinus irrumpit venæ pejoris in ævum
fas : fugere pudor, verúmque, fidéſque :
n ſubiere locum, fraudéſque, dolíque,
e, & vis, & amor ſceleratus habendi.
t ventis, nec adhuc bene noverat illos
quæque diu ſteterant in montibus altis,
ignotis inſultavere carinæ.

Then rigid Iron, and the grating Saw,
(With Wedges, firſt, the ſplitting Wood they riv'd)
Then various Arts enſu'd.———

BRAZEN AGE.

THird in Succeſſion came the Brazen Age:
A warlike Offspring, prompt to bloody Rage,
But yet not impious.———

IRON AGE.

——HArd Steel ſucceeded then,
And ſtubborn as the Metal were the Men.
Truth, Modeſty, and Shame, the World forſook;
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took.
Then Sails were ſpread to ev'ry Wind that blew,
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new:
Trees that long rooted on the Mountains ſtood,
Now bounded o'er the deep unpractis'd Flood.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right:
For all before was common as the Light.
Nor was the Ground alone required to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share,
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Digg'd from her Entrails firſt the precious Oar,
Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid:
And that alluring Ill to Sight diſplay'd.
Then curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold,
Gave Miſchief Birth, and made that Miſchief bold:
The fatal Parents they of new Alarms,
Give Birth to War, and fill the World with Arms.
Now Men are broken looſe from moral Bands,
And brandiſh'd Weapons glitter in their Hands.
No Rights of Hoſpitality remain:
The Gueſt by him who harbour'd him is ſlain.

MAgnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitu
Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Sat
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur a
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia
Irrita perpetuâ ſolvent formidine terra
At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cu
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tell
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acanth
ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capell
Ubera: nec magnos metuent armenta leo
Occidet et ſerpens, & fallax herba venen
Occidet: Aſſyrium vulgo naſcetur amom
ſolli paullatim flaveſcet campus ariſtis,
culíſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
: duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.
det & ipſe mari vectus: nec mœnia
ıtabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
n raſtros patietur humus, non vinea f
buſtus quoque jam tauris juga ſolver.
r varios

The Son-in-law purſues the Father's Life,
Brothers with their own Brothers are at Strife,
The Wife her Huſband murders, he the Wife:
The Stepdame Poyſon for the Son prepares,
The Son inquires into his Father's Years:
Duty and Piety expiring lye,
And *Juſtice*, laſt of all, ſoars to her native Sky,
Leaving the Earth defil'd with Blood and Cruelty.

GOLDEN AGE Reſtor'd.

THE mighty * Round of Years again revolv'd,
The *Virgin* now, and *Saturn*'s Reign return:
And a new Offſpring from high Heav'n deſcends.
Beneath thy Sway the Relicks of our Guilt
(If ſuch be ſtill remaining) quite effac'd
Shall from all future Terrors free the World.
Kindly, to Thee, ſweet *Infant*, ſhall the Earth,
Yield her firſt Preſents, by no Culture forc'd:
The wand'ring Ivy, and ſoft Violet,
The ſmiling Crocus, and the bluſhing Roſe.
The Goats ſpontaneous homewards ſhall return,
Their Teats with Milk diſtended: and the Herds
Unterrify'd by monſtrous Lions, feed.
The Serpent too ſhall die: the fraudful Herbs
Of noxious Poiſon wither, and decay:
And *Syrian* Spices bloom o'er all the World.
Ripe yellow Harveſts on the Fields ſhall wave,
The ſavage Brambles bluſh with pendant Grapes,
And Honey from hard Oaks in Dew diſtil.
The Sailor ſhall renounce the Sea; no Ships
Traffick exchange: All Lands ſhall all Things bear.
No Glebe ſhall feel the Harrow's Teeth, no Vine
The Pruning-hook: The ſturdy Village-Hind
Shall then releaſe his Oxen from the Yoke:
Nor chang'd by Art ſhall various Wool belye
It's native Colour: but in Paſtures green
The Ram himſelf with Purples gloſſy Hue,

* The great *Platonick Year.*

ÆTATES HOMINIS Deſcriptæ.

jam croceo mutabit vellera luto :
a ſandyx paſcentes veſtiet agnos.—*Virg. Ecl.* IV.
——Nunc adeſt mundo dies
ille, qui premat genus impium
â : rurſus ut ſtirpem novam
renaſcens melior : ut quondam tulit
enente regna Saturno poli.——
Senec. Herc. Œt. Act. II.

TATES HOMINIS Deſcriptæ.

ere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
nat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
Juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
quis, canibúſque, & aprici gramine campi :
vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
ardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
cupidúſque, & amata relinquere pernix.
ſtudiis, ætas, animúſque virilis
pes, & amicitias : inſervit honori :

Or *Crocus'* yellow Teint ſhall tinge his Fleece:
And unforc'd Crimſon cloath the feeding Lambs.—*Trap.*

——————The laſt great Day is come,
When Earth, and all her impious Sons, ſhall lye
Cruſh'd in the Ruins of the falling Sky:
Whence freſh ſhall riſe, her newborn Realms to grace,
A pious Offspring and a purer Race:
Such as e'er-while in Golden Ages ſprung,
When *Saturn* govern'd, and the World was young.——
Addiſon.

AGES of MAN Characteriz'd.

THE *Boy*, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And juſt can go without his Nurſe's Hand,
To play with thoſe of his own Growth is pleas'd,
Soon is enrag'd, and is as ſoon appeas'd:
Changeful his Humour, various is his Will,
To nothing fix'd, but fluctuating ſtill.

The beardleſs *Youth*, juſt from his Tutor freed,
Sports with his Dogs, and founds his Courſer's Speed:
Yielding, as Wax, to each alluring Vice:
Reſty to thoſe that would his Faults chaſtiſe:
Careleſs of Profit, laviſh in Expence,
Headſtrong, and proud, and given up to Senſe:
Whate'er he fancies eager to attain,
And haſty to relinquiſh it again.

With diff'rent Thoughts to ſober *Manhood* grown,
He ſeeks for Wealth, and Friendſhip, and Renown:
Becomes diſcreet, and cautious how to act
What he muſt after alter, or retract.

With num'rous Ills the *Old* is round beſet:
Fearful to ſpend, but covetous to get:
Full of Delays, and Hopes, and Love of Eaſe,
Greedy of Life, moroſe, and hard to pleaſe:
On Youth's gay Frolicks peeviſhly ſevere,
But Oh! when he was young, what Times they were!

ipiciat novies rhœnix, reparabilis ales.
u vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
iphæ Hamadryades : quarum longiſſima
Auſon. Edyl. 1

AGRICULTURA.

Ater ipſe colendi
Haud facilem eſſe viam voluit, primúſq;
t agros, curis acuens mortalia corda :
orpere gravi paſſus ſua regna veterno. —
Vir
ma Ceres ferro Mortales vertere terram
it ; cum jam glandes atque arbuta ſacræ
rent Sylvæ, & victum Dodona negaret.
k frumentis labor additus : ut mala culmo
ubigo, ſegniſque horreret in arvis
is : intereunt ſegetes, ſubit aſpera Sylva,
xque, tribulíque : interque nitentia culta
lolium & ſteriles dominantur avenæ.
niſi & aſſiduis terram infectabere raſtris,
itu terrebis aves, & ruris opaci
remes umbras

AGES of ſeveral Creatures.

THE utmoſt Age to *Man* the Gods aſſign
Are Winters three times Two, and ten times Nine.
Poor Man nine times the prating *Daws* exceed:
Three times the *Daw* the *Deer*'s more laſting Breed:
The *Deer* full thrice the *Raven*'s Race out-run:
Nine times the *Raven* TITAN'S feather'd Son:
Beyond his Age, with Youth and Beauty crown'd,
The *Hamadryads* ſhine ten Ages round:
Their Breath the longeſt is the Fates beſtow,
And ſuch the Bounds to mortal Lives below. *Addiſon.*

AGRICULTURE.

——THE Sire of Gods himſelf
Will'd not that Tillage ſhould be free from Toil.
He firſt ſollicited the reſtive Mold
By Art: and whetted mortal Wit with Cares,
Permitting not his Reign to ruſt with Sloth.—— *Trap.*
With piercing Steel to turn the ſtubborn Land
Propitious *Ceres* Mortals firſt ordain'd;
When ſcanty Food the ſacred Groves ſupply'd,
And all Relief *Dodonean* Oaks deny'd:
But ſoon new Toil the foodful Glebe requir'd,
Eat with an evil Ruſt the Grain expir'd:
Fierce in the Field the lazy Thiſtle ſtood,
And Burrs, and Brambles roſe, a cruel Wood!
Darnel unbleſt the ſhining Plain o'erſpreads,
And high exalt the fruitleſs Oats their Heads.
So that unleſs with unextinguiſh'd Toil
Of lab'ring Harrows, you purſue the Soil,
Fright off the Birds, and thin the ſhady Plain,
And with repeated Vows call down the Rain:
Ah! bootleſs on another's Heap you'll look,
And comfort Hunger with the ſhaken Oak.—— *Anonym.*

[illegible] horrea meſſes.

Terræ
[illegible]ingue ſolum primis extemplo à menſib
[illegible]ertere inverrant tauri, glebáſque jacenti
Pulverulenta coquat maturis ſolibus æſtas
At ſi non fuerit tellus facunda : ſub ipſi
Arcturum tenui ſat erit ſuſpendere ſulco :
Illic, oſſicant lætis ne frugibus herbæ :
Hic, ſterilem exiguus ne deſerat humor a

Interdum etiam ſterilis incendere profuit agr
Utile leve ſtipulam crepitantibus urere fl
Sive inde occultas vires, & pabula terræ
Pinguia concipiunt : ſive illis omne per ig
Exanguitur vitium, atque exſudat inutilis h
Aut pluris calor ille vias & cæca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua ſuccus in herb
Durat magis, & venas adſtringit hiantis
Tenuis pluviæ, rapidſve potentia ſolis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.

y *Spring*, when from the whitening Hills
le Moiſture ſilently diſtills:
umbling to the Zephyrs falls the Soil:
: my Bullock groan beneath his Toil:
the Plough within the Surface wear,
ſh'd with the Furrow ſhine the Share:
ains, at laſt, the Peaſant's Hopes compleat,
rice the Cold have felt, and twice the Heat:
e the Barns with their luxuriant Freight.— *Id.*
—— Let the vig'rous Steer
rich Furrow in the new-born Year:
mer's Heat with rip'ning Suns purſue
iſh Glebe, and all the Clod ſubdue.
t fat the Soil, it will ſuffice,
ght *Arcturus* mounts the purple Skies,
he Surface with a gentle *Share*,
he Furrow lightly to the Air:
ſt the Weeds the ſmiling Blade withſtand;
ture, here, deſert the barren Sand.—— *Id.*
ts oft to fire the fruitleſs Ground,
y Stubble crackling all around:
from thence by Nature's ſecret Laws,
uriſhment the Earth and Vigour draws:
e latent Vice is purg'd by Heat,
dundant Humours waſte in Sweat;
e Flames unuſual Tracks explore,
Grit, and open every Pore;
enial Moiſture haſtens through the Earth,
he Root, and cheers the tender Birth:
: Heat the hollow Glebe conſtrains,
h Nerve, and knits the gaping Veins:
ing Wet, or the ſwift Pow'r of Day
e, or freezing *Boreas* urge his Way.—— *Id.*
oo he helps the Field, who every Clod
rows breaks, and drags the Hurdle's Load;
n him, with an ungracious Eye,
low *Ceres* from the lofty Sky,

ɔſciſſo quæ ſuſcitat æquore terga,
bliquum verſo perrumpit aratro,
frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.——
Ibid.

Solſtitia atque hiemes orate ſerenas,
Hiberno lætiſſima pulvere farra,
——————————
Ibid.

e ſomníque pares ubi fecerit horas,
Luci atque Umbris jam dividit orbem :
viri, tauros : ſerite hordea campis,
extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem.
lini ſegetem & Cereale papaver
mo tegere, & jam dudum incumbere raſtris,
tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.——
Ibid.

ingenti per regia tecta tumultu

Who, the rough Backs he ſlices from the Plain
Aſſails oblique, and thorow cuts again,
And plies the Soil, and makes the Furrow yield
Tame to the Coulter, and commands the Field.—— *Id.*
The *Solſtice* moiſt, ſerene the *Winter Sky*,
For this, ye Swains, intreat the Pow'rs on high.
When Winter Duſt by driving Winds is born,
Glad is the Glebe, moſt wondrous glad the Corn.— *Id.*
When *Libra* weighs the Hours of Toil and Night,
And parts alike the Globe to Shades and Light:
Then in the Field, ye vig'rous Swains appear,
Put forth your Strength, and exerciſe the Steer:
Sow hardy Grains: the miry Taſk perform
To Winter's laſt impracticable Storm.
Then is the proper Time to cover o'er
Or *Ceres'* Poppy, or the flaxen Store:
Nor ſhould the Harrow's Labour ever end,
Whilſt dry the Glebe, whilſt Clouds as yet impend.— *Id.*

ALARM. See AMAZEMENT.

LO! ruſhing thro' the Court with frantick Haſte
A Meſſenger with Terror fills the Town:
Relates, that in Array of Battel rang'd
The *Trojan* and the *Tyrrhene* Troops deſcend
From *Tyber's* Stream, and cover all the Plain.
Forthwith their Minds with ſtimulating Rage
Are ſtung, confus'd: to Arms! to Arms! they cry:
The madding Multitude, and warrior Youth
Together rove: the penſive Fathers weep,
And murmur unreſolv'd: to Heav'n aſcends,
Loud, and confus'd, the clam'rous Diſcontent.——
Strait to the Works from all the City round
They croud. ————————
Other dig Trenches deep before the Gates,
And roll vaſt Stones, and Paliſadoes fix:
The Trumpet with ſhrill Clangor to the Fight

Tum muros variâ cinxere coronâ
puerique ——— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. XI.
interea miſcentur mœnia luctu :
atque magis ———
ſonitus, armorúmque ingruit horror,
ſomno, & ſummi faſtigia tecti
upero, atque arrectis auribus aſto.
veluti cum flamma furentibus Auſtris
ut rapidus montano flumine torrens
gros, ſternit ſata læta boúmque labores,
ſque trahit Sylvas : ſtupet inſcius alto
ſonitum ſaxi de vertice paſtor.——
Æn. Lib. II.

Noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor.
ut capto juſſus deponere miles
o, ſtridor lituûm, clangórque tubarum
concinuit cum rauco claſſica cornu.
ies populis, ſtratíſque excita juventus
ſacris affixa penatibus arma,
longa dabat : nudâ jam crate fluentes
clypeos, curvatáque cuſpide pila,

he bloody ſignal Sounds: the Dames, and Boys,
a promiſcuous Throng the Ramparts crown.——*Trap.*
Mean-while, with Cries confus'd the Walls reſound:
he Noiſe grows loud, and th' undiſtinguiſh'd Din
f claſhing Arms rolls nearer. Rous'd from Sleep,
gain the Summit of the high built Houſe:
nd ſtand with liſt'ning Ears. As when a Flame
vades a Field of Corn by driving Winds:
r, ruſhing from the Hills, a rapid Flood
ays flat the Product of the Plains, lays flat
he riſing Crop, and Labours of the Plough,
nd with a ſweeping Torrent whirls the Woods:
n a high Rock the doubtful Peaſant ſtands
maz'd, and in his Ear receives the Sound.—— *Trap.*
With haſty March by Night his Troops he led.
'o the mid *Forum* on the Soldier paſs'd,
here halted, and his Victor Enſigns plac'd:
Vith dire Alarm from Band to Band around,
he Fife, hoarſe Horn, and rattling Trumpets ſound.
he ſtarting Citizens uprear their Heads:
he luſtier Youth leap frighted from their Beds:
Iaſty they ſnatch the Weapons, which among
heir Houſhold Gods in Peace had reſted long:
)ld Bucklers of the cov'ring Hides bereft,
he mould'ring Frames disjoyn'd, and barely left:
words, with foul Ruſt indented deep, they take:
And uſeleſs Spears, with Points inverted, ſhake.—*Rowe.*

ALPS.

UPON the tow'ring *Alps* ſublimeſt Height,
Where the cragg'd Rocks look down upon the Clouds,
A *Grecian* Altar to *Alcides* ſmokes.
There everlaſting Winter bars Acceſs,
And the ambitious Summit props the Skies:
No Summer here e'er darts his genial Beams,
Nor vernal *Zephyrs* chear the joyleſs Air:
But Snows on Snows accumulated riſe,
The icy Pillar of the ſtarry Orb:—— *Addiſon* junr.

..., adductiſque amens ſubſiſtit haben
Virg.

Obſtupuit variâ confuſus imagine rerum
irnus, & obtutu tacito ſtetit: æſtuat in
io in corde pudor, mixtóque inſania lu
Furiis agitatus amor, & conſcia virtus.

Tum vero Phaeton cunctis è partibus or
picit accenſum: nec tantos ſuſtinet æſtus:
ventéſque auras, velut è fornace profunda
: trahit, currúſque ſuos candeſcere ſentit.
neque jam cineres ejectatámque favillam
e poteſt: calidóque involvitur undique fu
que erat, aut ubi ſit, picea caligine tectu
it: & arbitrio volucrum raptatur equoru
Ovid.

AMAZON.

'cit Amazonidum lunatis agmina
'enthesilea fu

IAZEMENT. See ALARM.

ı the Wind with doubtful Terror wafts
ıingled Noiſe: hoarſe Murmurs of Diſtreſs,
ırs from the City pierce his Ears.
at Sounds confus'd, what Cries diſturb
Why ruſh theſe Clamours from the Walls?
ıd, with his Courſer's Reins repreſs'd
naze ſtood liſt'ning.—— *Trap.*
ed with the Crowd of various Thoughts,
ıg with Amaze, the Hero ſtood,
ɛep: within his Boſom boils
ıhame, and Grief to Madneſs wrought,
flam'd with Rage, and conſcious Worth.—*Trap.*
ıiſh'd * Youth, where e'er his Eyes could turn,
Jniverſe around him burn:
was in a Blaze: nor could he bear
Vapours, and the ſcorching Air,
ı below, as from a Furnace flow'd:
ıe Axle-tree beneath him glow'd.
whirling Clouds that round him broke,
with Aſhes, hov'ring in the Smoke,
ere-e'er the Horſes drove, nor knew
: Horſes drove, or where he flew.— *Addiſon.*

AMAZON.

Amazonian Files with lunar Shields
ɛſilea leads, and in the midſt
ds Storms: Beneath her naked Pap
Belt ſhe buckles, warlike Maid,
. Virgin, dares engage with Men.—— *Trap.*
he Brakes, and ſavage Dens of Beaſts,
ıis Daughter from the Dugs of Mares,
ɛir Teats into her tender Lips.
Infant firſt with doubtful Feet
the Ground, her little Hands he fill'd

ue ex humero parvæ ſuſpendit & arcum.
li auro, pro longæ tegmine pallæ,
exuviæ per dorſum à vertice pendent.
nu jam tum tenerâ puerilia torſit,
m tereti circum caput egit habenâ,
ámque gruem, aut album dejecit olorem.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

—— Advenit —— Camilla,
gens equitum :——————
Non illa colo calathíſve Minervæ
s aſſueta manus : ſed prælia virgo
i, curſúque pedum prævertere ventos.
tactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
: nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas :
per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti,
r : celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.
nis tectis agríſque effuſa juventus
miratur matrum, & proſpectat euntem :
inhians animis, ut regius oſtro
os leves humeros : ut fibula crinem
rnectat : Lyciam ut gerat ipſa pharetram ;

h pointed Darts, and on her Shoulder hung
ow and Quiver. No ſoft Caul of Gold
Treſſes ſtrains: nor flows her waving Gown:
ad of theſe a Tyger's horrid Hide
gs from her Head, and o'er her Back deſcends.
ts with her tender Hand e'en then ſhe threw;
l, whirling round her Head a ſounding Sling,
ck the *Strymonian* Crane, or Snow-white Swan.—*Trap.*

——————*Camilla* came,
l led her warlike Troops, a Warrior Dame:
ored to Spinning, in the Loom unſkill'd,
choſe the nobler *Pallas* of the Field.
:'d with the Firſt, the fierce *Virago* fought,
ain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger ſought:
ſtrip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
w o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain:
ſwept the Seas, and as ſhe ſkimm'd along
: flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung.
n, Boys, and Women, ſtupid with Surprize,
ere-e'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wondring Eyes:
ging they look, and gaping at the Sight,
our her o'er and o'er with vaſt Delight.
: purple Habit ſits with ſuch a Grace
her ſmooth Shoulders, and ſo ſuits her Face:
r Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
d in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
ſhakes her Myrtle Jav'lin: And, behind,
r *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.—— *Dryden.*
but in the Midſt the *Amazonian* Maid
illa, with her ſhafts, and Quiver ſtorms,
alting, fierce among the ſlaughter'd Heaps:
th one Breaſt bare commodious for the Fight,
w hurls repeated Jav'lins, now with Toil
weary'd ſnatches her well temper'd Ax.
r gilded Bow, and all *Diana*'s Arms
nd from her Shoulder. Ev'n, when turn'd in Flight,
e'er ſhe turn) her Arrows ſhe directs
t backward, and behind her bends the Bow.——*Trap.*

—With

LEGATUS.

hum fugiens, magnúmque agitata per orbem
ro interior, ſequitúrque ſequentem.
dam perque arma viro perque oſſa ſecurim,
ùrgens, oranti & multa precanti
nat: vulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.——

Ibid.

Amazonidum peltis exultat aduncis
ohors, quoties Arcton populata virago
e niveas ducit poſt prælia turmas:
ſtravere Getas, ſeu forte rigentem
ontiaca Tanaïn fregere ſecuri.——

Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

LEGATUS.

a puppis adeſt, in portuſque intrat amicos:
e Cephalum, patriæque ſimul mandata ferebat.
tamen Cephalum, dextráſque dedere,
ris duxere domum. Spectabilis Heros,
retinens etiamnum pignora formæ,
r: ramúmque tenens popularis Olivæ.

AMBASSADOR.

——— With diſſembled Flight
a wide Ring, interior, wheeling round
: mocks *Orſilochus*, and him purſues,
)m whom ſhe flies: Then riſing to the Blows
doubled, thro' his Arms and Bones ſhe drives
r maſſy Ax, nor ought regards his Pray'rs:
)m the warm Wound his Brains beſmear his Face.—*Trap.*
Such the fair Troop of *Amazons* is ſeen
ith moony Shields, and headed by their Queen:
hen trembling *Tanais* has their Fury try'd,
the fierce *Getes* their female Arms defy'd:
id proudly glitt'ring with their plunder'd Spoils,
ie fierce *Viragoes* march, triumphant from their Toils.—
Hughes.

AMBASSADOR.

AN *Attic* Veſſel reach'd the friendly Shore,
Which * *Cephalus*, his Country's *Envoy*, bore.
he Sons of *Æacus* the Hero knew,
ho' long remov'd and abſent from their View.
heir Hands they join, in cloſe Embraces meet,
nd lead him to their royal Father's Seat.——
he Hero much remaining Beauty held,
n Youth for Beauty greatly he excell'd:)
nd ent'ring, bore the Olive in his Hand,
he precious Product of his native Land.
)n either Side, from heav'nly *Pallas* ſprung,
'oung *Clytus*, and young *Buten* march along.
Firſt Salutations o'er, the Chief relates
lis Embaſſy, from the *Athenian* States,
nd Succour aſks: inſiſting on the Ties
)f Leagues, and Friendſhip, with their old Allies:
The general Danger too he ſhews, to wake
Their Fears, and his Addreſs ſucceſsful make.

* *Cephalus* was ſent Ambaſſador from the *Athenians*, to *Æacus* King of *Ægina*, to demand Aſſiſtance againſt *Minos* King of *Crete*.

For

Tum ſatus Anchiſa, delectos o
Centum oratores auguſta ad mœni
Ire jubet, ramis velatos Palladis o
Donaque ferre viro, pacémque exp
Jamque iter immenſi turres ac tect
Ardua cernebant juvenes, muróqu
Cùm provectus equo longævi Regi
Nuncius ingentes ignota in veſte rep
Adveniſſe viros. Ille intra tecta vo
Imperat, & ſolio medius conſedit av

——————— Patriáque Latinus
Sede ſedens, Teucros ad ſeſe in tecta
Atque hæc ingreſſis placido prior ed
Dicite, Dardanidæ, (neque enim n
Et genus, auditíque advertitis æquor
Quid petitis? Quæ cauſa rates, aut c
Litus ad Auſoniam tot per vada cœr
Sive errore viæ, ſeu tempeſtatibus ac
(Qualia multa mari nautæ patiun

For timely Aid, his Country's juſt Pretence,
He pleaded thus, with artful Eloquence.
The King reply'd (his Scepter in his Hand,)
Our Help, *Athenians*, aſk not, but command:
Your own you may this Iſland's Forces call,
For in your Cauſe I will adventure all:
Nor Armies do I want, that can oppoſe
My own Invaders, and repel your Foes.——*Sewel* alter'd.
Then Prince *Æneas* ſends from every Rank
An hundred chos'n Ambaſſadors, diſpatched
To the Imperial Walls, with Olive Boughs
All wreath'd to bear his Preſents to the King,
And ſue for Peace.————
And now, their deſtin'd Journey having paſs'd,
Th' Ambaſſadors beheld the *Latin* Towers,
And lofty Palaces, and reach'd the Walls.
———— To the aged Monarch's Ears,
Swift on his Steed, a Meſſenger relates,
That Men of awful Port, in foreign Garb,
Were moving towards the Walls: He gives Command
To call them to the Court, and in the Midſt
Sits lofty on th' hereditary Throne.
———— Enthron'd
On his paternal Seat, *Latinus* calls
The *Trojans* to his Preſence in the Court:
And Thus with pleaſing Accent firſt began.
Tell us, ye *Trojans*, (for your Name and Race
Are not to Us unknown, nor come You here
Unheard of:) ſay, what ſeek You? or what Cauſe
Has urg'd your Navy to th' *Auſonian* Shore
Thro' ſuch a Space of Ocean? Whether driv'n
By Error of the Way, or Streſs of Storms,
(Variety of Perils on the Deep,
Obvious to Mariners,) You enter here
Our River's Mouth, and reſt within the Port.
Fly not our Hoſpitality: nor judge
Erroneous of the *Latins*, *Saturn*'s Race:

s ſedem exiguam patriis litúſque rogamus
ocuum, & cunctis undamque auramque
n erimus regno indecores: nec veſtra fe
ma levis, tantíque abolescit gratia facti:
c Trojam Auſonios gremio excepiſſe pig
ut tibi praeterea fortunae parva prioris
mera, relliquias Troja ex ardente receptas
c pater Anchiſes auro libabat ad aras:
c Priami geſtamen erat, cum jura vocati
re daret populis, ſceptrúmque, facérque
dúmque labor, veſtes.———

alibus Ilionei dictis, defixa Latinus
tu tenet ora, ſolóque immobilis haeret,
tos volvens oculos.—Tandem ait:
——— Dabitur, Trojane, quod optas:
ra nec ſperno: non vobis, rege Latino,
is uber agri Troiae

Juſt of themſelves, without Reſtraint, or Laws,
And by th' Example of their ancient God.
He ſpoke; and thus *Ilioneus* reply'd.
O King! from *Faunus'* Blood illuſtrious ſprung:
Neither by ſtormy Billows hither toſs'd,
Nor by the Stars, or Shores unknown, deceiv'd,
Arrive we on your Confines: With Deſign,
And willing Minds this City We approach.
A little Manſion for our Country-Gods,
And ſafe from Danger a Retreat We aſk,
And Air, and Water, common Gifts to All.
On your Dominions nothing of Diſgrace
Shall We reflect: nor ſmall will be your Fame:
Nor ſhall by length of Time the grateful Senſe
Of ſuch an Obligation be effac'd:
Nor ſhall the *Auſonian* Nation e'er repent
To have receiv'd the *Trojans.*———
Some Gifts, beſides, preſerv'd from burning *Troy*,
The little Relicks of his former State,
Our Prince preſents You. In this Gold his Sire
Anchiſes at the Altars ſacrific'd:
Theſe, By the Rite accuſtom'd, giving Laws
To the aſſembled Nations, *Priam* wore:
This Scepter, this Tiara, and theſe Robes,
The Labour of the *Trojan* Dames.——
So ſpake *Ilioneus.* *Latinus* fix'd,
Sits in one Poſture, muſing, on the Ground
Rolling his Eyes intent.—At length replies:
———— *Trojan*, what Thou aſk'ſt
Is granted: nor your Gifts do I refuſe:
While King *Latinus* reigns, You ſhall not want
The fertile Glebe, and Opulence of *Troy.*
Let ev'n *Æneas* (if he ſo deſires
Our Friendſhip and Alliance) hither come,
Nor ſhun the Interview: to me 'twill prove
A Pledge of Peace, to touch that Monarch's Hand.
Thus having ſaid, the aged King ſelects
From all his Number choſen Steeds: There ſtood

Jamque Oratores aderant ex urbe Latina,
Velati ramis oleæ, veniámque rogantes :
Corpora, per campos, ferro quæ fuſa jacebat
Redderet, ac tumulo ſineret ſuccedere terræ
Nullum cum victis certamen & æthere caſſis :
Parceret hoſpitibus quondam ſoceríſque vocat
Quos bonus Æneas, haud aſpernanda precan
Proſequitur veniâ, & verbis hæc inſuper addi
Quænam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
Implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos ?
Acémne exanimis & Martis ſorte peremptis
Ratis ? equidem & vivis concedere vellem.
Hunc ite, & miſeris ſupponite civibus ignem

Virg. Æ

Three hundred ſhining in their lofty Stalls:
To all the *Trojans* he commands to lead
The wingy-footed Courſers, cover'd o'er
With rich embroidered Crimſon: Down their Breaſts
Hang golden Collars: and adorn'd with Gold
They champ the yellow Gold between their Teeth.
Next to the abſent *Trojan* Prince he ſends
A Chariot, and its harneſs'd Pair, of Breed
Celeſtial, from their Noſtrils ſnorting Fire.
Thus with the Gifts and Speeches of the King,
Th' Ambaſſadors, high on their ſtately Steeds,
Return exulting, and report the Peace.—— *Trap.*
And now from King *Latinus'* Court arriv'd
Ambaſſadors, with Olive Branches wreath'd,
And Grace imploring: that he would permit
The Corps, which ſlain in Battle, o'er the Field
Lay ſcatter'd, to be quietly interr'd:
War with the Dead he wag'd not: Let him ſpare
A Nation, once by hoſpitable Tyes,
And plighted Spouſals, to himſelf ally'd.
Them good *Æneas*, and their Suit ſo juſt,
Receives with gracious Air: and thus proceeds.
What Fortune, unpropitious, undeſerv'd,
Plung'd You, ye *Latins*, in ſo deep a War,
And urg'd You from our Friendſhip to decline?
Peace to the Dead deſire You? for the Corps
Which fell in Battle by the Chance of Arms?
Peace to the Living gladly would I grant.——
Go You: and grace your Friends in Battle ſlain,
With the laſt Rites, and fire their fun'ral-Piles.— *Trap.*

AMBITION.

THE *Siſyphus* is he, whom Noiſe and Strife
Seduce from all the ſoft Retreats of Life:
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws
Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applauſe,

ſus habet ille ſui palpo, quem ducit hianter
tata Ambitio? vigila, & cicer ingere larg
tanti populo, noſtra ut Floralia poſſint
rici meminiſſe Senes.———————

P

Cupit hic regi proximus ipſi
Clarus claras ire per urbes:
Urit miſerum Gloria pectus!——

Senec.

llorum exuviæ, truncis affixa trophæis
ca, & fractâ de caſſide buccula pendens,
ırtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
ſtre, & ſummo triſtis captivus in arcu,
anis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc ſe
ınus, Graiúſque, ac Barbarus induperator
t: Cauſas diſcriminis atque laboris
ıabuit.———————

He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And ſweats, and toils in vain to mount the Sov'reign Seat.
For ſtill to aim at Pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in Reaſon's true Account,
To heave the Stone againſt the riſing Mount:
Which, urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and ſmokes along the Plain.—— *Dryden.*

But write him down a Slave, who humbly proud,
With Preſents begs Preferment from the Crowd:
That early * Suppliant, who ſalutes the Tribes,
And ſets the Mob to ſcramble for his Bribes:
That ſome old Dotard, ſitting in the Sun,
On Holidays may tell, that ſuch a Feat was done.—*Dryd.*

This Man delights, with haughty Pride,
In publick at the Monarch's Side,
In ſolemn State to paſs along,
Envy'd by all the gaping Throng:
Vain Wretch! Ambition fires his Breaſt,
Impetuous, dire, tormenting Gueſt!—— *Ward.*

The Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrian Jove*;
An empty Coat of Armour hung above
The Conqueror's Chariot, and in Triumph born;
A Streamer, from a boarded Galley torn;
A Chap fall'n Beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven Helm: an Arch of Victory,
On whoſe high Convex ſits a captive Foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful Look below:
Of ev'ry Nation, each illuſtrious Name,
Such Toys as theſe have cheated into Fame:
Exchanging ſolid Quiet, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.—— *Dryden.*

* He who ſued for any Office among the *Romans*, was called a *Candidate*, becauſe he wore a *white Gown*, and ſometimes chalked it to make it appear whiter. He roſe early, and went to the *Levees* of thoſe who headed the People, ſaluted alſo the *Tribes* ſeverally, when they were gathered together to chuſe their *Magiſtrates*: and diſtributed a *Largeſs* among them to gain their Voices: much reſembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.—— *Dryden.*

Nequicquam: quoniam ad ſummum f
Certantes, iter infeſtum fecêre viaï.
Et tamen è ſummo quaſi fulmen dejici
Invidia interdum contemtim in tartara
Ut ſatiùs multò jam ſit parêre quietum
Quàm regere imperio res velle, & regi

Quoſdam præcipitat ſubjecta Potenti
Invidiæ: mergit longa atque inſignis h
Pagina: deſcendunt ſtatuæ, reſtémque
Ipſas deindè rotas bigarum impacta ſecu
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur Crura c
Jam ſtrident ignes, jam ſollibus atque c
Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepa
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe ſecund
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, ſartago, patellæ.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia mag
Cretatùmque bovem: Sejanus ducitur un
Spectandus: gaudent omnes: quæ labra
Vultus erat! nunquam (ſi quid mihi cre

One World ſuffic'd not *Alexander*'s Mind,
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd, in Earth and Seas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a Paſſage out.
Till enter'd the fam'd * Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found it's ſtrait Dimenſions wide.—*Dryd.*

Pow'r and *high Titles* Men were fond to gain,
As They could bring Content, or make a Chain
To fix inconſtant Fortune:—but in vain!
For often thoſe who climb'd the dang'rous Way,
And reach'd the Pinnacle where Honours lay,
Envy, like Lightning, tumbled headlong down,
And in the Grave they ſunk who wore the Crown;
So that 'tis better ſafely to obey,
Than ſit on Thrones, and bear Imperial Sway.——

Some aſk for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
Down go the Titles: and the Statue crown'd
Is by baſe Hands in the next River drown'd.
The guiltleſs Horſes, and the Chariot-wheel
The ſame Effects of vulgar Fury feel.
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke.
Sejanus † almoſt firſt of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames.
Form'd in the Forge, the pliant Braſs is laid
On Anvils, and of Head and Limbs are made
Pans, Cans, and Piſs-Pots, a whole Kitchen Trade.
Adorn your Doors with Laurels, and a Bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the *Capitol*:
Sejanus with a Rope is dragg'd along,
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord! they cry, what *Ethiop* Lips he has!
How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face!

* *Babylon.* † Prime Miniſter of *Tiberius Cæſar*: Statues and triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him, but falling under his Maſter's Diſpleaſure, they were all broken down, and the Senate and common People inſulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him juſt before.

, ...que ...ii ſummas dona
Illum exercitibus præponere? tutor
Principis?———————
———————Vis certè pila, cohortes,
Egregios equites, & caſtra domeſtica
Hæc cupias? & qui nolunt occidere
Poſſe volunt. Sed quæ præclara, &
Cùm rebus lætis par ſit menſura malo
Hujus, qui trahitur, prætextam ſume
An Fidenarum, Gabiorúmque eſſe po
Et de menſurâ jus dicere, vaſa mino
Frangere pannoſus vacuis Ædilis Ulul

Expende Hannibalem: quot libras
Invenies? hic eſt, quem non capit Af
Perfuſa oceano, Nilóque admota tepen
Additur imperiis Hiſpania: Pyrenæun
Tranſilit: oppoſuit natura Alpémque
Diduxit ſcopulos, & montem ———

Heav'n, I never could endure his Sight:
ſay, how came his monſtrous Crimes to Light?
ıat is the Charge, and who the Evidence?——
thing at all of this; but *Cæſar* ſent
)luſt'ring Letter to his Parliament.
ſ, *Sirs*, if *Cæſar* writ, I aſk no more,
's guilty: and the Queſtion's out o' Door.— *Dryden.*
Now, with *Sejanus* would'ſt Thou change thy Fate,
be, like him, firſt Miniſter of State?
have thy *Levees* crowded with Reſort
a depending, gaping, ſervile Court:
poſe all Honours of the Sword and Gown,
ſe with a Nod, and ruin with a Frown:
hold thy Prince in Pupilage, and ſway
ıt Monarch whom the maſter'd World obey?——
;, I believe Thou would'ſt be Great as He:
· ev'ry Man's a Fool to that Degree,
wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill:
'n they would have the Pow'r who want the Will.
would'ſt Thou have thy Wiſhes underſtood,
take the Bad together with the Good?
)uld'ſt Thou not rather chuſe the ſmall Renown,
be the *Mayor* of ſome poor paltry Town,
ly to look, and barb'rouſly to ſpeak,
pound falſe Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures break,
an be *Sejanus?*—————— *Dryden.*
Great *Hannibal* within the Ballance lay,
d tell how many Pounds his Aſhes weigh:
m *Africk* was not able to contain;
hoſe Length runs level with th' *Atlantic* Main,
ıd weakens fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
s Sun-beat Waters by ſo long a Way.
in firſt he won, the *Pyrenæans* paſt,
ıd frozen *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature caſt:
ıd with corroding Juices, as he went,
Paſſage thro' the living Rocks he rent.
o' *Italy* was conquer'd, and o'er-run:
eaſy ſtill, he cry'd, There's nothing done,

Till,

us, & mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ.
rgò quis eſt? ô Gloria! vincitur idem
& in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus
ſque cliens ſedet ad prætoria regis,
ythino libeat vigilare tyranno.
nimæ, quæ res humanas miſcuit olim,
lii, non ſaxa dabant, non tela: ſed ille
n vindex, et tanti ſanguinis ultor,
—I, demens, & ſævas curre per Alpes,
s placeas, & declamatio fias.——

Juv. Sat. X.

INSIDIÆ.

tur exiguâ, qui prœlia prima laceſſat,

Till, level with the Ground their Gates are laid,
And *Punic* Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs diſplay'd.
But, what's his End, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth Act to crown this huffing Play?
In one deciding Battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native Home,
Begs Refuge in a foreign Court, and there
Attends, his mean Petition to prefer:
The Man who was ſo wonderful, ſo great,
Does the * *Bythinean* Tyrant's Riſing wait.
What Death, at laſt, diſtinguiſh'd from Mankind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a Mind!
Nor Swords at Hand, nor hiſſing Darts from far,
Do *Canna*'s Field avenge, and all the Rage of War:
This Juſtice by a little † Ring is done.——
Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, ambitious Fool!
To pleaſe the Boys, and be a Theme at School.——

Dryden alter'd.

AMBUSH.

S*Abbura*, great in the *Numidian* Race,
And ſecond to their ſwarthy King in Place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender Band proceeds,
And, ſeemingly, the Force of *Juba* leads:
While hidden He, the Prince Himſelf, remains,
And in a ſecret Vale his num'rous Troops reſtrains.
Thus oft th' *Ichneumon*, on the Banks of *Nile*,
Invades the deadly *Aſpick* by a Wile:
While artfully his ſlender Tail is play'd,
The Serpent darts upon the dancing Shade:

* After *Hannibal* was overcome by *Scipio*, a prevailing Faction at *Carthage* condemned him to Baniſhment, and then he fled for Succour to the King of *Bythinia*.

† *Hannibal* always carried Poyſon in a hollow Ring, and therewith ended himſelf at laſt, leſt he ſhould fall into the Hands of his Enemies. This Ring is therefore call'd the Avenger of the Battle of *Canna*, where ſo many of the *Roman* Knights were ſlain, that *Hannibal* ſent to *Carthage* three Meaſures of Gold Rings, taken from off their Fingers.

Then

... credens, simulatæ nescius a
Ut victor, medios aciem projecit in ag
Tunc primùm patuere doli, Numidæq
Undique completis clausérunt montibus
Obstupuit dux ipse simul, perituraque t
Non timidi patiere fugam, non prœlia

Est curvo anfractu vallis accommoda i
Armorúmque dolis: quam densis frondil
Urget utrinque latus: tenuis quo semita c
Angustæque ferunt fauces, aditúsque mali
Hanc super, in speculis summóque in vert
Planities ignota jacet, tutique receptus,
Seu dextrâ lævâque velis occurrere pugnæ,
Sive instare jugis, & grandia volvere saxa
Huc Juvenis notâ fertur regione viarum,
Arripuítque locum; & sylvis insedit iniqui
Virg.

Then turning on the Foe with ſwift Surprize,
Full at his Throat the nimble Seizer flies.
The gaſping Snake expires beneath the Wound,
His guſhing Jaws with pois'nous Floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs Miſchief on the Ground.—*Rowe.*
With ſeeming Fear Retreat and Flight they feign,
To draw th' unwary * Leader to the Plain:
He, bold, and unſuſpicious of their Wiles,
Now thinking Conqueſt ſure, and Fortune's ſmiles,
Wide o'er the naked Champion ſpreads his Files:
When, ſudden, all the circling Mountains round,
With numberleſs *Numidians* thick are crown'd.
At once the riſing Ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd;
Dread ſtrikes the Chief, and ev'ry Soldier's Breaſt:
Helpleſs they view th' impending Danger nigh,
Nor can the Valiant fight, nor Coward fly.—— *Rowe.*
Deep in a winding Track a Valley lies,
Well form'd for Ambuſh, and the Frauds of War,
On ev'ry Side with gloomy Boughs inclos'd:
To which a ſlender Path, thro' narrow Sides,
(A difficult malignant Paſſage) leads.
High on the Mountain's Top a ſecret Plain,
And ſafe Retreat there lies: Or to the Right,
Or to the Left, from thence you may engage,
Obvious in Fight: or ſtanding on the Ridge,
Roll Stones and rocky Fragments on the Foe.
Hither the youthful Hero march'd his Force,
Thro' the known Ways: with Expedition ſeiz'd
The Poſt, and in th' uneven Thickets lay.— *Trap.*

ANGER. See RAGE.

NOR *Cybele*, nor *Phœbus*, *Pythian* God,
Nor even *Bacchus* with ſuch Fury ſhakes
The Boſoms of his Prieſts: not half ſo mad
The *Corybantes*, when with frequent Blows

* *Curio*, *Cæſar's* General in *Africa*, was thus circumvented and deſtroy'd by *Juba* King of *Numidia*, who took the Side of *Pompey*.

On

Triſtes ut iræ: quas neque noricus
Deterret enſis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec ſævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipſe ruens tumultu.——

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. XVI.

——Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit, & mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis eſt. Animum rege: qui, niſi paret,
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.——

Hor. Lib. 1. Epiſt. II.

Nunc face ſuppoſita ferveſcit ſanguis, & ira
Scintillant oculi: dicíſque facíſque, quod ipſe
Non ſani eſſe hominis, non ſanus juret Oreſtes.——

Perſius Sat. III.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.
Ora tument ira: nigreſcunt ſanguine venæ:
Lumina Gorgonio ſævius angue micant.——

Ovid. Art. III.

Ut fragilis glacies interit ira mora.——

Ovid. Art. I.

Vince animos, irámque tuam, qui cætera vincis.

Ovid. Epiſt. III.

ANTIQUITAS.

SIC fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quam bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros annoſa volumina vatum,
Dictitet albano Muſas in monte locutas.——

Hor. Epiſt. I. Lib. 2.

Si meliora Dies, ut vina, poëmata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus.

Scriptor

On the ſhrill Braſs they ſtrike, as is the Mind
Where direful Anger reigns; Anger, which Swords,
The Tempeſts of the deep, relentleſs Fire,
Nor *Jove* himſelf can ſtop, tho' from an high,
He comes, tremendous, thund'ring down the Sky.——
The Man whoſe Reaſon can't his Wrath aſſwage,
Prevents, himſelf, the Miſchiefs of his Rage:
Striking too ſoon does his own Blow defeat,
And ſmarts a-new, for Vengeance uncompleat.
Anger's ſhort Madneſs: then command thy Soul,
And check thy Rage, which if not rul'd will rule;
With Bit and Rein it's headlong Courſe controul.——
Thy Blood with Paſſion boils, with Anger glow
Thy ſparkling Eyes, and Thou doſt ſay, and do,
What, ſhould the mad *Oreſtes* hear and ſee,
He'd ſwear that Thou art madder much than He.——
Fair gentle Peace becomes the human Mind,
Rage is for Brutes of the moſt ſavage Kind:
It ſwells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,
Whilſt in the Eyes a more than *Gorgon* Horror reigns.—
——————— Fierce Anger by Delay
Will ſoon be gone, as Ice diſſolves away.——
——————————— You,
Who conquer all, conquer your Anger too.——

ANTIQUITY.

SO fond of all that's antient are we grown,
Nothing, forſooth, of modern Date will down.
O'er the *Decemvir's* Laws, devout, we pore,
And ancient Leagues, with *Sabines* made, adore:
The *Augur's* Leaves, tranſported we admire:
And *Bards*, grown obſolete, can never tire.
Theſe flow'd not ſure from any human Skill!
The *Muſes* gave them from the *Aonian* Hill.——
If Verſe, like Wine, improves, mature by Age,
What Length of Years gives Value to the Page?—

INVOCATIO.

abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
s, veteréſque referri debet, an inter
ſque novos?——————
s, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos.
qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
os referendus erit? veteréſne poëtas?
& præſens, & poſtera reſpuet ætas?
lem veteres inter ponetur honeſtè,
menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
miſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
vello, & demo unum: demo etiam unum:
lat eluſus ratione ruentis acervi,
ad faſtos, & virtutem æſtimat annis,
que nihil, niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.——

Hor. Lib. II. Epiſt. 1.

Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,
ecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri:
non ille favet, plaudítque ſepultis:
ed impugnant: nos, noſtraque lividus odit.—*Ibid.*

Say, ſhall the *Bard*, whom certainly we know
To 'ave dy'd but juſt an hundred Years agoe,
Stand with the *Ancients*, or the *Moderns*, plac'd?
With Thoſe admir'd, or with Theſe diſgrac'd?——
Why! if an hundred Years agoe he writ,
Sure he's an Ancient, and a Claſſic Wit!——
What Rank is his, an Age who cannot boaſt,
More Modern by a Month, or Year at moſt:
With Bards of old, or Thoſe, whom, later born,
The preſent, and ſucceeding Times ſhall ſcorn?
Who wants a Month, or ev'n a Year, may be
Allow'd the Credit of *Antiquity*.
This frank Conceſſion will my Cauſe avail:
By ſingle Hairs I bare the Horſe's Tail:
For thus I'll argue on, and bate one more,
And ſo, by one, and one, waſte all the Store:
Confuting him, who values Wit by Years,
Nor living *Bards*, becauſe alive, reveres.— *Anon.* alter'd.
When *Numa*'s Song above our Verſe you raiſe,
And what you underſtand not dare to praiſe,
'Tis not, that fond of ancient Bards, you're grown,
But Envy bids you not applaud our own.—— *Idem.*

APPEAL to the GODS.

BUT, if the Gods above have Pow'r to know,
And judge thoſe Actions that are done below:
Unleſs the dreaded Thunders of the Sky,
Like me, ſubdu'd, and violated lye:
Hear me, O Heav'n! and if a God be there,
Let him regard me, and accept my Pray'r.——
Almighty *Jove!* to whom our *Mooriſh* Line
In large Libations pour the gen'rous Wine,
And feaſt on painted Beds: Say, Father! ſay,
If yet thy Eyes thoſe flagrant Crimes ſurvey.
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the Skies the pealing Thunders roar?

[illegible] non violabile
Victor numen, ait : vos aræ ensés
Quos fugi : vittæque Deûm, quas
Fas mihi Graiorum ſacrata reſolve
Fas odiſſe viros, atque omnia ferre
Si qua tegunt : teneor patriæ nec le

Tum pius Æneas humeris abſcind
Auxilióque vocare Deos, & tendere
Juppiter omnipotens, ſi nondum exo
Trojanos, ſi quid pietas antiqua labo
Reſpicit humanos : da flammam evad
Nunc, pater, & tenues Teucrûm res
Vel tu, quod ſupereſt, infeſto fulmine
Si mereor, demitte : tuâque hic obrue

e Bolts?—or idly do they fall,
hro' the dark aërial Hall?
Jove! if Thou by any Pray'rs
this once behold Us: and if aught
ſerves, afford Us now
r.———— *Trap.*
—The Captive rears
nſhackled to the golden Stars:
nal Splendors! he exclaims,
ivine, inviolable Flames!
ords and Altars! which I fled,
! that circled this devoted Head:
eſt, that juſtly I releaſe
llegiance to the Laws of *Greece:*
y Country, hate her Sons, and lay
Counſels open to the Day.—— *Pitt.*
l *Æneas* from his Shoulders rends
invokes th' Aſſiſtance of the Gods,
out his Hands.—Almighty *Jove!*
jans be not to a Man
et abhorr'd: if human Toils
perienc'd Goodneſs aught regards;
Ruin, Father! from our Ships
d ſave the little State of *Troy:*
one remains, here ſtrike me dead,
ith Lightning, if I ſo deſerve:
e with thy own avenging Hand.— *Trap.*

APOLLO.

bright *Apollo* leaves his Winter-Seat
and *Xanthus'* Stream, and in it's Turn
ive *Delos*, to reſtore
s: About his Altars croud,
d Noiſe, the *Cretians*, *Dryopes*,
Agathyrſi: He on Top
walks, and crowns his flowing Hair

Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque impliciat arcus:
Tela ſonant humeris.———————

Æn. Lib. IV.

———————Mihi Delphica tellus,
Et Claros, & Tenedos, Patareaque regia ſervit.
Jupiter eſt genitor. Per me quod eritque, fuitque,
Eſtque, patet: per me concordant carmina nervis.
Certa quidem noſtra eſt———————Sagitta:
Inventum medicina meum eſt: Opiferque per orbem
Dicor, & herbarum ſubjecta potentia nobis.

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Summe Deûm, ſancti cuſtos Soractis Apollo,
Quem primi colimus, cui pinea ardor acervo
Paſcitur: & medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multâ premimus veſtigia pruinâ:
Da, Pater, hoc noſtris aboleri dedecus armis,
Omnipotens.———————

Æn. Lib. XI.

Ille, caput flavum lauro Parnaſſide vinctus,
Verrit humum Tyrio ſaturata murice palla:
Inſtructamque fidem gemmis & dentibus Indis
Suſtinet à læva: tenuit manus altera plectrum.
Artificis ſtatus ipſe fuit.———————

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

SAGITTARUM EJACULATIO.

PRotinus Æneas celeri certare ſagittâ
Invitat, qui forte velint, & præmia ponit:
Ingentíque manu malum de nave Sereſti
Erigit: & volucrem trajecto in fune columbam,
Quò tendant ferrum, malo ſuſpendit ab alto.

Tum

With a ſoft Wreath of Greens, forms it with Art,
And winds it up in Gold: His ſounding Shafts
Hang at his Shoulders.———— *Trap.*

Me * *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,
Theſe Hands the *Patareian* Scepter ſway:
The King of Gods begat me: what ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I ſee.
I firſt to Muſick tun'd the ſounding Strings,
And from my Bow the Shaft unerring Springs.
Med'cine is mine: what Herbs and Simples grow
In Fields, and Forreſts, all their Pow'rs I know:
And am the great *Phyſician* call'd below.— *Dryd.* alter'd.

Supreme of Gods, *Apollo*, who thy Hill
Sacred *Soracte*, Guardian, doſt defend:
Whom we the firſt adore: for whom we feed
The Fire in piny Piles, and thro' that Fire,
Safe in our Piety, and fearleſs, walk,
Thy Worſhippers, and tread on burning Coals:
Grant me, Almighty Father, by my Arms,
This Blot, this foul Diſhonour to remove.—— *Trap.*

The God his own *Parnaſſean* Lawrel crown'd,
And in a Wreath his golden Treſſes bound,
Graceful his purple Mantle ſwept the Ground.
High on the Left his Iv'ry Lute he rais'd,
The Lute, emboſs'd with glitt'ring Jewels, blaz'd.
In his right Hand he nicely held the Quill,
And ev'n his Poſture ſpoke a Maſter's Skill.—— *Croxall.*

ARCHERY.

FOrthwith *Æneas* to the Sports invites
All who with feather'd Shafts would try their Skill,
And names the Prizes. With his ample Hand
He from *Sereſtus'* Ship a Maſt erects,
And on it by a Rope ſuſpended ties
A ſwift wing'd Dove: at which they all ſhould aim
Their Arrows.————

* *Apollo's* Speech to *Daphne.*

alidis flexos incurvant viribus arcus
ſque viri, & depromunt tela pharetris:
per cœlum nervo ſtridente ſagitta
e Juvenis volucres diverberat auras,
adverſíque infigitur arbore mali.
malus, timuítque exterrita pennis
ingenti ſonuerunt omnia plauſu.
Mneſtheus adducto conſtitit arcu,
ns, paritérque oculos telúmque tetendit:
miſerandus avem contingere ferro
it: nodos & vincula linea rupit,
exa pedem malo pendebat ab alto.
s atque atra volans in nubila fugit.
idus jamdudum arcu contenta parato
ens, fratrem Eurytion in vota vocavit:
o lætam cœlo ſpeculatus, & alis
m, nigra figit ſub nube columbam.
xanimis, vitámque reliquit in aſtris
xámque refert delapſa ſagittam.——

Æn. Lib. V.

——Then all with manly Strength
Bend their tough Yew: each with his utmoſt Force:
All from their Quivers draw their Shafts:—And firſt
Shot from the twanging Nerve *Hippocoon*'s flies
Along the Sky, divides the liquid Air,
And on the Body of the Maſt adverſe
Stands fix'd: the Maſt, and frighted Bird at once
Tremble: And all the Cirque with Shouts reſounds.
Next eager *Mneſtheus* with his bended Bow
Stands ready, and his Eyes and Arrow aim'd
Directs to Heav'n: yet could not reach the Dove
Herſelf, unfortunate: but cut the Knots,
And hempen Ligaments, in which ſhe hung
Ty'd by the Feet upon the lofty Maſt:
She flys into the Winds, and duſky Clouds.
Eurytion then impatient, and long ſince
Holding his ready Bow, and fitted Steel,
Invokes his Brother: and, in open Air
Seeing the Dove now ſhake her ſounding Wings,
Transfixes her amidſt the Clouds: The Bird
Falls dead, and leaves her Life among the Stars:
And, tumbling, in her Body brings him back
His ſticking Arrow.—————— *Trap.*

ARMS. Armour. See Battle. Hero. Sling. Warrior.

WITH Nails and Teeth, at firſt, the Warriors fought,
Or Stones, or Staves: the Weapons Nature taught:
Fire too they us'd, as ſoon as Fire was found;
And laſtly, Steel and Braſs were made to wound.——
Wond'ring, he turns and poiſes in his Hands
The dreadful creſted * *Helm*, which vomits Flames:
The fatal *Sword*: the *Corſlet* ſtiff with Braſs,
Sanguine, immenſe: as when an Azure Cloud
Glows, gilded by the Sun, and burns from far:
The poliſh'd *Cuiſſes* next, of Gold refin'd,

* The Armour of *Æneas* made by *Vulcan*.

And

ue, & clypei non enarrabile tectum.
Æn. Lib. VIII.

hinc auro ſqualentem albóque Orichalco
t loricam humeris: ſimul aptat habendo
, clypeúmque, & rubræ cornua criſtæ:
quem Dauno ignipoteus Deus ipſe parenti
& Stygiâ candentem tinxerat undâ.
æ in mediis ingenti adnixa columnæ
ſtabat, validâm vi corripit haſtam,
urunci ſpolium, quaſsátque trementem.—
Æn. Lib. XII.

——— Pars maxima glandes
lumbi pargit, ſpars ſpicula geſtat
u, fulvóſque lupi de pelle galeros
habet capiti: veſtigia nuda ſiniſtri
pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. — *Æn.* L. VIII.
anu, ſævóſque gerunt in bella dolones:
pugnant mucrone, verúque ſabello. —— *Ibid.*
——Teretes ſunt aclides illis
hæc lento mos eſt aptare flagello:
ra tegit: falcati cominus enſes.—— *Ibid.*

And ductile Silver: and the *Spear*: and laſt
Th' unutterable Texture of the *Shield*.——
Himſelf his Corſlet laces to his Breaſt,
Equalid with Gold and Braſs: then fits his Sword,
His Helmet, and his double Crimſon Plume.
Next his long Spear, *Aurunceam Actor*'s Spoil,
Which in the middle of the ſpacious Court,
Againſt a lofty Pillar leaning ſtood,
He graſps; and ſhakes it quiv'ring in the Air.—— *Trap.*

——The greateſt Part throw Balls
Of livid Lead: Part brandiſh in their Hands
Two Darts: a yellow Cap of Wolf-ſkin made
Covers their Heads: Their left Foot bare: Their Right
In the raw Leather of a Shoe incloſ'd.—— *Trap.*
Piles in their Hands, and goring Pikes they bear,
And with round pointed *Sabine*, Jav'lins fight.—— *Id.*
——Round miſſile Darts they throw:
But theſe by Cuſtom to a pliant Thong
Are ty'd: a Buckler on their left they wear,
And crooked Faulchions weild in cloſer Fight.—— *Id.*
Accuſtom'd, by *Teutonic* Mode, to hurl
Huge pondrous Jav'lins: Rind of Cork their Caſques,
And brazen Swords they wear, and brazen Shields.— *Id.*

ARMY. See BATTLE.

NUm'rous as Surges roll'd on *Lybia*'s Sea,
When rough *Orion* ſets in wintry Waves:
Or Ears of Corn ſcorch'd by the Summer's Sun,
On *Hermus*' Plain, or *Lycia*'s yellow Fields.
Their Targets ring: And with their trampling Feet
The Ground beneath them trembles as they walk.—*Trap.*
The Horſemen march: The Gates are open'd wide:
Æneas at their Head, *Achates* by his Side.
Next Theſe the *Trojan* Leaders rode along:
Laſt, follows in the Rear th' *Arcadian* Throng.

Young

, chlamyde & pictis conſpectus in armis.
idit in muris matres, oculiſque ſequuntur
a nubem, & fulgentes ære catervas.
lumos, quà proxima meta viarum,
rodunt: it clamor, & agmine facto
clamo putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.—
Æn. Lib. VIII.

e omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis,
ilus, dives pictai veſtis, & auri.
primus acies, poſtrema coërcent
e juvenes: Medio Dux agmine Turnus
ruma toreuma, & toto vertice ſupra eſt.
n largos ſolatis amnibus altus
n Ganges, aut pingui flumine Nilus,
t campus, & jam ſe condidit alveo.——
Æn. Lib. IX.

Young *Pallas* ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt:
Gilded his Arms, embroider'd was his Veſt.
The trembling Wives the Walls and Turrets croud,
And follow, with their Eyes, the duſty Cloud:
Which Winds diſperſe by Fits: and ſhew from far
The Blaze of Arms, and Shields, and ſhining War.
The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,
Along the Lawns, purſue the neareſt Way.
Repeated Peals of Shouts are heard around;
The Horſe, in cloſe Array, ——
Shake with their ſounding Hoofs the quaggy Ground.—
Dryden.

Now all the Army march'd upon the Plain,
Rich in proud Steeds, in broider'd Veſts, and Gold.
Meſſapus leads the Van, the Rear the Sons
Of *Tyrrheus*: In the Center *Turnus* moves,
Chief, by the Head entire above them all,
And tow'rs in Arms.—Slow, without Noiſe they march:
As, by ſev'n Rivers ſwell'd, in Silence flows
Ganges profound: or with his fruitful Stream
Nilus, when, ebbing from the Fields, he draws
His Train, and in his Channel glides confin'd.—— *Trap.*

Together crouding from th' abandon'd Camp
Antheus, and *Mneſtheus* ruſh, and all the Tide
Of Troops condens'd: Thick Duſt obſcures the Sky:
And the Ground trembling groans beneath their Feet.—*Id.*

ARROW.

SHE ſaid: and from her golden Quiver took
A feather'd Shaft, and bent her vengeful Bow:
Bent it, till both the crooked Horns were joyn'd,
And met each other: her Left Hand at once
Touching the Point, her Right and the tough Nerve
Strain'd to her Breaſt. Forthwith the ſounding Air,
And hiſſing of the Weapon *Aruns* heard,
And in his Body felt the ſticking Steel.—— *Trap.*

——With

——Nervóque obverſus equino
it telum: diverſaque brachia ducens

—— Sonat una letifer arcus:
horrendum ſtridens elapſa ſagitta,
aput Remuli venit, & cava tempora ferro

Æn. Lib. IX.

SAGITTÆ CUPIDINIS.

ſagittifera promſit duo tela pharetra
verſorum operum. Fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
it, auratum eſt, & cuſpide fulget acuta:
gat, obtuſum eſt, & habet ſub arundine plumbum.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Pharetratus dum dat puer oſcula matri,
xſtanti deſtrinxit arundine pectus.
anu natum Dea repulit. Altius actum
rat ſpecie: primóque fefellerat ipſam.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

——————— With the Nerve
Of Horſe's Hair full oppoſite he ſtood,
Levell'd his Shaft, and diverſe drew his Arms:
——————————At once
Sounded the fatal Yew: With dreadful Hiſs
The Arrow flies, and fixes in the Head
Of *Remulus*, and pierces with it's Steel
His hollow Temples.——————— *Id.*

CUPID'S ARROWS.

TWO diff'rent Shafts he from his Quiver draws;
One to repel Deſire, and one to cauſe.
One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold:
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with Lead; whoſe baſe Allay
Provokes Diſdain, and drives Deſire away.—— *Dryden.*
His Mother's Lips while *Cupid* fondly preſs'd
Heedleſs, he with an Arrow raz'd her Breaſt.
The Goddeſs felt it, and with Fury ſtung,
The wanton Miſchief from her Boſom flung:
And thought at firſt the Danger ſlight, but found
The Dart too faithful, and too deep the Wound. *Id.* alter'd.

ATLAS.

NEAR Ocean's Limits and the ſetting Sun,
On *Æthiopia*'s Bounds there is a Place,
Where mighty *Atlas* on his Shoulders turns
The rolling Axis ſtudded o'er with Stars.—— *Trap.*
Atlas whoſe piny Head with low'ring Clouds
Is wrap'd, and beaten with the Winds, and Rain:
Snow hides his Shoulders: from his hoary Chin
Streams roll, and ſtiffned hangs his icy Beard.—— *Id.*

EISMUS. Vide VINDICTA DEORUM.

FActum mirabile cunctos
Moverat. Irridet Credentes, utque Deorum
erat, mentísque ferox Ixione natus,
ers, nimiumque putas, Achelöe, potentes
os, dixit, si dant adimúntque figuras.
ere omnes, nec talia dicta probarunt.——
nésque Lelex, animo maturus & ævo,
immensa est, finémque potentia cœli
et: & quicquid superi voluere, peractum est.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

——— Qui numina Divûm
: & nullos aris adoleret honores.
Ceriale nemus violasse securi
& lucos ferro temerasse vetustos.
his ingens annoso robore Quercus :

ATHEIST. See DIVINE VENGEANCE.

——ALL hear
With Admiration, and admiring fear
The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Ixion*'s Son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none.
Credit the Tale who will, he fierce replies,
Theſe Legends are no more than pious Lies:
You ſtretch too much the Pow'rs of Heav'n, to ſay,
That they or give Us Forms, or take away.
The reſt, of better Minds, their Senſe declar'd
Againſt this Doctrine, and with Horror heard.——
Then *Lelex* roſe, an old experienc'd Man,
And thus, with ſober Gravity began:
Great are the Gods, unbounded is their Sway, [alter'd.
And what they Will both Heav'n and Earth obey.—*Dryd.*

The impious * Wretch deſpis'd the Powers divine,
Nor od'rous Incenſe burnt at any Shrine:
But with his Ax did *Ceres*' Grove invade,
And, as 'tis ſaid, hew'd down the venerable Shade.
An ancient Oak there in the Center ſtood,
The Covert's Glory, and itſelf a Wood.
Garlands embrac'd it's Trunk, and from the Boughs
Hung Tablets, Monuments of proſp'rous Vows.
It's Height as much the other Trees exceeds,
As they o'ertop the Graſs and humble Weeds.
But nought it's holy Horrors could avail:
He bad his Slaves the ſacred Trunk aſſail:
And whilſt they, lingring, his Commands delay'd,
He ſnatch'd an Ax, and thus blaſpheming ſaid;
Was this no Oak, nor *Ceres*' fav'rite Care,
But *Ceres*' ſelf, this Arm, unaw'd, ſhou'd dare
It's leafy Honours in the Duſt to ſpread,
And level with the Ground it's tow'ring Head.
He ſpoke: and as he aim'd a ſlanting Stroke,
Sighs heav'd, and Tremblings ſhook the frighted Oak;

* *Eriſichthon.*

Et pariter frondes, pariter palleſcere glandes
Cœpere: ac longi ſudore madeſcere rami.
Cujus ut in trunco fecit manus impia vulnus,
———fluxit diſcuſſa cortice ſanguis.
Obſtupere omnes: aliquiſque ex omnibus audet
Deterrere nefas, ſævámque inhibere Bipennem.
Aſpicit hunc, Mentiſque piæ cape præmia, dixit
Theſſalus: inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum:
Detruncátque caput.———
Perſequitur ſcelus ille ſuum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit.——— *Ibid.*

Eſſe aliquos manes, & ſubterranea regna,
Nec pueri credunt, niſi qui nondum ære lavantur:
Sed tu vera puta.———

Juv. Sat. II.

AVARITIA. Vide AVARUS. PECUNIA.

INDE ferè ſcelerum cauſſæ, nec plura venena
Miſcuit, aut ferro graſſatur ſæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm ſæva cupido
Indomiti cenſûs. Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. Sed quæ reverentia legum?
Quis metus, aut pudor eſt unquam properantis avari?—

Juvenal. Sat. XIV.

Unde habeas quærit nemo, ſed oportet habere.——
Ibid.

———Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames?——— *Virg. Æn.* III.

Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,
Nec ſtudio citharæ, nec muſæ deditus ulli:
Si ſcalpra, & formas non ſutor; nautica vela
Averſus mercaturis: delirus, & amens
Undique dicatur meritò. Quid diſcrepat iſtis,

Qui

It's Leaves look'd sickly, pale it's Acorns grew,
And it's long Branches sweat a chilly Dew.
Then when his impious Hands a Wound bestow'd,
Blood from the mangled Bark in Currents flow'd.
The Wonder All amaz'd: but One more bold,
The Fact disswading, strove his Ax to hold.
With Fury him the fierce *Thessalian* ey'd:
Receive thy Piety's Reward, he cry'd;
And as with Rage a mighty Stroke he sped,
He turn'd it from the Tree, and lop'd his Head.
Then obstinate in Ill, with num'rous Blows
And straining Ropes, the Oak he overthrows.--*Dryd.* alter'd.
That Souls immortal are, or after Death
Have any Hell to fear, now, even Boys,
Unless in Leading-Strings, do not believe:
But Thou these Truths revere.———

AVARICE. See MISER. MONEY.

HEnce almost ev'ry Crime, nor do we find,
That any Passion of the human Mind,
So oft has plung'd the Sword, or drench'd the Bowl,
As *Avarice* —— that Tyrant of the Soul.
For he that will be rich, brooks no Delay,
But drives o'er all, and takes the shortest Way:
What Law, or Fear, or Shame can e'er restrain
The greedy Wretch in full Pursuit of Gain?——
Do but get Money, that's a needful Task,
Which Way you got it none will ever ask.——
Curs'd Gold! how high will daring Mortals rise,
In ev'ry Guilt, to reach the glitt'ring Prize?—— *Pitt.*
He that buys Harps, and throws his Wealth away
On Pipes, yet never does intend to play:
He that buys Awls and Lasts, yet doth not know,
And ne'er designs to try, to make a Shoe:
Or Ships and Oars, yet is averse to Trade,
All, and there's Reason for't, would count him mad.

—peris impexa fœdum po
Semper avarus eget : ce

Creſcit amor nummi, qu
Et minus hanc optat, qui nc
Ergo ſollicitæ tu cauſſa pecu
Per te immaturum mortis
Tu vitiis hominum crudelia
Semina curarum de capite o
Creſcentem ſequitur cura pe
Majorúmque fames. ——
Quid mihi divitiæ, quarum ſi
Quamvis largus opum, ſemp
Immo etiam pœna eſt partis i
Quas cùm poſſideas, eſt viol
Non aliter ſitiens vicinas Tant
Captat, & oppoſitis abſtinet
—— Semper inops quicumq
Curatoris eget, qui navem r
Ad ſummum latus, & tabulâ c
Cùm ſit cauſa mali tanti, & dif
Conciſum argentum in titulos f
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura : ſ
——— domin

And what's He better, who ſtill ſtrives for more,
Still heaps up Wealth, yet dares not uſe the Store,
But fears to touch it as 'twere ſacred Ore?—— *Creech.*
Whom doſt thou ſave it for? thy drunken Heir?
Or leſt thy ſelf ſhould want it doſt thou ſpare?
Old Wretch, how little would thy Wealth be leſs,
Should'ſt thou eat better Food, or wear a cleaner Dreſs?—

The greedy avaritious Wretch is found
Always in Want:—— but Thou thy Wiſhes bound.—
The Love of Gold by Gain is ſtill increas'd:
And He, who has it not, deſires it leaſt.——
Gold, 'tis for thee a Life of Care we know,
For thee, untimely, to the Grave we go.
Vice is encourag'd and ſupply'd by thee,
And thou'rt the Source of human Miſery.——
Care ſtill attends increaſing Store,
And endleſs Appetite for more.——
What's Wealth to me, if you its Uſe deny,
Tho' large my Heaps, a wretched Beggar I.
Riches are Torments, if the ſhining Ore
We dare not touch, but only guard the Store.
So *Tantalus* of Thirſt and Hunger dies,
With Food and Water juſt before his Eyes.
—— The craving Mind is always poor.
The Man is mad, and ſhould a Keeper have,
Who freights a Ship, and ventures on the Seas,
With one frail interpoſing Plank to ſave
From certain Death, roll'd on by ev'ry Wave:
Yet *Money* makes him all this Toil embrace;
Money with Titles ſtampt, and a dull Monarch's Face.
When gath'ring Clouds o'erſhadow all the Skies,
And ſhoot quick Lightnings,—Weigh, my Boys, he cries,
A Summer's Thunder, ſoon it will be paſt:——
Yet, hardy Fool! this Night may prove thy laſt:
When Thou (thy Ship o'erwhelm'd with Waves) ſhalt be
Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging Sea.
Thy Teeth faſt clos'd, a Purſe full of dear Gold,
The laſt Remains of all thy Stores ſhall hold.—Dryd. jun.

curarer. Auferas
Rem. Di donarent, illi decedere prav
Scilicet iam: & cùm ſis nihilo ſapientio
Veniæ ei, tamen uteris monitoribus
At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſ
Si cupidum timidúmque minùs te: n
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uo

E

——————Scilicet improbæ
Creſcunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei.—*Hor*
Non bibit inter aquas, poma aut pende
Tantalus infelix, quem ſua vota prer
Divitis hæc magni facies erit omnia ce
Qui timet, & ſicco concoquit ore fam
—Imperat, aut ſervit, collecta pecu

AUTHOR

Thy greedy Wiſhes bound, enjoy thy Store,
ıd help thy Friends, neceſſitous, and poor.——
If what you drink ſhould make your Thirſt increaſe,
rely you'd tell ſome Doctor your Diſeaſe,
ıd ſeek for Cure.—— Now your abundant Store
ıt only makes you covet Wealth the more:
ıd dare you reſt content, and not apply
o Somebody, to find a Remedy?
ıppoſe you had a Wound, and one had ſhow'd
Root, or Herb, which try'd had done no Good:
Vould you not ceaſe to follow his Advice?——
low, you have heard, that he muſt needs be wiſe
'o whom the Gods give Riches: yet you find
'he Wealth you have, has not improv'd your Mind:
ıd will you ſtill believe it, when you know
y ſad Experience that it is not ſo?
'ou'd Gold with godlike Prudence Minds inſpire,
)r leſſen anxious Fear and fond Deſire,
'hen you ſhould bluſh, if all the World could ſhew
ı Man more covetous of Wealth than you.—*Creech* alter'd.
However large the golden Store,
'here's always *Something* wanting more.——

Thus *Tantalus* by his own Wiſh accurſt,
ſidſt Fruits for Hunger faints, midſt Streams for Thirſt:
he Miſer's Emblem! who of all poſſeſs'd,
'et fears to taſte, in Bleſſings moſt unbleſs'd.—*Addiſon* junr.
Wealth muſt obey, or it will rule the Mind.—

AUTHORS. See STYLE.

'Was heretofore a Credit here at *Rome*,
To mind one's Buſineſs, and abide at Home:
'o help one's Client, and promote his Cauſe,
ıform his Ignorance, and teach the Laws:
'o make good Debts, and drive a gainful Trade,
ıd know what Int'reſt may be juſtly paid;

audire: minori dicere, per quæ
res posset, minui damnosa libido.
mentem populus levis, & calet uno
studio. ——— *Hor.* Lib. II. Epist. 1.

stylum vertas, iterum, quæ digna legi sint,
es, neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
s paucis lectoribus. ———

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 10.

AUTUMNUS.

vi Liber gravida defcendit plenus ab ulmo,
nguique impressis despumant musta racemis.
& sulcis Cererem, dum terra tepore
, resoluta patet, dum semina ducit. — *Man.* Lib. III.
us erat, quo libra pares examinat horas,
l plus æqua die, noctisque rependit
ior hybernæ verni solatia damni. ———

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

Inſtruct the Young, and hear the Old debate,
What will encreaſe, what ruin an Eſtate.
This Humour's chang'd, now reigns a new Delight,
All muſt be *Authors* now, and All muſt write.— *Creech.*
Would'ſt Thou compoſe ſome laſting Piece?—be wiſe,
Amend, correct again, again reviſe:
Seek not th'unthinking Many to delight,
But for a few of the beſt Judges write.—— *Id.* alter'd.

AUTUMN.

THen from the burden'd Elms the generous Vine
Deſcends, and Preſſes overflow with Wine:
Then Corn is ſown, whilſt *Autumn*'s Heats remain
To looſe the Clods, and fertilize the Grain.—— *Creech.*
'Twas now the Time, when equal *Jove* on high
Had hung the golden Balance of the Sky:
But ah! not long ſuch juſt Proportions laſt,
The righteous Seaſon ſoon was chang'd and paſt:
And *Spring*'s Encroachment on the ſhort'ning Shade,
Was fully to the wintry Nights repaid.—— *Rowe.*

BACCHANALS.

THro' the mid Cities, and the madding Crowds,
Furious ſhe urges on; and cries aloud,
Evoë! Bacchus! who alone deſerv'ſt
The Virgin Bride: For Thee, (as Fame reports,)
The Female Train the ſoft Vine-Jav'lins wield;
Thee they ſurround: their conſecrated Locks
For Thee they nouriſh.——All the Matrons fir'd,
With the ſame Furies in their Breaſts, to ſeek
New Dwellings, leave their Houſes: To the Winds
They give their Necks, and Hair: Some fill the Sky
With trembling Yells: and, clad in Skins of Beaſts,
Brandiſh their Spears with viny Wreaths entwin'd.—*Trap.*
——————— Diſtracted, wild,
She rages: and, incens'd, o'er all the Town
Roves,

...ibus instruitur, furialiaque acc...
Vite caput tegitur: lateri cervina
Vellera dependent: humero levis
Concita per sylvas, turba comitant
Terribilis Procne, furiisque agitata
Bacche, tuas similat.

BACCHUS. Vide

—PRocedit Iacchus
Crinali florens edera, quem
Tigris, & auratos in nodum colligit u...
Ebria Mœonius firmat Vestigia Thyr...

—— Pampineis victor juga flectit l...
Liber, agens celso Nisæ de vertice tig...

like a *Bacchanal:* when at the Name
cchus, his triennial *Orgies* ſwell
reaſt with Madneſs: and *Cytheron's* Top
her ecchoing with nocturnal Sounds.—— *Trap.*
r the *triennial* Celebration came,
'd to *Bacchus* by each *Thracian* Dame:
in the Privacies of Night retir'd,
act his Rites, with ſacred Rapture fir'd.
ght, the tinkling Cymbals ring around,
the ſhrill Notes from *Rhodope* reſound.
ght the * Queen diſguis'd forſakes the Court,
ngle in the feſtival Reſort:
s of the curling Vine her Temples ſhade,
with a circling Wreath, adorn her Head:
n her Back the Stags rough Spoils appear;
on her Shoulder leans a Cornel-Spear.
in the Fury of the God conceal'd,
with her Gang, to the thick Wood ſhe flies,
ith loud Yells and Howlings fills the Skies,
to thine Honour, *Bacchus*, ſeem to riſe.—*Croxall.*

BACCHUS. See WINE.

Ith roſy Cheeks plump *Bacchus* march'd along:
His curling Hair with wreathing Ivy ty'd,
n his Back the *Parthian* Tyger's Pride:
ilded Claws in equal Order meet,
his crown'd Spear aſſiſts his erring Feet.— *Hughes.*
chus returning from his *Indian* War,
gers drawn triumphant in his Car,
Niſa's Top deſcended on the Plains,
curling Vines around his purple Reins.— *Dryden.*
e God himſelf with cluſt'ring Grapes was crown'd,
hook his Spear, which curling Vines ſurround:
s and Lynxes round him ſeem'd to lye,
ainted Panthers dreadful to the Eye.—

ee, *Bacchus!* now I ſing:———
r, *Lenæus*, Father, (with thy Gifts
Prom. All

...ubus in pratis unctos
Nec non Auſonii, Trojâ g
Verſibus incomptis ludunt,
Oraque corticibus ſumunt
Et te, Bacche, vocant per
Oſcilla ex alta ſuſpendunt n
Hinc omnis largo pubeſcit v
Complentur valléſque cavæ
Et quocumque deus circum c
Ergo rite ſuum Baccho dicem
Carminibus patriis, lancéſque
Et ductus cornu ſtabit ſacer h
Pinguiáque in verubus torrebi

Bacchus & agricolæ magno conf
Pectora triſtitiæ diſſoluenda de
Bacchus & afflictis requiem mort
Crura licet dura compede pulſa ſo

All here abounds: For Thee the Field full charg'd
With viny Autumn flouriſhes: For Thee
In red o'er-flowing Vats the Vintage foams:)
Hither, *Lenæus*, Father, come: and tinge
Thy Legs, unbuſkin'd, in new Muſt, with me.— *Trap.*
——— An horn'd He-Goat
Sacred to *Bacchus*, on each Altar bleeds:
And ancient Interludes adorn the Scene.
And all the Roads and Villages around,
Th' *Athenians* Prizes for thoſe Plays propos'd:
And jovial o'er their Bowls in graſſy Meads,
Danc'd upon Goat-ſkin Bottles ſleek with Oil.
Nor leſs th' *Auſonian* Colony of *Troy*
Sport in rude Laughter, and unpoliſh'd Verſe:
Of hollow Bark uncouth rough Vizors wear:
Thee, *Bacchus*, Thee with joyous Songs invoke,
And hang thy little Images aloft
On a tall Pine. Hence ev'ry Vineyard ſprouts,
And ſwells with future Wine: The hollow Vales,
And ſhady Groves, to which ſoe'er the God
Turns his gay Face, with copious Fruit abound.
Therefore to *Bacchus*, in our Country's Verſe,
We'll ſing due Praiſe, and Cakes, and Chargers bring:
And at his Altar kill the Victim Goat
Dragg'd by the Horns: and roaſt his well-fed Fleſh,
On Hazle-Spits, before the ſacred Fire. —— *Id.*
Bacchus, to country Swains oppreſt with Care,
Kindly gives Courage, and diſpels their Fear:
Bacchus gives Reſpite to the Wretch's Pains,
Altho' with Fetters gall'd and ratling Chains.—— *Dart.*

BANQUET. See HOSPITALITY.

RIch as ſome Fane by laviſh Zealots rear'd,
For the proud Banquet, ſtood the Hall prepar'd:
Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold,
And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold:

Of

[illegible] tortus tectud
Lerga ſedent, crebro maculas

Fulget gemma toris, & iaſpi
Strata micant, Tyrio quorum p
Cocta diu, virus non uno duxit
Pars auro plumata nitet, pars ig
Ut mos eſt Phariis miſcendi lici

Tunc famulæ numerus turbæ,
Diſcolor hoc ſanguis, alios diſtin
Hæc Libycos pars, tam flavos gt
Ut nullas Cæſar Rheni ſe dicat in
Tam rutilas vidiſſe comas: pars
Torta caput, refugóſque gerens à
Nec non infelix ferro mollita juv
Atque execta virum. Stat contr
Vix ullâ fuſcante tamen lanugine

Diſcubuere toris reges, majórqu
Cæſar.——————
Infid[illegible]

Of ſolid Marble all the Walls were made,
And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd;
While Porphyry, and Agate, round the Court,
In maſſy Columns roſe, a proud Support,
Of ſolid Ebony each Poſt was wrought,
From ſwarthy *Meroë* profuſely brought:
With Iv'ry was the Entrance cruſted o'er,
And poliſh'd Tortoiſe hid each ſhining Door;
While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was ſeen
The lively Em'ralds never-fading Green.
Within, the royal Beds and Couches ſhone,
Beamy and bright with many a coſtly Stone:
In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye:
Twice had they drank the nobleſt Tyrian Dye:
Others, as *Pharian* Artiſts have the Skill,
To mix the parti-colour'd Web at Will,
With winding Trails of various Silk were made,
Where branching Gold ſet off the rich Brocade.——
Around, of ev'ry Colour, Age, and Form,
Huge Crowds, whole Nations of Attendants ſwarm;
Some wait with yellow Rings of golden Hair,
The vanquiſh'd *Rhine* ſhew'd *Cæſar* none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy frizled Heads,
And Others Black, as Night's unchanging Shades.
There too a hapleſs Train, by Steel unman'd,
And ſoften'd from their Sex, a beardleſs Band!
Stout comely Youths were plac'd in adverſe Rows,
Whoſe blooming Cheeks ſcarce the firſt Down diſcloſe.
The Princes round the Board recline in State,
With mighty *Cæſar*, more than Princes great.
What Earth, and Air, and Sea, and *Nile* afford,
In golden Veſſels heap the plenteous Board:
What e'er ambitious Luxury could find
Thro' the ſearch'd Globe, and more than Want enjoyn'd;
Variety of Birds, and Beaſts of ev'ry Kind.
Not ev'n the Gods are ſpar'd whom they adore.
The *Nile*'s ſweet Wave capacious Chriſtals pour,
And Gems of Price, the Grape's delicious Store:

——— Adolere focos, e
Inſtaurare jubet. Dictis parer
Certatim accelerant: vario ſtre
Regia: pars oſtro tenues, aurc
Emunire toros, altóſque inferre
Pars teretes lævare manu, ac di
Aſt alii tenebras & opacam vin
Aggreſſi, tendunt auratis vincul
His labor inſerto torrere exangui
Viſcera cæſarum pecudum: his
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. ———
——— Adraſtus ipſe ſupe
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolióque effultus

PRÆLIUM. Vide EFFU

AT manus intereà muris Trojan
Etruſcíque duces, equitúmque
Compoſiti numero in turmas: frem
Inſultans ſonipes, & preſſi

No Growth of *Mareotis'* marſhy Fields,
But ſuch as *Meroë* maturer yields:
Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines,
And mellows into Age the infant Wines.
With Wreaths of Nard the Gueſts their Temples bind,
And blooming Roſes of immortal Kind:
Their dropping Locks with oily Odours flow,
Recent, from near *Arabia*, where they grow:
The vig'rous Spices breathe their ſtrong Perfume,
And the rich Vapour fills the ſpacious Room.—— *Rowe.*

The King once more the ſolemn Rites requires,
And bids renew the Feaſts, and wake the Fires.
His Train obey, while all the Courts around
With noiſy Care, and various Tumult ſound.
Embroider'd Purple clothes the golden Beds:
This Slave the Floor, and that the Table ſpreads:
A Third diſpels the Darkneſs of the Night,
And fills depending Lamps with Beams of Light.
Theſe pile the Loaves in Caniſters on high,
And thoſe in Flames the ſlaughter'd Victims fry.
Sublime, in regal State, *Adraſtus* ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich Carpets, on his Iv'ry Throne:
A lofty Couch receives each princely Gueſt:
Around, at aweful Diſtance, wait the reſt.—— *Pope.*

BATTLE. See ROUT. SLAUGHTER.

MEan while the *Trojan* Squadron to the Town
Approaches, and th' *Etrurian* Chiefs, and all
The Army of the Horſe, compos'd in Troops
By certain Numbers rang'd:——o'er all the Field
The bounding Courſers ſtruggle with the Bit,
Now This, now That Way turn'd, and neigh aloud:
A Wood of Jav'lins riſes: and the Plain
Glows dreadful with the Iron Gleam of Arms.
———— The *Latins* on the Field
Stand oppoſite: with Hands drawn back protend
Their threat'ning Spears, and ſhake their brandiſh'd Darts.

ſque virûm, fremitúſque ardeſcit equorum.
ntra jactum teli progreſſus uterque
t : ſubito erumpunt clamore, frementéſque
tur equos : fundunt ſimul undique tela
ivis ritu ; cœlúmque obtexitur umbra.

plo turbatæ acies : versíque Latini
parmas, & equos ad mœnia vertunt.
unt, princeps turmas inducit Aſylas.
ropinquabant portis : rurſuſque Latini
n tollunt, & mollia colla reflectunt :
nt, penitúſque datis referuntur habenis.

ſci Rutulos egere ad mœnia verſos :
armis reſpectant terga tegentes.
l poſtquam congreſſi in prælia, totas
e inter ſe acies, legítque virum vir :
o & gemitus morientum, & ſanguine in alto
, corporaque ; & permiſti cæde virorum
es volvuntur equi : pugna aſpera ſurgit.——

The Noiſe of trampling Feet, and neighing Steeds
Burns in the Air, and nearer rolls the Fight.
Now within Jav'lins Reach both Armies ſtood.
Loud with a ſudden Shout in Onſet fierce
They ruſh amain, and rouſe their thund'ring Steeds:
Thick as a Storm of Snow their Arrows pour,
And darken all the Sky:——

Forthwith the Lines diſorder'd croud: And turn'd
In Flight, the *Latins* caſt their Shields behind,
And ſpur their ſmoking Horſes to the Town.
The *Trojans* urge the Chace: *Aſylas* Chief
Leads on the Troops: They now approach'd the Gates:
The *Latins* in their Turn, with deaf'ning Shout,
Wheel round their Steeds, and bend their pliant Necks:
The *Trojans* fly, and ſlack the waving Reins.

Twice to their Walls the *Tuſcans* drove in Flight
The *Rutuli*: Twice, cover'd with their Shields,
Themſelves look back, and ſee the Foes purſue.
But when, engaging in the third Aſſault,
All Battle joyn'd, and Man to Man oppos'd:
Then dying Groans are heard: and drown'd in Gore
Arms, Bodies, gaſping Steeds, and ſlaughter'd Men
Promiſcuous roll:—a rigid Fight enſues.— *Trap.*

All with their utmoſt Force exerted ſtrive:
Nor Pauſe, nor Reſpite: with vaſt Conflict fierce
They puſh, and ſweat, and labour o'er the Field.—— *Id.*

——————As in War,
The long extended Legion forms in Lines
It's Cohorts: when the marſhall'd Squadrons ſtand
In the wide Plain: and, the whole Army rang'd,
The Ground all fluctuates with the brazen Gleam:
Nor yet in horrid Shock the Battle joins,
But *Mars*, uncertain, hovers o'er the Field.—— *Id.*

And now, the fainting Stars at length gave Way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd Fires in beamy Day:
When round their Leader's Tent the Legions croud,
And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud.

Nec gladiis habuere fidem, niſi
Exarſit mucro. Tunc omnis lanc
Erigitur: tendunt nervis melioribu
Cura fuit lectis pharetras implere ſa
Auget eques ſtimulos, frænorumqu

——————Vix cuncta locut
Cæſare, quemque ſuum munus trahi
Sumpta viris, celeris capiunt præſag
Calcatiſque ruunt caſtris: ſtant ordi
Arte ducis nullâ, permittunt omnia

——————Tunc ſtridulus a
Eliſus lituis, conceptáque claſſica cor
Tunc auſæ dare ſigna tubæ: tunc æth
Extremíque fragor convexi irrupit Ol
Unde procul nubes, quò nulla tonitr
Excepit reſonis clamorem vallibus Æ
Peliacíſque dedit rurſus geminare cav

Spargitur innumerum diverſis miſſi
Pompeii denſis acies ſtipata catervis.
Junxerat in ſa

ıes! that long their little Life to waſte,
ırry on thoſe Hours that fly too faſt!
on, for thouſands, ſhall the Day be done,
Eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting Sun! ——
d thro' the Camp the riſing Murmurs ſound,
ıe tumultuous Hurry runs around:
their buſy Hearts began to beat,
ch pale Viſage wore the Marks of Fate.
now the Warriors all with buſy Care,
he dull Sword, and point the blunted Spear:
ɔugher Nerves they ſtring the bended Bow,
full Quivers ſteely Shafts beſtow:
orſeman ſees his Furniture made fit,
ıs the Spur, and burniſhes the Bit:
ıe Rein to check, or urge his Speed,
ımates to Fight the ſnorting Steed. ——
r ſcarce ſpoke, when ſudden at the Word,
ize the Lance, and draw the ſhining Sword:
: the turfy Fences all lie waſte,
ro' the Breach the crowding Legions haſte:
leſs all of Order, and Array,
and, and truſt to Fate alone the Day.
t, at the fatal Signal, all around
and Fifes, a thouſand Clarions ſound:
where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly,
rcing Clangors ſtrike the vaulted Sky.
ning Battles ſhout, and the loud Peal
from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale. ——

flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air,
rious Vows from various Maſters bear.
in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd,
ıe *Pompeian* Infantry diſpos'd:
ded was the Space, it ſcarce affords
w'r to toſs their Piles, or weild their Swords.
l, thus thick embattled tho' they ſtand,
adlong Wrath ruſh furious *Cæſar*'s Band:

quitur, lævaſque manus immitti
Illic quæque ſuo miſcet gens prœlia
——————Indè ſagittæ,
Indè faces, & ſaxa volant: ſpatióqu
Aëris, & calido liquefactæ pondere
Tunc & Ithyræi, Medíque, Arabéſq
Arcu turba minax, nuſquam rexere ſa
Sed petitur ſolus, qui campis imminet
——————Sceleris ſed crimine nu
Externum maculant chalybem: ſtetit
Circa pila nefas: ferro ſubtexitur æthe
Nóxque ſuper campos telis conſerta pe
Tum Cæſar metuens, ne frons ſibi p
Incurſu tenet obliquas poſt ſigna cohor
Inque latus belli, quà ſe vagus hoſtis a
Immittit ſubitum non motis cornibus a
Immemores pugnæ, nullóque pudore ti
Præcipites fecere palàm.——————
Ut primùm ſonipes transfixus pectora f
In caput effuſi calcavit membra regenti
Omnis eques ceſſit campis, glomoratáq
In ſua converſis præceps ruit agmina fr
Perdidit indè modum cædes, ac nulla
Pugna.———

In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards,
Or plaited Mail devoted Boſoms guards:
Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go,
And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow.
From *Pompey*'s ample Wings, at length, the Horſe
Wide o'er the Plain extending, take their Courſe:
Wheeling, around the hoſtile Line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the Slingers march behind.
In various Ways the various Bands engage,
And hurl upon the Foe the miſſile Rage:
There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly,
And heating Bullets whiſtle thro' the Sky.
Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick ſhading goes,
From *Arab*, *Mede*, and *Ituræan* Bows:
But driv'n by random Aim they ſeldom wound:
They hide the Heav'n at firſt, then ſtrew the Ground:
While *Roman* Hands unerring Miſchief ſend,
And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.

But *Cæſar*, timely careful, to ſupport
His wav'ring Front againſt the firſt Effort,
A Body of Reſerve, in ſilence ſent,
To where the wheeling Foe their Fury bent.
Then *Pompey*'s Troops, nor mindful of the Fight,
Nor ſtay'd by Shame, betake themſelves to Flight.
Some fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
Their Riders throw, and trample on the Ground:
Strait the whole Corps with ſudden Terror turn,
And, in their flying, o'er their Friends are born.
Hence foul Confuſion, and Diſmay ſucceed,
The Victors murder, and the Vanquiſh'd bleed.——
Prevailing ſtill, the Victors held their Courſe,
Till *Pompey*'s main Reſerve oppos'd their Force:
There in his Strength the Chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good:
There in ſuſpenſe th' uncertain Battle hung,
And *Cæſar*'s fav'ring Goddeſs doubted long.——

[illegible] pot ſe vivat pars maxima
Sanctum dignos etiam nunc credere
Cœlicolas. ———————
——————— Sic fatur: & ann
Sigæique, & æffictus omni jam pa
Cruci, & revocat mucrone in fata r
——— Tum magnum conclus a
A bello ſonipes. ———

FORMA. Vide Fo

FOrma bonum fragile eſt: quantúm
Fit minor: & ſpatio carpitur i
Nec ſemper violæ, nec ſemper lilia fl
Et riget amiſſa ſpina relicta roſa.
Et tibi jam venient cani, formoſe, c
Jam venient rugæ quæ tibi corpus
Jam molire animum qui duret: & a
Solus ad extremos permanet ille ro
Ovid.

Anceps Forma bonum mo
Exigui donum breve tempori
Ut velox celeri pede laberis!

But *Pompey* ſoon, the Fate of *Rome* deſcry'd,
And ſaw the changing Gods forſake his Side.
Hard to believe, tho' from a riſing Ground
He view'd the univerſal Ruin round;
In crimſon Streams he ſaw Deſtruction run,
And in the Fall of Thouſands felt his own.
Nor wiſh'd he, like moſt Wretches in Deſpair,
The World one common Miſery might ſhare:
But with a generous, great, exalted Mind,
Beſought the Gods to pity poor Mankind,
To let him dye, and leave the reſt behind.
So ſaying, the tumultuous Field he croſs'd,
And warn'd from Battle his deſpairing Hoſt.
Then carry'd by his winged Steed away,
He quits the purple Plain, and yields the Day.— *Rowe.*

BEAUTY. See BEAUTIFUL.

BEauty, that fleeting Good, grows yearly leſs,
And Time, alone, will ſpoil the fineſt Face.
The Violet nor Lilly always blows,
And Prickles oft ſurvive the faded Roſe.
Grey Hairs, my Charmer, will diſgrace thy Head,
And thy fair Body Wrinkles overſpread:
Then by thy Virtues make thy Glory ſure;
The Mind's Perfections to the laſt endure. ——

Beauty, thou enſnaring Good,
Scarce by Mortals underſtood!
Fleeting Gift! which cannot ſtay,
How ſwiftly doth Thou poſt away! ——

Years, charming Maid! will ſpoil that lovely Face,
And Wrinkles deep thy beauteous Front diſgrace:
Old Age advancing ſilently and ſlow,
To all that's fair inexorable Foe!
O'er all thy Charms his cruel Hand will lay,
And each endearing Feature rend away. ——

Ah

ò, me miſerum, laxantur corpora rugis!
it, in nitido, qui fuit ore, color.
fuiſſe tibi canas à virgine juras:
ntur ſubito per caput omne comæ.——
Ovid. Art. Amand. Lib. III.

a æternum, aut cuiquam eſt fortuna perennis;
s, aut proprius mors ſua quemque manet.—
Prop. II, 29.
ineſt pulchris, ſequitúrque ſuperbia formam.—
Ovid. I. *Faſt.*
ara eſt concordia Formæ
dicitiæ. —— *Juven.*
m ſimplex, Helene, ne ruſtica dicam,
faciem culpa poſſe carere putas?
n mutes, aut ſis non dura, neceſſe eſt:
cum forma magna pudicitiæ.—*Ovid.* Ep. XV.

orma ſatis: nec, quæ vult bella videri,
vulgari more placere ſibi:
les, luſus, ſermonis gratia, riſus,
t naturæ candidioris opus.

Ah me! how ſoon a wrinkl'd Skin invades!
How very ſoon a fine Complexion fades!
Nor ought avails it even tho' you ſwear,
That from your Infancy you'd ſome grey Hair;
You grow all hoary in a few more Years,
And then the venerable Truth appears.— *Tate* alter'd.
Beauty's not laſting, nor is Fortune ſure;
But ſoon or late we all muſt Death endure.—

The Fair are haughty, Pride with Beauty dwells.—

Beauty with Virtue is a Sight that's rare:
Chaſt is no Epithet to ſuit with *Fair*.—— *Dryden.*
Ah! *Hellen*, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch Beauty can from Faults be free?
Or change that Face, or you muſt needs be kind,
Beauty and Virtue ſeldom have been joyn'd.— *Duke.*

Truſt not to Beauty only, O ye Fair!
That's not enough, make better Things your Care:
Smart Wit, fine Senſe, the Tongue's endearing Grace,
Far, far excel the fineſt-featur'd Face.
In vain are all the other Aids of Art,
Good-Nature only can ſecure the Heart.——

BEAUTY, it's Power.

TO him, diſdaining or to feign a Tear,
Or ſpread her artfully diſhevel'd Hair,
In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd,
And truſting to her Beauty's certain Aid,
In Words like theſe began the * *Pharian* Maid.—
In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears aſſail'd,
Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd:
From thence reſiſtleſs Eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet Perſwaſion gains her Cauſe.
His ſtubborn Heart diſſolves in looſe Delight,
And grants her Suit, for one laſcivious Night.— *Rowe.*

* *Cleopatra.*

BEAUTIFUL.

Dum talia ſecum, — paſſu volat
Quæ quanquam Scythica non ſecius
Aonio viſa eſt juveni: tamen ille
Miratur magìs: & curſus facit ipſe
Aura refert oblata citis talaria planti
Tergáque jactantur crines per éburne
Poplitibus ſuberant picto genualia lin
Inque puellari corpus candore rubore
Traxerat. Haud aliter, quam cum
Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit u

Reſtitit Æneas, claraque in luce re
Os, humeróſque deo ſimilis: namque
Cæſariem nato genetrix, luménque ju
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat hon
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut
Argentum Pariùſve lapis circumdatur

—— Ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus om
Infert ſe ſocium Æneas

Beautiful.

LO! *Philomela* enters richly gay;
But brighter far in Beauty than Array.
Charming, as Fame or Fiction can relate
The *Dryads*, walking thro' the Woods in State:
Fancy like her the *Naïds* would expreſs,
Allowing them her Elegance of Dreſs.— *Sewel* alter'd.
Mean time the * Virgin flies, or ſeems to fly,
Swift as a *Scythian* Arrow cleaves the Sky:
Still more and more, the Youth her Charms admires:
The Race itſelf t' exalt her Charms conſpires.
The golden Pinions, which her Feet adorn,
In wanton Flutt'rings by the Winds are born.
Down from her Head, the long, fair Treſſes flow,
And ſport with lovely Negligence below.
The waving Ribbons, which her Buſkins tye,
Her ſnowy Skin with waving Purple dye:
As crimſon Veils, in Palaces diſplay'd,
To the white Marble lend a bluſhing Shade.— *Euſden.*
Æneas, now, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
Shone forth, in Shape and Features like a God:
For *Venus* with the roſy Bloom of Youth
Had fluſh'd her Son, with comely Locks adorn'd,
And breath'd a ſparkling Luſtre on his Eyes.
Such is the Beauty which the Artiſts Hand
To poliſh'd Iv'ry lends: So Silver ſhines,
Or *Parian* Stone, enchas'd in yellow Gold.— *Trap.*
But far above the Reſt in Beauty ſhines
The great *Æneas*, when the Troop he joins:
Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the Froſt
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coaſt:
When to his native *Delos* he reſorts,
Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:
Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair incloſe:
A Golden Fillet binds his aweful Brows:

* *Atalanta* running, and admir'd by *Hippomenes*.

His

Tela ſonant humeris. Haud illo ſegnior ibat
Æneas: tantum egregio decus enitet ore.—*Virg. Æn.* Lib. IV.

——————Ipſe agmine Pallas
In medio, chlamyde & pictis conſpectus in armis.
Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Lucifer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os ſacrum cœlo, tenebraſque reſolvit.——

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Quanto ſplendidior, quam cætera ſidera, fulget
Lucifer: & quanto te, Lucifer, rubrea Phœbe:
Tanto virginibus præſtantior omnibus Herſe
Ibat: eratque decus pompæ, comitumque ſuarum.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

——Egregius forma, quam divite cultu
Augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis:
Indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus ovabat
Aureus: ornabant auratæ monilia collum:
Et madidos myrrha curvum crinale capillos.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. V.

Candida ſidereis ardeſcunt lumina flammis,
Fundunt colla roſas, & cedit crinibus aurum,
Mollia purpureum depromunt ora ruborem,
Lacteaque admixtus ſublimat pectora ſanguis:
Ac totus tibi ſervit honor, formæque dearum
Fulges, & Venerem cœleſti corpore vincis.
Argento ſtat facta manus: digitiſque tenellis
Serica fila trahens precioſo ſtamine ludis.
Planta decens modicos neſcit calcare lapillos,
Et dura lædi ſcelus eſt veſtigia terra.
Ipſa tuos cum ferre velis per lilia greſſus,
Nulli * ſternuntur leviori pondere flores.
Guttura nunc aliæ magnis monilibus ornent,
Aut gemmas aptent capiti: tu ſola placere
Vel ſpoliata potes. Nulli laudabile totum,
In te cuncta probat ſi quiſquam cernere poſſit.——

Petron. Arb. frag.

is Quiver ſounds: Not leſs the Prince is ſeen
Beauty, graceful, and commanding Mein.— *Dryden.*
Young *Pallas* ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt:
ilded his Arms, embroider'd was his Veſt.
, from the Seas, exerts his radiant Head,
he Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led:
akes from his roſy Locks the pearly Dews:
iſpels the Darkneſs, and the Day renews.— *Dryden.*
As *Lucifer* excels the meaneſt Star,
r, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer:*
much did *Herſè* all the reſt outvye,
nd gave a Grace to the Solemnity.—— *Addiſon.*

——Graceful was * his Mein,
His Perſon lovely, and his Age ſixteen.
His Habit made his native Beauty more:
purple Mantle fring'd with Gold he wore.
ich Chains of Gold adorn'd his Neck ſo fair,
nd moiſt with Myrrh was form'd a Crownet of his Hair.—
Mainwaring alter'd.

Thy beauteous Eyes ſhine with celeſtial Fire,
nd roſy Odours from thy Neck aſpire:
righter than Gold thy burniſh'd Treſſes flow,
hy balmy Lips like the bright Crimſon glow.
eandring Veins ſublime thy Boſom's White,
nd ev'ry Grace adorns Thee for Delight.
ach Goddeſs' boaſted Charms in thine we ſee,
nd vanquiſh'd *Venus* yields the Prize to Thee.
hy Hands are ſilver, and with am'rous Pride
he ſilky Threads thro' thy ſoft Fingers ſlide.
hy Feet, too lovely e'er to touch the Ground!
rom no invidious Pebbles fear a Wound:
or whenſoe'er you o'er the Lillies tread,
h' uninjur'd Flow'r ſcarce bends its ſnowy Head.
et coſtly Jewels meaner Beauties wear,
o grace their Necks, or glitter in their Hair:
ou, unadorn'd, are exquiſitely fair.
here's ſome Defect in ev'ry Thing we view,
ut Envy's ſelf can't ſpy a Fault in you.— *Addiſon jun.*

* *Athis.*

APES. Vide LABOR.

communes natos, conſortia tecta
s habent, magníſque agitant ſub legibus ævum:
m ſolæ, & certos novere penates.
que hyemis memores, æſtate laborem
tur, & in medium quæſita reponunt.
aliæ victu invigilant, & fœdere pacto
ur agris: pars intra ſepta domorum
lachrymam, & lentum de cortice gluten,
vis ponunt fundamina: deinde tenaces
nt ceras: aliæ, ſpem gentis, adultos
fœtus: aliæ puriſſima mella
& liquido diſtendunt nectare cellas.
ous ad portas cecidit cuſtodia ſorti:
cem ſpeculantur aquas & nubila cœli,
a accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent.
pus, redoléntque thymo fragrantia mella. —
Virg. Georg. IV.

—Innatus apes amor urget habendi,

BEES. See LABOUR.

OF all the mute Creation, Theſe alone
A public Weal, and common Int'reſt know,
Imbody'd: and ſubſiſt by certain Laws.
Mindful of Winter, they in Summer toil:
And for their Country's Good preſerve their Store.
Some, by joint Compact, range the Fields for Food,
Induſtrious: Others in their Tents at home,
Narciſſus' clammy Tears, and Gum from Trees,
Lay, as the firſt Foundation of their Combs:
Then into Arches build the viſcid Wax:
Others draw forth their Colonies adult,
The Nation's Hope: Some work the purer Sweets
And with the liquid Nectar ſtretch their Cells:
Some (ſuch their Poſt allotted) at the Gates,
Stand Sentry: and alternate watch, the Rain,
And Clouds, obſerving: or unlade their Friends
Returning: or in Troops beat off the Drones,
A lazy Cattle: Hot the Work proceeds:
And freſh with Thyme the fragrant Honey ſmells.—*Trap.*

The inbred Love of getting prompts the *Bees*
Their Labour to divide. The aged Sires
With curious Architecture build their Cells:
And guard their Towns, and fortify their Combs.
But late at Night the Youth fatigu'd return,
Their Legs with Thyme full-laden: hov'ring round
They ſuck the *Arbutus*, and *Willows* grey,
Sweet *Lavendar*, and *Crocus'* yellow Flow'r,
The purple *Hyacinth*, and gummy *Lime*.

They toil together, and together reſt:
With the firſt Morn they iſſue from their Gates:
Again, when Veſper warns them to return
From feeding, and the Fields: they homewards bend,
Refreſh their Bodies, and with murm'ring Noiſe
Hum round the Sides, and Entrance of their Hives:
At length in Silence *huſh'd all* Night repoſe,

n, fefsóſque ſopor ſuus occupat artus.
à ſtabulis pluviâ impendente recedunt
aut credunt cœlo, adventantibus Euris:
m tutæ ſub mœnibus urbis aquantur,
que breves tentant: & ſæpe lapillos,
œ inſtabiles fluctu jactante ſuburram,
his ſeſe per inania nubila librant.—— *Ibid.*
Regem non ſic Ægyptus, & ingens
ec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaſpes,
t. Rege incolumi mens omnibus una eſt:
rupere fidem: conſtructaque mella
ipſæ, & crates ſolvere favorum.
um cuſtos, illum admirantur, & omnes
ant fremitu denſo, ſtipántque frequentes,
attollunt humeris, & corpora bello
t; pulchrámque petunt per vulnera mortem.——
Ibid.

tem ad pugnam exierint (nam ſæpe duobus
inceſſit magno diſcordia motu)
que animos vulgi, & trepidantia bello
cet longe præſciſſere: namque morantes

And with ſoft Sleep relieve their weary Limbs.
While Rain impends, or Winds begin to riſe,
They rove not far from Home, nor truſt the Sky:
But drink, ſecure, beneath their City's Walls,
And ſhort Excurſions try: and oft with Sand
Ballaſt Themſelves, like Ships on toſſing Waves,
And poiſe their Bodies thro' the Void of Air.—— *Trap.*
——Not *Egypt*, nor wide *Lydia*'s Realms,
Nor *Parthia*, nor *Hydaſpes* with ſuch Zeal
Adore their KING.—Their KING ſurviving, All
Unanimous concur: his Death diſſolves
Society: Themſelves their Honey-Stores,
And all the curious Texture of their Combs
Demoliſh. He o'er all their Works preſides:
Him they admire: and in one Body form'd,
Humming, incloſe Him round: and oft in War
Support Him on their Shoulders: for his Life
Expoſe their own, and court a glorious Death,— *Trap.*
If to the Fight they iſſue forth, (for oft
Between two Kings, with Tumult, Diſcord reigns:)
The Vulgar's Rage, and Courage, and their Hearts
Trembling with eager Appetite of War,
You may foreknow. A Clarion, ſhrill as Braſs,
Rouſes the Laggers; and a martial Noiſe
Diſtant is heard, like Trumpets broken Sounds.
Then trembling they unite, and ſhake their Wings,
And with their ſharp Proboſcis whet their Darts,
And fit their Claws: and round their Monarch's Court
Thicken, and muſter: and with loud Acclaim
Provoke the Foe.—Now, having gain'd a Sky
Serene, and open Fields of vernal Air,
They iſſue from their Gates, and join the Shock
Of Battle: Humming thro' th' Etherial Void,
In one huge Cluſter they conglobe, and fall
Precipitant: Nor thicker falls the Hail,
Nor Show'rs of Acorns from a ſhaken Oak.
The Kings themſelves, betwixt the middle Ranks,
Conſpicuous *ſhine, and ſpread* their gliſt'ning Wings:
(Their little Bodies mighty Souls inform.)

maculis auro ſqualentibus ardens :
uo ſunt genera) hic melior, inſignis & ore,
clarus ſquamis : ille horridus alter
latámque trahens inglorius alvum.
regum facies, ita corpora gentis :
aliæ turpes horrent, ceu pulvere ab alto
it, & terram ſicco ſpuit ore viator
elucent aliæ, & fulgore coruſcant,
auro, & paribus lita corpora guttis.——

Ibid.

adeo placuiſſe apibus mirabere morem,
concubitu indulgent, nec corpora ſegnes
m ſolvunt, aut fœtus nixibus edunt.
ſæ è foliis natos & ſuavibus herbis
nt : ipſæ regem, parvóſque Quirites
——————

pſas quamvis anguſti terminus ævi
(neque enim plus ſeptima ducitur æſtas)
immortale manet, multóſque per annos
na domus, & avi numerantur avorum.——

Ibid.

One (for diff'rent are their Species) burns
vary'd Spots, and Gold: his Form all o'er
ous, and bright with glift'ring Scales: this Kind
Beſt: the Other horrid, and with Sloth
ious, trails his ſwagging Paunch along.
eſs the People, than their Kings, are found
orms diſtinct: Some foul, of duſky Hue;
en the Trav'ler, on a ſandy Road,
his dry Mouth ſpits Froth commix'd with Duſt:
glaring Shine, and glow with Drops of Gold.—*Trap.*
: Quality in *Bees* thou wilt admire:
genial Love they know not, nor indulge
* ſoft Joys, nor propagate their Kind.
Herbs, and fragrant Simples, with their Mouths
cull their Young: from thence the Inſect King,
ll his little Subjects they ſupply.
herefore tho' their Term of Life be ſhort,
beyond ſeven Summers e'er extends)
e immortal Progeny remains:
any Years the Kingdom's Fortune ſtands,
Grandſires number Grandſires in their Line.— *Trap.*

BEGGAR.

Hirſty, at laſt, by long Fatigue, † ſhe grows,
But meets no Spring; no Riv'let near her flows.
looking round, by Accident ſhe ſpies,
tage thatch'd with Straw, and thither hies.
oddeſs knocking at the little Door,
open'd by a Woman old and poor,
when ſhe begg'd for Water, gave her Ale,
long, but well preſerv'd from being ſtale.
Goddeſs drank: a chuffy Lad was by,
aw the Liquor with a grutching Eye
inning cries,—She's greedy more than dry.——
Maynwaring alter'd.

s miſtaken Notion, which prevail'd in *Virgil's* Days, is now

† *Ceres* in ſearch of her Daughter *Proſerpine*.

NATALIS.

rohibetis aquis ? uſus communis aquarum.
n proprium Natura, nec aëra fecit,
s undas. Ad publica munera veni.
en ut detis ſupplex peto.———
——Caret os humore loquentis :
arent : vixque eſt via vocis in illis.
aquæ mihi nectar erit : vitámque fatebor
ſimul.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

ta mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
nec vendibilis, nec paſcere firmus,
: clamat, victum date.———

Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 17.

NATALIS.

mihi nonum ſuperantis annum
nus Albani cadus : eſt in horto,
ectendis apium coronis,
Eſt hederæ vis
uâ crines religata fulges :

Water do You deny? Indeed, 'tis hard
From Nature's common Rights to be debar'd:
This, as the genial Sun, and vital Air,
Should flow alike to ev'ry Creature's Share.
Yet, ſtill I aſk, and as a Favour crave,
That, which a publick Bounty, Nature gave.
Now from my Throat the uſual Moiſture dries,
And ev'n my Voice in broken Accents dies:
One Draught, as dear as Life, I ſhould eſteem,
And Water, now I thirſt, would *Nectar* ſeem.— *Croxall.*

My Mother's poor, my Farm's too mean to ſell,
And yet not yields enough to keep me well;
My Neice a Portion wants, my Fortune's low:
He that ſays thus, crys out aloud, *Beſtow.*—— *Creech.*

BIRTH-DAY.

OF *Alban* Wine, a Caſk in Store
I've got, that's nine Years old and more:
And Parſley in my Garden grows,
And Ivy to adorn thy Brows:
Ivy, my Dear, ſhall finely ſhine,
And fair among thy Curls entwine.

My Houſe with Silver glitters round:
My Altar, with chaſt Vervain bound,
Now only wants the Lamb whoſe Blood
Muſt ſprinkle o'er the ſacred Wood.

All Hands at work, with buſy Care
My Boys and Maids the Feaſt prepare:
In curling Volumes, through the Sky
Thick Smoke does from my Chimney fly.

But would You know what Joys to Night
I call You to, and why invite:
You're now to celebrate the *Ide*
Which does fair *April*'s Month divide;
April, to Sea-born *Venus* dear,
Whoſe welcome *Ide* ſhall ev'ry Year,
Be kept in ſolemn Wiſe by me,
More *than my own Nativity*:

Rubor.

cenas meus affluentes
Ordinat annos. ——— *Hor.* Lib. IV. Ode 11.

Rubor.

ieri rubor ora notavit,
Neſcia quid ſit Amor : ſed & erubuiſſe decebat.
aprica pendentibus arbore pomis :
tincto eſt, aut ſub candore rubenti,
ra reſonant æra auxiliaria, Lunæ. ——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

—Erubuit, ſubitúſque invita notavit
, rurſuſque evanuit. Ut ſolet Aër
fieri, cum primum Aurora movetur :
poſt tempus candeſcere ſolis ab ictu. ——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

——Cui plurimus ignem
ubor, & calefacta per ora cucurrit.
nguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
ur : vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ

Mæcenas from this Sun
: of rolling Years begun.———

BLUSHING.

E * Boy knew Nought of Love, but touch'd with Shame,.
down, and bluſh'd: his Bluſhes well became:
les glow upon the ſunny Side;
y looks with rich Vermilion dy'd;
's the Moon, when all her ſilver White
n Eclipſes to a ruddy Light,
aſs reſounds in vain.——— *Addiſon* alter'd.
ihe † bluſh'd;—againſt her Will the riſing Red
in her Cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
) the purple Morning paints the Skies:
they whiten at the Sun's up-riſe.———

rimſon Bluſh ‖ her beauteous Face o'er-ſpread,
g her Cheeks by turns with white and red.
iving Colours, never at a Stay,
re, and there, and fluſh, and fade away.
tful Change! thus *Indian* Iv'ry ſhows
with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows:
lies damaſk'd by the neighb'ring Roſe.—*Dryden.*
———With modeſt Grace,
nning Bluſhes kindle all her Face.
auteous glows the *Indian* Ivory,
deeply tinctur'd by the *Tyrian* Dye.

He appear'd, like ſhining *Cynthia* bright,
urple Bluſhes grac'd the ſnowy White:
lowing Bluſhes ſtain the modeſt Maid,
to th' expecting am'rous Youth convey'd,
e new Pleaſures of the Bridal Bed.
right the ſcarlet *Amaranthus* ſhines,
with the *Lilly* ſome fair Virgin joins:
: like this, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
s the Apple on the ſunny Side.—— *Dart.* alter'd.

maphroditus. † *Arachne.* ‖ *Lavinia.*

A Crim-

——————Illi
a purpureus venit in ora rubor.
loratum Tithoni conjuge cœlum
et, aut ſponſo viſa puella novo.
æ fulgent inter ſua lilia mixtæ,
i cantatis Luna laborat equis.——
Ovid. Amor. Lib. II. El. 5.

CTANTIA. Vide SUPERBIA.

I, quòd ſæpe homines morbos magis eſſe timendos,
mémque ferunt vitam, quàm Tartara lethi,
e Animi naturam ſanguinis eſſe,
ſum quicquam noſtræ Rationis egere:
t advertas animum, magis omnia Laudis,
n Venti, ſi fert ita forte voluntas,
uſa, quàm quod res ipſa probetur.
iidem patria, longèque fugati
ex hominum, fœdati crimine turpi,
ærumnis affecti denique vivunt:
nque tamen miſeri venêre, parentant,
mactant pecudes, & Manibu' divis

A Crimſon Bluſh her conſcious Face o'erſpread—
) riſing *Phœbus* paints the Skies with red:
) looks the Virgin in her nuptial Bed:
) op'ning Roſes mix'd with Lillies glow:
) does the Moon in her Eclipſes ſhow.——

BOASTING. See PRIDE.

FOR tho' ſome talk they leſs ſhould fear to die,
Than live with a Diſeaſe, or Infamy:
hat they know well the Soul conſiſts in Blood,
nd our Philoſophy can do no good:
bſerve, they talk thus, rather out of Love
o empty Praiſe, than, what they ſay, approve.
or theſe ſame Men, to Chains, or Baniſhment,
ndemn'd; to Gallies, or to Priſons ſent:
ho' infamous by horrid Crimes they're grown,
t ſtill endure, and patiently live on.
ay more, where-e'er theſe boaſting Wretches come,
ey ſacrifice black Sheep on ev'ry Tomb,
o pleaſe the *Manes*: and of all the Rout,
hen Cares and Dangers preſs, grow moſt devout.——
Creech.

But I am nobly born;—'tis true: go boaſt
ıy Pedigree, the Thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
ſides I am a Beau:—that too I grant:——
e that cry's Herbs has leſs Impertinence,
ıd, in her Calling, more of common Senſe.— *Dryden.*
My Work is finiſh'd, which nor dreads the Rage
f Tempeſts, Fire, or War, or waſting Age:
ıme, ſoon or late, Death's undetermin'd Day,
ıis mortal Being only can decay:
y nobler Part, my Fame, ſhall reach the Skies,
ıd to late Times with blooming Honours riſe:
hate'er th' unbounded *Roman* Pow'r obeys,
l Climes and Nations ſhall recal my Praiſe:

If

habent veri vatum præſagia) vivam.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Monumentum ære perennius,
e ſitu Pyramidum altius:
n imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
uere, aut innumerabilis
n ſeries, & fuga temporum.
nis moriar: multàque pars mei
ibitinam: uſque ego poſterâ
laude recens: dum Capitolium
um tacita Virgine Pontifex.——
Hor. Lib. III. Ode 30.

PUER Formoſus.

ret faciem livor quoque: Qualia namque
ora nudorum tabula pinguntur amorum,
. Sed, ne faciat diſcrimina cultus,
adde leves, aut illis deme pharetras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

[redacted]

If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine
One half of round Eternity is mine.—— *Welſted.*
A Monument, more durable than Braſs,
And whoſe Magnificence does far ſurpaſs
Egypt's proud Pyramids, I've rais'd:—In vain
The northern Blaſt, the ſouthern Show'rs of Rain,
Ages, and Time ſhall ſtrive to pull it down again.
All of me ſhall not die: my Works ſhall ſave
The Nobleſt Portion from the greedy Grave:
I ſtill ſhall flouriſh in the Rolls of Fame,
Still ſhall Poſterity revere my Name;
Till the High-Prieſt and ſilent Maid no more
Aſcend the *Capitol*, and *Jove* adore.——

Boy Handſome.

THE lovely Boy was born with ev'ry Grace;
Ev'n Envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters when they ſhow
Their utmoſt Art, on naked Loves beſtow.
But leſt the Dreſs ſhould any Diff'rence make,
Shafts give to him, or elſe from *Cupid* take.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
Full in the midſt, the princely *Youth* of *Troy*
By *Venus* lov'd, and worthy all her Care,
(His beauteous Head uncover'd) ſhone to View:
As ſhines a Gem inclos'd in yellow Gold,
Grace to the Head, or Neck: or Iv'ry ſet,
With curious Art, in Ebony, or Box:
His ſnowy Neck receives his flowing Hair,
Claſp'd in a Circle of ſoft ductile Gold.—— *Trap.*

BOXING.

——FOrthwith upriſes ſtern,
Dares: and with the Murmur of the Croud,
Rears his rough Viſage, and prodigious Strength:
Shews his broad Shoulders, his Alternate Arms
Protends, and in mock Duel beats the Air.

For

huic alius : nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
lire virum, manibusque inducere cestus.
vis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes :
heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
—Ubi nunc nobis Deus ille, magister
uam memoratus Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
m, & Spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis ?
æc : non laudis amor, nec gloria cessit
tu : sed enim gelidus tardante senectâ
nabet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires.
———Sic deinde locutus,
m geminos immani pondere cestus
quibus acer Eryx in prælia suetus
num, duróque intendere brachia tergo.
ere animi : tantorum ingentia septem
bum plumbo insuto ferróque rigebant.
nes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat.

or tales referebat pectore voces :

For him a Match is fought: nor dares ev'n One
From all that vaſt Aſſembly to approach
The Challenger, or arm his Hands for Fight.
Aceſtes then *Entellus* thus upbraids:
Entellus, braveſt Hero once in vain,
Where is our *Eryx*, vainly boaſted God,
Your Maſter? Where your Fame thro' all this Iſle
Renown'd? And Trophies hanging round your Roof?
To whom *Entellus*; 'Tis not that the Love
Of Praiſe and Glory has my Breaſt thro' Fear
Abandon'd; But my Blood by freezing Age
Is cold, retarded: And my Strength benumb'd
Within my ſapleſs Trunk.——This ſaid, He flings
Into the Midſt two Gauntlets huge, of Weight
Enormous: Thoſe which warlike *Eryx* wore
In Fight, and whoſe ſtiff Leather brac'd his Arms.
Amaz'd were All: ſo vaſt the ſev'n tough Hides
Of Bulls, with Lead and Iron ſewn between:
But more than all the reſt, the Champion's Self,
Dares, aghaſt, and at a Diſtance ſtands,
Refuſing.——Him thus the aged Sire beſpeaks:
If *Trojan Dares* thinks theſe Arms unequal,
Let Us have due Proportion in the Striſe.
——————Thus he ſpoke:
And from his Shoulders flings his double Veſt,
Strips his huge Limbs, huge Bones, and brawny Arms:
And in the Midſt with mighty Stature ſtands.——
Then Prince *Æneas* equal Gauntlets brings,
And binds the Wriſts of both with equal Weight.
Forthwith, erect, and high upon their Toes,
Both ſtand, and fearleſs raiſe their Arms in Air:
Lean back their lofty Heads, to ſhun the Stroke,
Mix Hands with Hands, and irritate the Fight.
The One excelling in his nimble Feet,
And confident in Youth: The Other ſtrong
In Limbs, and Bulk: but ſlow with trembling Knees
He ſtaggers, and the panting Labour ſhakes
His huge-built Trunk. In vain repeated Wounds

They

vo lateri ingeminant, & pectore vaſtos
tus, errátque aures & tempora circum
anus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere malæ.

avis Entellus, nisúque immotus eodem,
ela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.
t celſam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
tana ſedet circum caſtella ſub armis:
s, nunc illos aditus, omnémque pererrat
m, & variis aſſultibus irritus urget.
dextram inſurgens Entellus, & alte
ille ictum venientem à vertice velox
, celeríque elapſus corpore ceſſit.
vires in ventum effudit, & ultro
is gravitérque ad terram pondere vaſto
——It clamor cœlo.——
rdatus caſu, neque territus heros,
l pugnam redit, ac vim ſuſcitat ira:
dor incendit vires, & conſcia virtus:
émque Daren ardens agit æquore toto:
xtrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille ſiniſtrâ.

aim alternate: On their hollow Flanks
Strokes redoubled ring: Their throbbing Breaſts
atter'd with loud Noiſe: The bandy'd Blows
ound their Ears and Temples: And beneath
igid Lead their cracking Jaws reſound.
m by his Weight, in one fix'd Poſture ſtands
us: With his Body and quick Eyes
:, eluding his Aſſailant's Strokes.
like a Warrior, who ſome lofty Town
lts by Storm; or under Arms beſets
ſtle on a Hill, now Theſe, now Thoſe
oaches tries, the Place all round with Art
ring: and with various Efforts vain
; his Foe.——*Entellus* ſhews his Arm
l high: The Other ſwift foreſees the Blow
nding from his Head, and nimbly ſlips
: *Entellus* on the empty Air
his Strength, and heavy to the Ground
with vaſt Weight.——
'n rings with Shouts. But, not at all diſmay'd,
by his Fall retarded, to the Fight
Hero with redoubled Force returns:
s his Strength with Rage: Shame fires his Soul,
conſcious Worth: O'er all the Field he drives
precipitate: now with the Right,
with the Left, reit'rating his Blows;
Pauſe, nor Reſpite. Thick as Hail in Storms
s on Roofs, with ſuch repeated Strokes,
Way, and That, the Hero with both Hands
s his Foe: and turns, and whirls him round.
en Prince *Æneas* could no longer bear
Fury to proceed, but ends the Fight,
reſcues fainting *Dares*——
——Him, with tott'ring Pace
ng his Legs along, on either Side
ging his Head, and belching from his Throat
: Clots of Gore, and Teeth commix'd with Blood,
Mates, officious to their vanquiſh'd Friend,

Trap,

TAURORUM PUGNA.

UNERUM CORRUPTELA.

ra, crede mihi, placant hominéſque, Deóſque:
acatur donis Jupiter ipſe datis.
t Sapiens? Stultus quoque munere gaudet:
oque accepto munere mitis erit.—*Ovid.* III. Art.

m ſi grande feras, cuſtodia victa eſt:
rhibent claves, & canis ipſe tacet.——
Tib. II. El. 4.

cluſam Danaen turris ahenea,
uſtæque fores, & vigilum canum
es excubiæ munierant ſatis
urnis ab adulteris:
non Acriſium, virginis abditæ
odem pavidum, Jupiter & Venus
ſent: fore enim tutum iter, & patens,
erſo in pretium Deo.——
Hor. III. Ode 16.

BRIBERY.

BElieve me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd:
Ev'n angry *Jove* by Off'rings is appeas'd.
With Preſents Fools and Wiſe alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Huſband may be bought.—*Congreve.*
But bring your Price, come with a Gift prepar'd,
And You may quickly influence the Guard:
Gold's mighty Pow'r ſets open ev'ry Door,
And ev'n th' obliging Dog will bark no more.— *Dart.*
A Tow'r of Braſs, Gates ſtrong, and barr'd,
And watchful Dogs thoſe Gates to Guard,
Muſt ſafely keep, (one wou'd have ſaid,)
Impriſon'd *Danae*'s Maiden-Head:
And ſo they would, if cunning *Jove*,
And *Venus* Favourer of Love,
Had not with pow'rful Bribes betray'd
Acriſius' Guards about the Maid:
Bribes open'd for the God a Way:
When chang'd to Gold nought could his Paſſage ſtay.
Creech alter'd.
Where Money reigns, what ſignify the Laws?
A poor Man there can never gain his Cauſe.
Ev'n thoſe grave *Sirs* that rail againſt the World,
Can ſtoop ſometimes to ſell their Voice for Gold.
Juſtice is now a common Bargain grown,
Bribe well the Judge, the Cauſe You buy's your own—

BULLS FIGHTING.

—WITH mighty Force
Two Bulls in Battle join: repeated Wounds
Mutual inflict: Black Gore their Bodies laves:
Their Horns againſt each other ſtruggling puſh
Direct: They roar aloud: The Woods, and huge
Olympus' Top reverberate the Noiſe.
Nor after this can both together feed:

CAPTIVUS.

it, longèque ignotis exſulat oris:
mens ignominiam, plagáſque ſuperbi
tum quos amiſit inultus amores:
a aſpectans regnis exceſſit avitis.——

Georg. Lib. III.

——————Velut——
converſis inimica in prælia tauri
incurrunt, pavidi ceſſere magiſtri:
s omne metu mutum, muſsántque juvencæ,
ori imperitet, quem tota armenta ſequantur.
ſeſe multa vi vulnera miſcent,
e obnixi infigunt, & ſanguine largo
nóſque lavant: gemitu nemus omne remugit.

Æn. Lib. XII.

CAPTIVUS.

Eſeratis agmina portis
Captivum traxere ducem, civíſque ſuperbi
ante pedes, vultu tamen alta minaci

quiſh'd quits the Field, and exil'd ſeeks
nown diſtant Coaſt, his dire Diſgrace
urning, and the haughty Victor's Wounds,
oft Loves, which unreveng'd he leaves:
ng back, with oft retorted Eye,
hereditary Realm retires.—— *Trap.*
n two mighty Bulls, with hoſtile Force,
ing Horns, in dreadful Battle join,
)ling Keepers, and the Herd aloof
e with Fear: the Heifers faintly lowe,
:o which the Empire of the Wood
which Lord the Paſtures muſt obey.
prodigious Strength alternate Wounds
ith clatt'ring Horns each other gore,
large Blood their Necks and Dewlaps lave:
l all round rebellows to the Noiſe.—— *Id.*

CAPTIVE.

faithleſs Garriſon betray the Town,
Captive drag their valiant Leader down.
Roman, fearleſs, tho' in Bands,
haughty Fellow-Subject ſtands,
:s erect, and with a daring Brow,
rovokes, and courts the fatal Blow.— *Rowe.*
:h in Preſence of the Victor plac'd,
)ignity his Geſture grac'd,
: his preſent Fortunes and his paſt.
it Mixture in his manly Mein,
'e and the General were ſeen.—— *Id.*
Caſſandra, lo! the Royal Fair,
s' Shrine, with looſe diſhevel'd Hair,
the ſhouting Victors:—To the Skies
but rais'd in vain! her glowing Eyes:
—ſhe could no more—the *Grecian* Bands
r manacled her tender Hands.—— *Pitt.*

CERES.

CURA.

...que metus hominum, curæque sequaces,
...metuunt fontus armorum, nec fera tela:
...ue inter Reges, rerúmque Potenteis
...neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro,
...vestis splendorem purpureaï.— *Lucr.* Lib. II.

——Nec requides in usum
...ris aut pauca. Fugit retro
... Juventas, & decor, aridâ
...ne lascivos amores
...ria, facilemque somnum.
...on semper idem floribus est honos
...neque una Luna rubens nitet
... Quid mœstis mœrorem
...dilis animum fatigas?
...non hic alibi vel planior, vel hac
...ondes lic tenere, & rosâ
...s odoret capillos.
...hos, Asteriane Nardo.

CARE.

: E Fears and Cares which torture human Hearts,
)eſpiſe the Claſh of Arms, and points of Darts;
iighty Kings and Potentates make bold,
: their Purple, and their ſhining Gold.——

no Concern, no Cares for Life approach;
ſe, which laſts not long, and aſks not much.
ſoon is gone, and Beauty quickly fades,
pleſs Age beſilvers o'er our Heads:
ſwift away, the ſmiling Minutes move,
ave no room for Reſt, or wanton Love.
Flow'rs with vernal Glory alway blow,
r bright Face does *Phœbe* always ſhow:
hy don't you to harraſs out forbear
d unequal to continual Care?
· underneath ſome tow'ring Poplar's Shade,
ading Pine, ar'n't we ſupinely laid:
'er Hairs with fragrant Roſes crown'd,
ı Nard perfuming all around?
ıſhly, whilſt we can, do we delay
ık our Troubles and our Cares away?——
r ſhould our Time run out in uſeleſs Years,
ious Troubles, and tormenting Fears?
o Succeſs, and no Advantage crown'd,
hould we ſtill tread an unfiniſh'd Round?
ıould deluding Hopes diſturb our Eaſe,
purſue, yet eager to poſſeſs?
grey in Cares, how ſenſeleſs is the Strife!
ing how to live we waſte a Life.
ore we have, the meaner is our Store,
what we have we loſe, and only crave for more.—
Creech alter'd.

CERES.

.S T *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to ſow,
ıd *arm'd with Iron Shares* the crooked Plough,

t ſylvæ, & victum Dodona negaret.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

——— Annua magnæ
er Cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
ſub caſum hyemis, jam vere ſereno.
a tibi Cererem pubes agreſtis adoret:
cte favos, & miti dilue Baccho,
novas circum felix eat hoſtia fruges,
uam Chorus & Socii comitentur ovantes:
em clamore vocent in tecta: neque ante
maturis quiſquam ſupponat ariſtis,
Cereri, torta redimitus tempora quercu,
us incompoſitos, & carmina dicat.——
Ibid.

piæ Cereris celebrabant annua Matres
bus nivea velatæ corpora veſte
s frugum dant ſpicea ſerta ſuarum:
novem noctes Venerem tactúſque viriles
s numerant.———
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

—— Ceres——ſinuoſa draconum

When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more ſupply'd
Their Maſt, and other Trees their Foreſts Fruits deny'd.—
Thy annual Off'rings to great *Ceres* bring, [*Dryd.*
On the green Turf performing ſacred Rites,
When Winter ends, and Spring now ſmiles ſerene.
Ceres let all thy ruſtic Youth adore:
For Her do Thou with Honey mingle Milk,
And gentle Wine: And round the recent Grain
Let the propitious Victim thrice be led:
Her in full Chorus let the Peaſants all
Singing attend, and with loud Shouts invite
Ceres beneath their Rooſs: Nor any thruſt
His Sickle to the Corn: till wreath'd with Oak,
To *Ceres* he has paid the Honours due,
With uncouth Dances, and unpoliſh'd Verſe.—— *Trap.*
The ſolemn Feaſt of *Ceres* now was near,
When long white Linnen Stoles the Matrons wear:
Rank'd in Proceſſion walk the pious Train,
Off'ring Firſt-fruits, and Wreaths of golden Grain:
For nine long Nights the Nuptial Bed they ſhun,
And ſanctifying Harveſt, lie alone.—— *Dryden.*
Ceres her Dragons guides; aloft they fly,
And print a winding Track along the Sky;
The curbing Bit with riſing Foam they ſtain,
And work their harmleſs Poiſon on the Rein.
High riſe their Creſts, and beauteous to behold,
Their ſpeckled Backs are ſcal'd with green and gold.
Now thro' the Zephyrs they direct their Flight,
And now deſcending, on the Meadows light:
The whirling Wheels revolving o'er the Ground,
The Fields impregnate, as the Glebe they wound:
A ſudden Harveſt ſtarts upon the Plain,
And in the Furrows ſprings the yellow Grain,
Where e'er ſhe comes,—— *Hughes* alter'd.
Ceres the Pow'r of the prolific Year,
A Daughter had ſuperlatively fair,
Nor bore a ſecond Birth: in This alone
More Honours ſhe obtain'd, and more Renown,

Than

Cernimus, ac nullis properan
Cur eadem æſtivas exornant
Semper & hibernas eadem c
Quiſque dies reddit mundo,

Nunquam transverſis Solem
Nec mutare vias, & in orum
Auroramque novis naſcentem o
Nèc Lunam certos excedere lun
Sed ſervare modum, quo creſca
Nec cadere in terram pendentia

MUTATI

—— R Eſolutaque Tel

Than all the teeming Mothers: in her Face [alter'd.
Her *Proſerpine* had ſumm'd the Beauties of a Race.—*Hughes.*

CHANCE. See GOD. PROVIDENCE.

IF *Chance* theſe Things beſtow'd, and rules the Whole,
Why do the *Signs* in conſtant Order roll?
Obſerve ſet Times to ſhut and ope' the Day,
Find the ſame Track, nor once miſtake their Way?
Why thro' their Courſe, as if by Laws confin'd,
Haſte none away, and leave the reſt behind?
Why in the *Summer* do we always ſpy,
The ſelf-ſame Stars by Night, adorn the Sky?
Why do, each Winter, conſtantly, again
Others return to gild the azure Plain?
Why ev'ry Day does *Phœbus'* cheering Flame, [alter'd.
Shew the ſame World, and leave it ſtill the ſame?— *Creech*

And that the *Sun* ne'er drives the riſing Day
From *North* to *South*, nor leaves the beaten Way:
That ſtill at Night he haſtens down the *Weſt*,
Nor ever turns his Horſes towards the *Eaſt*:
That Light, by juſt Degrees, the Moon adorns,
Firſt ſhews, then bends, then fills her borrow'd Horns;
And that the Stars in conſtant Order roll,
Nor fall, nor change their Diſtance from the Pole,
Is not the Work of Chance; but ſpeaks aloud
The wiſe and ſteady Conduct of a God.—— *Id.*

CHANGE.

EArth rariſies to Dew: expanded more,
The ſubtile Dew in Air begins to ſoar:
Spreads as She flies, and weary of her Name,
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into Flame.
Thus having, by Degrees, Perfection won,
Reſtleſs, they ſoon untwiſt the Web they ſpun:
And Fire begins to loſe her radiant Hue,
Mixt with groſs Air; and Air deſcends to Dew:

And

Incipere eſſe aliud, quam quod fu
Deſinere illud idem. Cum ſint h
Hæc tranſlata illuc: ſumma tame

——— Sic toties verſa es, For
Vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam ſoli
Eſſe fretum. Vidi factas ex æquore
Et procul à pelago conchæ jacuere m
Et vetus inventa eſt in montibus anch
Quodque fuit campus, vallem decurſu
Fecit: & eluvie mons eſt deductus in
Eque paludoſa ſiccis humus arit arenis
Quæque ſitim tulerant, ſtagnata paludi
Hic fontes Natura novos emiſit, at ill
Clauſit: & antiquis concuſſa tremoribu
Fulmina proſiliunt; aut excœcata reſidu

and Dew condenſing does her Form foregoe,
and ſink a heavy Lump of Earth below.—— *Dryden.*

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive:
ome Part of what was Their's before, they leave:
Nor are to Day what Yeſterday they were:
Nor the whole Same to Morrow will appear.— *Dryden.*

Thus are their Figures never at a ſtand;
ut chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;
ll Things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd:
or ſome new Show the ſhifted Scene's employ'd.
hen to be born, is to begin to be
ome other Thing we were not formerly:
nd what we call to Die, is not t'appear,
r be the Thing, which formerly we were.
hoſe very Elements, that we partake
live, when Dead, ſome other Bodies make:
ranſlated, ſhift their Form, and change their Courſe:
ut Death on deathleſs Subſtance has no Force.— *Id.*

The Face of Places, and their Forms, decay:
And that is ſolid Earth, that once was Sea:
Seas, in their Turn, retreating from the Shore,
Make ſolid Land, what Ocean was before:
And far from Strands are Shells of Fiſhes found,
And ruſty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground:
And what were Fields before, now waſh'd and worn
By falling Floods from high, to Vallies turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level Lands:
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs, are barren Sands:
And the parch'd Deſart floats in Streams unknown,
Wondring to drink of Waters not her own.
Here Nature living Fountains opes; and there
Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were.
Or Earthquakes ſtop their ancient Courſe, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a diſtant Spring.—— *Id.*

———— Whatever lies
In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All ſuffer Change. ————

... nova fumciunt, nullo m
Concutitur tellus variis compa
Subducitque ſolum pedibus,
Et vehit Oceanus pontum, l
Nec ſeſe ipſe capit: ſic quon
Humani generis cùm ſolus ec
Deucalion, ſcopulóque orbem
Nec non cum patrias Phaëtor
Arſerunt gentes, timuitque inc
Fugerúntque novas ardentia ſyc
Atque uno timuit condi Natur
In tantum longo mutantur tem
Atque iterum in ſemet redeunt.

CHAO

ANte Mare & Tellus, & q
Unus erat toto Naturæ vi
Quem dixere *Chaos*, rudis indig
Nec quicquam niſi pondus iner
Non bene junctarum diſcor

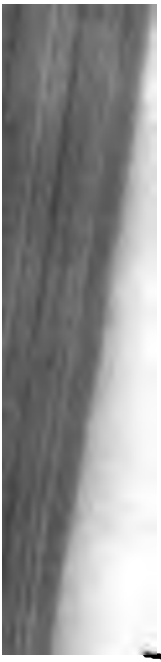
Ev'n mighty Empires flouriſh, and decay;
By Turns command, and in their Turns obey.—*Dryden.*

——— Thro' the mighty Frame
There's nothing that continues ſtill the ſame:
As Years wheel round, a Change muſt needs enſue,
Things loſe their former State, and take a new;
Now tir'd with Births, the Fields refuſe to bear,
Now, unmanur'd, prevent the Tiller's Care.
Vapours dilated tare the ſolid Earth:
Strong the Convulſions at the fatal Birth:
Vaſt Mountains ſink: And now his large Command
Neptune extends, and Seas o'erſpread the Land,
Contemning Shores: Thus Cities were o'erflow'd,
When, Mankind's ſingle Heir, *Deucalion* ſtood
On ſteep *Parnaſſus*, to repair the Stock:
The ſpacious World poſſeſſing in one Rock.
And when bold *Phaëton*, with unequal Force,
The Chariot fill'd, and drove the flaming Horſe:
The Earth took Fire, Heav'n ſaw the Stars recoil,
And frighted Nature fear'd one common Pile.
So much, as Years roll round, the mighty Frame
Is chang'd, yet ſtill returns to be the ſame.—— *Creech.*

CHAOS.

BEfore the Seas, and this terreſtrial Ball,
And Heav'n's high Canopy that covers all,
Nature one Face of Things, a *Chaos* ſhow'd;
An indigeſted, heavy, formleſs Load:
Where ill-cemented Seeds in Diſcord jarr'd,
And all the Elements together warr'd.
No Sun was lighted up, the World to view,
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor Earth, ſelf-balanc'd, in the Air was plac'd,
Nor yet kind Ocean's Arms the Ball embrac'd.
Then Sea, and Air, and Earth confounded were,
Unſtable was the Earth, and dark the Air,
The Sea unnavigable. ———

No



A

UT cum carceribus
Addunt se in spatio
Fertur equis Auriga, neq

Non tam præcipites bij
Corripuere, ruinaque effusi
Nec sic immissis Aurigæ un
Concussere jugis, pronique

DEJECTU

A Rectis

No certain Form on any was impreſt,
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the Reſt:
The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
The Soft, and Hard, the Heavy and the Light.
But God and careful Nature interpoſe,
To reconcile the elemental Foes:
He Earth from Heav'n, and Sea from Earth disjoyns,
And from groſs Air the purer Heav'n refines.
Then by his prudent Care, the Maſs controul'd,
Began its blind Materials to unfold:
He to each Portion proper Seats aſſigns,
And all the beauteous Whole in Peace combines.——
Dryd. alter'd.

CHARIOTEER.

AS when the Racers from their Barriers ſtart,
And whirl around the Goal: the Charioteer
Vainly attempts to check the flying Steeds:
Himſelf is born away: the duſty Car
Swift ſmokes along: nor, bounding, hears the Rein.—*Trap.*
With Force leſs rapid, ſtarting from their Bounds,
The Chariots whirl, and ſmoke along the Field:
Leſs earneſtly the eager Charioteers
O'er their ſwift Horſes ſhake the waving Reins,
Hang prone upon the Laſh, and bending fly.—— *Id.*

THROWN from a CHARIOT.

THE frighted Horſes pricking up their Ears
A while ſtood trembling:—ſudden then they flew,
And o'er the Rocks the rattling Chariot drew.
In vain to ſtop the hot-mouth'd Steeds * I try'd,
And bending backward all my Strength apply'd:
The frothy Foam in driving Flakes diſtains
The Bits, and Bridles, and bedews the Reins.
But though as yet untam'd they ran, at length
Their heady Rage had tir'd beneath my Strength,

* *Hippolitus.*

Ni rota, perpetuum qua circum vertitur axem,
Stipitis occurſu fracta & dejecta fuiſſet.
Excutior curru: loríſque tenentibus artus,
Viſcera viva trahi, nervos in ſtirpe tenéri,
Membra rapi partim, partim reprehenſa reliqui;
Oſſa gravem dare fracta ſonum, ſeſéſque videre
Exhalari animam: nulláſque in corpore partes,
Noſcere quas poſſes: unúmque erat omnia vulnus.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

INCANTATIO. Vide Circe. Venifica. Vis Magica.

EFfer aquam, & molli cinge hæc altaria vittâ:
Verbenáſque adole pingues, & maſcula thura.
Conjugis ut magicis ſanos avertere ſacris
Experiar ſenſus. nihil hic niſi carmina deſunt.

Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diverſa colore
Licia circumdo, térque hæc altaria circum
Effigiem duco. Numero Deus impare gaudet.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo: & Veneris, dic, vincula necto.

Limus ut hic dureſcit, & hæc ut cera liqueſcit
Uno eodémque igni: ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.
Sparge molam, & fragiles incende bitumine lauros.
Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.
Talis amor Daphnim, qualis, cum feſſa juvencum
Per nemora atque altos quærendo bucula lucos,
Propter aquæ rivum viridi procumbit in ulva
Perdita, nec ſeræ meminit decedere nocti:
Talis amor teneat: nec ſit mihi cura mederi.

Has

When, in the Spoke a Stump entangling, tore
The ſhatter'd Wheel, and from its Axle bore.
The Shock impetuous toſs'd me from the Seat;
Caught in the Reins beneath my Horſes' Feet,
My reeking Guts dragg'd out alive, around
The jagged Stump my trembling Nerves were wound.
Then ſtreteh'd the well-knit Limbs, the Pieces hal'd,
Part ſtuck behind, and Part the Chariot trail'd:
Till midſt my cracking Joints, and breaking Bones,
I breath away my weary'd Soul in Groans.
No Parts, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, were found,
But all my Parts an univerſal Wound.— *Catcot* alter'd.

CHARM. See Circe. Enchantreſs. Magic Power.

BRing hither Water, bind the Altars round
With a ſoft Fillet: fertile Vervain burn,
And ſtrongeſt Frankincenſe: that I may try
With ſacred Magic Rites to turn the Brain
Of him I love:—Nought, here but Charms we want.
Firſt theſe three Liſts diſtinct with Colours three
Round Thee I bind: thrice round the Altars lead
Thy Image: Heav'n uneven Numbers loves.
Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms!
Three Colours, *Amaryllis*, in three Knots
Induſtrious knit: quick, *Amaryllis*, quick:
Knit them; and ſay,—'Tis *Venus*' Knot I tye.—
As this Clay hardens, and this Wax grows ſoft
By the ſame Fire: ſo *Daphnis* by my Love.
Crumble this Cake, and with Bitumen burn
The crackling Bays:—me cruel *Daphnis* burns:
And I for cruel *Daphnis* burn theſe Bays.
May Love, like that with which the Heifer raves,
When thro' the Thickets, and high Woods, fatigu'd
She ſeeks the Bull, then near a River's Stream
Reſtleſs lies down, amidſt the verdant Sedge,
Nor minds at lateſt Ev'ning to return:
May ſuch Love *Daphnis* ſeize, nor I incline
To eaſe his Frenzy, or abate his Pain.

Aſpice: corripuit tremu
Sponte ſua, dum ferre mo
Neſcio quid certe eſt: & H
Credimus? an, qui amant i
Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam

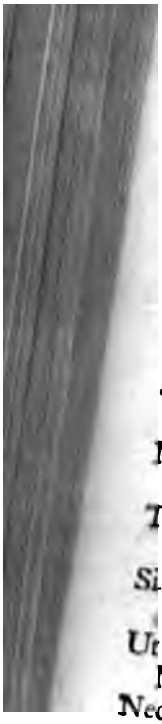
CASTI

CRedo Pudicitiam Saturno
In terris, viſámque diu,
Præberet ſpelunca domos, igné
Et pecus, & dominos commun
Sylveſtrem montana torum cùm
Frondibus & culmo: vicinarúm
Pellibus: haud ſimilis tibi Cynth
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer
Sed potanda ferens infantibus uber
Et ſæpe horridior glandem

Theſe Relicks, theſe dear Pledges of himſelf,
With me, long ſince, the faithleſs Shepherd left:
Theſe now, ev'n in the Entrance, I commit,
O Earth, to Thee: *Daphnis* theſe Pledges owe.
Theſe Aſhes, *Amaryllis*, forth convey:
Throw them into the River, o'er thy Head,
And look not back: *Daphnis* with theſe I'll try:
He nought the Gods, nor ought our Charms regards.
Behold, the Aſhes, while I thus delay
To bear them hence, now lick the Altar round
With trembling Flames, ſpontaneous:—May it prove
Auſpicious!—Something ſure, I know not what,
There is! and *Hylax* in the Entrance bays.
May I believe it? Or do Thoſe who love
Dream of the Bliſs which fondly they deſire?—— *Trap.*
No more:—my *Daphnis* comes! no more, my Charms:
He comes, from Town, to my deſiring Arms.—

CHASTITY.

IN *Saturn*'s Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
There was that Thing call'd *Chaſtity* on Earth:
When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
When Reeds, and Leaves, and Hides of Beaſts were ſpread
By Mountain-Houſewives, for their homely Bed,
And moſſy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Huſband's Head.
Unlike the Niceneſs of our modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs, with new affected Names:)
The *Cynthias*, and the *Leſbias* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death diſſolve in Tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to Infants of gigantick Mould:
Rough as their ſavage Lords who rang'd the Wood,
And fat with Acorns, belch'd their windy Food.——
Some thin Remains of Chaſtity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard:
Before the ſervile *Greeks* had learn'd to ſwear
By Heads of Kings: while yet the bounteous Year



...mos argentea

Audio, quid veteres oli
Pone feram : cohibe : ſed
Cuſtodes ? cauta eſt, & ab
Jamque eadem ſummis par

Nemo malus felix, mini
Inceſtus. ———————

——————— Nulla reparabil
Læſa Pudicitia eſt, deperi
Nec mora, celato figit ſua p
Et cadit in patrios ſanguin
Tunc quoque, jam moriens, r
Reſpicit : hæc etiam cura cad
Si qua metu dempto caſta eſt,
Quæ, quia non liceat, non
Ut jam ſervaris bene corpus, a
Nec cuſtodire, ni velit, ulla
Nec mentem ſervare pos...

Her common Fruits in open Fields expos'd,
E'er Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were inclos'd.
At length affronted *Juſtice* upwards flew,
And *Chaſtity* with her:——
From Earth to Heav'n the Siſters both withdrew.
From that old *Æra* whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the Sin:
Adult'rers then invade the nuptial State,
And Marriage Beds creak'd with a foreign Weight.
All other Ills did Iron Times adorn,
But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.— *Dryden.*
I hear your cautious Counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your Women under Lock and Key:
But who ſhall keep thoſe Keepers? Women, nurſt
In Craft, begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore: they love the Game:
And Miſtreſſes, and Maids, are both the ſame.— *Id.*
No ill Man's happy: leaſt of all is He
Whoſe Study 'tis to ruin *Chaſtity*.——
No Art can Chaſtity when loſt reſtore,
Once forfeited 'tis ne'er recover'd more.——
Strait with the hidden Steel * ſhe pierc'd her Side,
And at her Father's Feet fell down and dy'd:
Yet, as ſhe fell, her dying Thoughts contriv'd,
To fall as modeſtly as ſhe had liv'd.—— *Anon.*
She's truly chaſt, and worthy of that Name,
Who hates the Ill, as well as fears the Shame:
And that vile Woman whom Reſtraint keeps in,
Tho' ſhe forbear the Act, has done the Sin.
Spies, Locks, and Bolts, may keep her brutal Part:
But Thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her Heart.— *Sedley.*
Unmanner'd I may be, but not unchaſt;
Nor is my Fame with any Stain defac'd:
Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,
Nor a feign'd Niceneſs in my Carriage ſhown;
My Honour I preſerve without a Stain,
Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.——

* *Lucretia.*

...ela recuſantum, & ſ
Setigeríque ſues, atque i
Sævire, ac formæ magnc
Quos hominum ex facie
Induerat Circe in vultus

Quæ ſimul attigimus, ſte
Mille lupi, miſtæque lupis
Occurſu fecere metum : Sed
Nullaque erat noſtro factura i
Quinetiam blandas movere pe
Noſtraque adulantes comitant
Excipiunt famulæ, perque atr
Ad dominam ducunt. Pulchi
Solenni ſolio : pallámque indut
Inſuper aurato circumvelatur an
Nereïdes Nymphæque ſimul, q
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila ſe
Gramina diſpon

——NOW cloſe by *Circe*'s Shores they ſail;
Where ſhe, the wealthy Daughter of the Sun,
With ceaſeleſs Singing makes the Groves reſound;
Groves inacceſſible: and in the Rooms
Of her proud Palace, for nocturnal Light,
Sweet Cedar burns: While thro' the ſlender Web
Her whiſtling Shuttle flies along the Loom.
Hence Groans are heard: the Noiſe of Lions, fierce,
Rebellious to their Chains, and roaring loud
In Dead of Night: the Grunt of briſtly Boars:
The Rage of Bears reluctant in their Stalls:
And huge portentous Forms of howling Wolves.
All which, with pow'rful Charms, from human Shapes
The cruel Goddeſs *Circe* had transform'd
To ſavage Beaſts.—————— *Trap.*

Arriv'd, when near the Palace Gates we came,
A thouſand Wolves, and Bears, and Lions riſe,
And chill our Hearts with Horror and Surprize:
Yet ſoon we found there was no Cauſe to fear,
For none ſeem ſavage, or to wound prepare:
But courteous wag their Tails, and fawning greet;
And tame, and gentle, follow at our Feet:
Till a bright Train of She-attendants come,
And lead us up the lofty marble Dome;
To where retired, and in ſolemn State,
High, on her ſumptuous Throne, their Miſtreſs ſat:
Her coſtly Robes with royal Splendor ſhone,
And over all a Veil of Gold was thrown.
Her Maids, the *Nymphs*, and *Nereids*, ne'er were bred
To card the Wool, or draw the flowing Thread:
But they in Baſkets ſort the mingled Flow'rs,
And Herbs of various Hues, and various Powers.
While She, their Miſtreſs, who the Virtues knew
Of ev'ry Simple, and what each can do,
Alone, or mixt: the Herbs with Care inſpects,
And the due Quantity or Weight directs.

Now

Quæ ſimul arenti ſitientes hau
Et tetigit ſummos virga Dea di
(Et pudet, & referam) ſetis ho
Nec jam poſſe loqui: pro verb
Murmur: & in terram toto proc
Oſque meum ſenſi pando occalle
Colla tumere toris: & qua mod
Sumta mihi fuerant, illa veſtigia
Cùmque eadem paſſis (tantum me
Claudior hara.——————

——————— Solumque ſuis can
Vidimus Eurylochum: ſolus data
Quæ niſi vitaſſit, pecoris pars un
Nunc quoque ſetigeri. Nec tanta
Certior ad Circen ultor —— ——

Now to her Preſence brought, ſhe from her Throne
Our Compliments does courteouſly return:
And grants whate'er we aſk, with ſuch a Look,
As kindly Welcome, and fair Friendſhip ſpoke.
Then ſhe commands, with Speed, her ready Train,
To bring the Honey, Curds, and Barley-Grain:
In gen'rous Wine th' Ingredients they infuſe:
She to the Potion adds ſome ſecret Juice:
With her own execrable Hand ſhe crown'd,
And dealt the unſuſpected Goblet round.
Whilſt gladly we, with Heat and Travel dry,
To our parch'd Lips the magic Draught apply,
Her potent Charms th' Enchantreſs ſtrait prepares,
And o'er us waves her Wand, and ſtrokes our Hairs.
(I bluſh to tell, and yet it muſt be told)
Soon rough'ning Briſtles all my Form infold.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, and fain would have complain'd,
But Grunts were all the Language now remain'd:
Prone to the Earth my alter'd Aſpect bends,
And a ſtrange Snout my widen'd Jaws extends:
New Sinews ſwell my ſtrong and harden'd Cheſt,
The beſtial Nature was o'er all impreſs'd:
Thoſe Hands which lately did the Bowl ſurround,
The Work of Feet perform, and tread the Ground.
Then with the reſt whom Fate had thus unman'd,
(So great a Potency has magic Draughts)
I in a Stye was ſhut.———

Eurylochus, alone, his Form retain'd:
He, only from the offer'd Cup refrain'd:
Which had he not rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been transform'd, their Fellow-Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our Miſhaps have known,
Or forc'd th' Enchantreſs to return his own.

Peace bearing *Hermes* gave him a white Flower,
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods, of wondrous Pow'r:
Safe in this Gift, and the conducting Gods,
The Hero enters *Circe*'s dire Abodes:
Again ſhe does th' enchanted Bowl demand,
Again prepares to wave her magic Wand:

But

; & ſtricto pavidam deterruit enſe.
s, dextræque datæ: thalamóque receptus
dotem ſociorum corpora poſcit.

mur innocuæ ſuccis melioribus herbæ,
úrque caput converſæ verbere virgæ:
dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
is illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
: ſetæque cadunt, bifidóſque relinquit
les. Redeunt humeri: ſubjecta lacertis
unt. Flentem flentes amplectimur illum,
ſque ducis collo: nec verba locuti
ra ſumus; quam nos teſtantia gratos.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

bis ad occaſum, bis ſe convertit ad ortum:
nem baculo tetigit: tria carmina dixit.
ſeſe ſolito velocius ipſe
niratus, pennas in corpore vidit:
vam ſubito Latiis accedere ſylvis

er Charms prevents his Sabre draws,
randiſhing aloft, th' Enchantreſs awes.
vith Amaze, her Hand and Faith ſhe plights,
her Bed the Victor-Chief invites:
ll ſubmit, the Terms of Peace he names,
chang'd Friends reſtor'd, in Dowry, claims.
healing Herbs are brought; and o'er our Heads
ſe and inoffenſive Juice ſhe ſheds:
antation backward ſhe repeats,
ıer Rod, and what ſhe did, defeats.
v our Skin grows ſmooth, our Shape upright,
ms ſtretch up, our cloven Feet unite:
:k and Shoulders take their former Grace,
eeping, We our weeping Prince embrace:
ngs about his Neck: nor ſcarce a Word
ıro' our Lips, but ſuch as Thanks afford.——
Theobald alter'd.
:e turn'd ſhe to the *Eaſt*, twice to the *Weſt*,
touch'd * him with her Wand, three Charms ex-
and wondring why ſo faſt he fled, [preſs'd.
his Limbs with ſhining Plumes o'erſpread.
th he ſeeks the Woods, and angry ſtill,
aks aſſails, and wounds them with his Bill.
ngs the Purple of his Robe aſſume,
ld that clasp'd his Garment turns to Plume.
his Neck, a glitt'ring Circle glows:
compleat his Change,——
me alone he e'er was *Picus* ſhews.
now th' Enchantreſs noxious Juices ſheds,
inkles baleful Venom o'er their Heads.
rebus, and *Chaos*' dire Abodes,
old Night, and all th' Infernal Gods:
ıe with Howlings *Hecate*'s Aid intreats,
(wondrous to relate!) forſake their Seats:
eaves look pale, Herbs bluſh with Drops of Gore;
oans, Dogs howl, Rocks hoarſely ſeem to roar.
:he tainted Soil black Serpents ſlide,
o' the Air unbody'd Spirits glide.

* King of *Italy* turn'd into a *Woodpecker* by *Circe*.

Frighted

n monſtris vulgus pavet. Illa parentum
nata tetigit mirantia virga.
ntactis variarum monſtra ferarum
s veniunt. Nulli ſua manſit imago.——

Ibid.

CIRCULUS.

C æterna manet, diviſque ſimillima forma eſt,
neque principium eſt uſquam, nec finis: in ipſo
s toto remanet, perque omnia par eſt.——

Manil. Lib. I.

URBS Condita.

ur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
ratur portas, ſtrepitúmque, & ſtrata viarum.
dentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
: arcem, & manibus ſubvolvere ſaxa:
re locum tecto, & concludere ſulco.
giſtratúſque legunt, ſanctúmque Senatum.
us alii effodiunt: hic alta theatris

Frighted with Terrors, as they trembling ſtand
She ſtrokes their Faces with her venom'd Wand.
Forthwith the Shapes of various Beaſts inveſt
Their former Forms, nor one his own poſſeſs'd.——
Theobald alter'd.

CIRCLE.

THIS Form's eternal, and may juſtly claim
A God-like Nature, all it's Parts the ſame:
Alike, and equal to itſelf 'tis found,
No End and no Beginning in a Round.—— *Addiſon.*

CITY Founded.

—— A Maz'd *Æneas* ſtands
To ſee an ample City, where before
Low Cottages appear'd: and wondring views
The Gates, the Streets, and Hurry of the Place.
The *Tyrians* urge their Work: ſome raiſe the Walls,
Roll ponderous Stones, and form the Citadel:
Some mark out Ground for Houſes with the Plough:
Laws, Judges, and an aweful Senate chuſe.
Others dig Ports: ſome deep Foundations lay
For Theaters, and Pillars hew from Rocks,
The ſtately Ornaments of future Scenes.—— *Trap.*
—— Here the * *Tyrian* Queen
To *Juno* built a ſtately Temple, rich
With Gifts, and by the preſent Goddeſs bleſt.
To which on Steps the brazen Threſholds roſe:
The Beams were bound with Braſs: the Brazen Doors
Jarr'd on their Hinges.—— *Id.*
—— Himſelf deſcribes the Walls
With a low Trench: the firſt Foundation lays:
And, like a Fort, his City on the Shore
With Banks and Battlements incloſes round.——
—— With eager Haſte
I lay Foundations of the long'd for Town,

* *Dido.*

Call

Urbs Capta.

...mûrique vaco: & lætam cognomine gentem
... amare focos, arcemque attollere tectis.
... fere ferro tabulatæ limore puppes:
...bis arvisque novis operata juventus:
...mûique dabam. ———

Æn. Lib. I

Urbs Capta. Vide Obsidium.

Troja Græcis capta.

FUSI per mœnia Teucri
Conticuere: sopor fessos complectitur artus.
...urbem somno vinûque sepultam:
...vigiles: portisque patentibus omnes
...sedes, atque agmina conscia jungunt.
...hocera mitescunt mœnia lecta.
...Delphidæ dextræ animis ruinam,
...imperant. Aperto Troja ...um proditione ardet
...: Signa ...ma ...ta ...ta relucent.
...clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum.

Call it *Pergamea*, and exhort our Friends,
Pleas'd with their Colony's new Name, to love
Their Homes, and rear a Fortreſs for Defence.
Scarce did our Veſſels, drawn within the Port,
Reſt on dry Land: the Youth to nuptial Rites
Themſelves apply'd, and till'd the new-found Soil:
Laws I aſſign'd them, and their fix'd Abodes.—— *Trap.*

CITY Taken. See SIEGE.

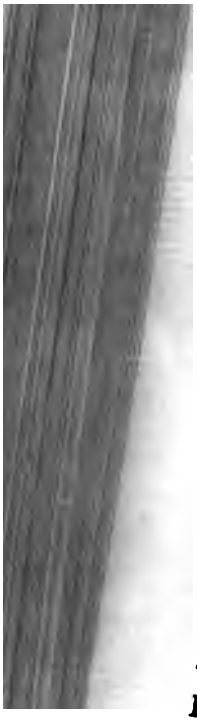
TROY taken by the GREEKS.

THE *Trojans* ſcatter'd o'er the Walls, lye huſh'd
In Silence; Sleep relieves their weary Limbs.——
They ſeize the Town, immers'd in Sleep, and Wine:
Kill all the Sentries; at the open'd Gates
Receive their conſcious Troops, and join their Friends.
Mean while, with Cries confus'd the Walls reſound.
————Now vanquiſh'd by the Fire
Deiphobus' wide ſtately Palace falls
With noiſy Ruin: Next *Ucalegon*
Blazes aloft: The broad *Sigeïan* Sea
Glares with the Conflagration: loudly ſound
The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Cries of Men.
The *Greeks* now domineer in flaming *Troy*.
The lofty Steed amidſt the City pours
Arm'd Troops, whilſt Others thro' the open'd Gates
Arrive by thouſands.————
Others with Arms the Paſſes of the Streets
Have ſeiz'd: their Swords with glitt'ring Blades ſtand [drawn,
Thirſting for Blood.————
————Who the Horror of that Night,
The Ruins and Confuſion can expreſs?
Down falls the ancient City, which ſo long
Had proudly reign'd: Thro' Houſes, thro' the Streets
And Temples, lifeleſs Carcaſſes, around,
Lie, roll'd in Heaps: Nor do the *Trojans* bleed
Alone: The vanquiſh'd in their Turn reſume

...untur gradibus : cly
Protecti objiciunt, prer
Dardanidæ contra turres
Culmina convellunt : his
Extrema jam in morte p
Auratáſque trabes, veter
Devolvunt : alii ſtrictis
Obſedere fores, has ſerva

Turrim in præcipiti ſtar
Eductam tectis, unde omni
Aggreſſi ferro circum, quà
Junctúras tabulata dabant,
Sedibus, impulimúſque. 1
Cum ſonitu trahit, & Dana
Incidit : aſt alii ſubeunt : r
Telorum interea ceſſat gem

Their Courage; and the conq'ring *Grecians* fall.
A Scene of Slaughter ev'ry where appears,
And Terror, and a thouſand Shapes of Death.——
At *Priam*'s Palace fierce the Battle burns:
So fierce, as if in other Parts no War
Were heard, no other Slaughter thro' the Town.
Here we behold the Rage of Fight: in Crowds
The *Greeks*, beneath a Canopy of Shields,
Thick ruſhing onward, and the Royal Gates
By Siege aſſaulted. Scaling Ladders hang
Againſt the Walls: and by the Steps they ſtrive
To gain the Doors: with their Left Hands oppoſe
Their Shields to Storms of Arrows, with their Right
Graſp at the Battlements. To them adverſe
The *Trojans* tumble Roofs and Turrets down:
Seeing the Worſt, and in the laſt Extremes
Of Death, ſuch Arms they uſe for their Defence:
Rolling down gilded Beams, the ſtately Pomp
Of Royal Anceſtors: With Swords unſheath'd,
Others ſtand thick below, and guard the Doors.
——————There ſtood a Tower,
Tall and conſpicuous, with it's lofty Roof
Rais'd to the Stars: From whence all *Troy* we view'd:
This we encompaſs round: and with our Steel,
Juſt where th' extremeſt Planks disjointed gave
Eaſieſt Acceſs, we rend it from on high
Puſh'd forward.—Swift with Ruin, loud with Noiſe,
It thunders down, and on the *Grecian* Troops
With wide Deſtruction falls:—But Others ſtill
Succeed them: Nor do Stones, or any Kind
Of Weapons ceaſe to fly.—— —— ——
In the firſt Portal, ſtorming at the Door,
Pyrrhus exults: with Arms and brazen Light
Refulgent.——— ——— ———
With him his Squire *Automedon*, and all
The *Syrian* Youth advance: and to the Top
Hurl flaming Brands.——Himſelf before the reſt,
Graſping a Battle-Ax, the ſtubborn Doors



At domus interior
Miſcetur: penitúſqu
Fœmineis ululant:
Tum pavidæ tectis
Amplexæque tenent
Inſtat vi patriâ Pyrrhu
Cuſtodes ſufferre vale
Janua, & emoti procu
Fit via vi: rumpunt a
Immiſſi Danai, & late

———Vidi ipſe fi
Cæde Neoptolemum, g
Vidi Hecubam, centum
Sanguine fœdantem, quc

Pyrrhus Priamum—altai
Traxit, & in multo lapſant
Implicuitque comam

Burſts thro', and from their maſſy Hinges rends
The brazen Poſts: Now, having hewn the Beams,
He ſplits their ſolid Timber, and a Gap
Diſcloſes wide.——Th' interior Court appears:
Long Galleries, *Priam*'s Rooms of State, and all
Th' imperial Pomp of ancient Kings they ſee,
And Sentries ſtanding at the Doors in Arms.
But with confus'd Laments, the inner Rooms,
With Tumult, Noiſe, and wild Diſtraction, ſound:
The ecchoing Palace rings with female Shrieks,
And the ſhrill Clamour beats the golden Stars.
From Place to Place the trembling Matrons run,
Thro' the vaſt Court: and cling, and hug, and kiſs
The Pillars. *Pyrrhus* with his Father's Fire
Still puſhes on: nor can the Bars, or Guards
Suſtain his Fury: To the batt'ring Rams
The Gate gives Way: and from their Hinges torn
The ſolid Poſts lie flat. A ſpacious Breach
s made: the thronging *Greeks* break in: then kill
The firſt they meet: and with arm'd Soldiers croud
The rich Apartments.———
Theſe Eyes ſaw *Pyrrhus* raging, ſmear'd with Gore,
And both th' *Atridæ* in the Entrance ſtorm:
midſt an hundred Daughters ſaw the Queen
And *Priam*, on the Altars, with his Blood
ollute the hallow'd Fires, which he himſelf
Had conſecrated.———
———Outragious *Pyrrhus*,
Then drag'd old *Priam* to the ſacred Hearth,
Trembling, and ſliding, on the ſlipp'ry Ground,
n his Son's Blood: and, twiſting in his Hair
His Left Hand, with the Right his glitt'ring Sword
Deep to the Hilt he plunges in his Side.
All *Ilium* now I ſaw among the Fires
nking lie flat: and from it's Bottom turn'd
own falls *Neptunian Troy*. As when an Aſh,
ged, and tall, is on the Mountains hewn
Ruſticks; who in Emulation ſtrive

Et tremefacta comam concuſſo vertice nutat:
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, ſuprema
Congemuit, traxítque jugis avulſa ruinam.

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

CLEMENTIA. Vide COMMISERATIO.

DII, quorum curas abduxit ab æthere tellus,
Romanúſque Labor, vincat, quicunque neceſſe
Non putat in victos ſævum diſtringere ferrum.——

Lucan. Lib. VII.

Vive, licèt nolis, & noſtro munere, dixit,
Cerne diem, victis jam ſpes bona partibus eſto,
Exemplúmque mei: vel, ſi libet, arma retente,
Et nihil hâc veniâ, ſi viceris ipſe, paciſcor.
Fatur: & aſtrictis laxari vincula palmis
Imperat.——————

Lucan. Lib. II.

DUELLUM.

AT vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius haſtam
Turbidus ingreditur campo: quàm magnus Orion,
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam ſcindens, humero ſupereminet undas;
Talis ſe vaſtis infert Mezentius armis.
Huic contra Æneas, ſpeculatus in agmine longo,
Obvius ire parat. Manet imperterritus ille,
Hoſtem magnanimum opperiens, & mole ſuâ ſtat,
Atque oculis ſpatium emenſus quantum ſatis haſtæ;

ith Strokes of Axes, and repeated Steel
overturn it: oft it nods, and ſhakes
leafy Top, ſtill tott'ring, till at length
bdu'd by Wounds, it groans it's laſt, and torn
om the high Ridge, with cumbrous Ruin falls.— *Trap.*

CLEMENCY. See COMPASSION.

FEAR, O! You Gods! who in *Rome*'s Conteſt Share,
And leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care:
ar, and let him the happy Victor live,
ho ſhall with Mercy uſe the Pow'r You give.— *Rowe.*
From me thy forfeit Life, he ſaid, receive,
d though unwilling, by my Bounty live:
at All, by thy Example taught, may know,
w *Cæſar*'s Mercy treats a vanquiſh'd Foe.
ll arm againſt me, keep thy Hatred ſtill,
d if thou conquer'ſt, uſe thy Conqueſt,—kill.
turns of Love, or Favour, ſeek I none:
r give thy Life to bargain for my own.——
ſaying, on the inſtant he commands,
looſe the galling Fetters from his Hands.—— *Id.*

COMBAT. Duel.

—TUrbulent in Ire,
With his long Spear *Mezentius* takes the Field:
ge as *Orion*, when on Foot he ſtalks,
ting his Way thro' the wide liquid Realms
Nereus, and ſurmounts the topmoſt Waves
h Shoulders tall:————
n vaſt Arms *Mezentius* tow'rs ſublime.
o' the long Ranks when him *Æneas* ſpies,
meet him he prepares: the Other fix'd
l fearleſs waits, expecting the Approach
his brave Foe: and in his own Bulk ſtands.
n having meaſur'd with his Eyes the Space
for his Jav'lin's Reach: Aſſiſt me now,

Ut vidit locios : tempus deſiſtere p
Solus ego in Pallante feror, ſoli n
Debetur : cuperem, ipſe parens ſp
Hæc ait : & ſocii ceſſerunt æquor

At Rutulûm abſceſſu Juvenis, t
Miratus, ſtupet in Turno : corpûſq
Lumina volvit, obítque truci proc
Talibus & dictis it contra dicta tyra
Aut ſpoliis ego jam raptis laudabor
Aut leto inſigni : ſorti pater æquus
Tolle minas.—Fatus medium proce

Diſſiluit Turnus bijugis, pedes ap
Cominus ; utque leo, ſpeculâ cum v
Stare procul campis meditantem præ
Advolat : haud alia eſt Turni venie

Hunc ubi contiguum miſſæ fore
Ire prior Pallas —

My own Right Hand, and Thou, my miſſive Lance,
You are the only Gods that I invoke.
He ſaid: and hurl'd the hiſſing Dart from far,
Which flying glances from the Target's Orb.
Then good *Æneas* throws a Spear, which flies
Swift thro' the hollow Orb of triple Braſs,
Thro' the tough Linnen folds, and three Bulls Hides
Convolv'd: the Point ſtands fix'd within his Groin.—
Trap.
——————Thus *Turnus* to his Friends:
Deſiſt You from the Battle, and retire;
Pallas I meet alone: To Me alone
Pallas is due: O! were his Father here
Spectator of the Fight! He ſaid: His Friends
Form the commanded Liſt, and clear the Field.
At their Retreat, and at Thoſe proud Commands,
The Royal Youth, in Wonder, and Amaze,
Stands fix'd on *Turnus*: rolls his Eyes around,
And with ſtern Aſpect his huge Bulk ſurveys.
Then to th' inſulting Chief theſe Words returns:
Or I this Day will reap the Fame of Spoils
Illuſtrious won, or of a glorious Death:
For either Chance my Father ſtands prepar'd:
Forbear thy Threats:—This ſaid, he takes the Field.
Turnus his Chariot quits; on Foot prepares
For cloſer Fight. As when a Lion ſpies
From a high Rock a Bull upon the Plain,
Standing aloof, and meditating War:
Forward he ſprings: Not diff'rent was the Port
Of *Turnus*, and his Figure, as he walk'd.
When *Pallas* thought within his Jav'lin's reach
His Foe advanc'd: He firſt begins th' Aſſault:
With mighty Strength the trembling Weapon hurls,
And from it's Scabbard draws his ſhining Sword.
On his high Shoulder lights the flying Spear:
And paſſing thro' the Shield's extreameſt Edge,
The Body of great *Turnus* ſlightly raz'd.

Turnus

urnus ferro præfixum robur acuto
te diu librans jacit, atque ita fatur :
num mage ſit noſtrum penetrabile telum.
ac clypeum, tot ferri terga, tot æris,
lis toties obeat circumdata tauri,
Cuſpis medium tranſverberat ictu,
ue moras & pectus perforat ingens.
calidum fruſtra de vulnere telum :
mque viâ ſanguis animúſque ſequuntur.
vulnus : ſonitam ſuper arma dedere :
hoſtilem moriens petit ore cruento.

urnus ſuper aſſiſtens :
hæc, inquit, memores mea dicta referte
: qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.
honos tumuli, quicquid ſolamen humandi eſt,
haud illi ſtabunt Æneïa parvo
Et lævo preſſit pede, talia fatus,
m : rapiens immania pondera Baltei,
mque nefas (una ſub nocte jugali
nus juvenum fœdè, thalamique cruenti)
us Eurytion multo cælaverat auro :

Turnus a Lance prefix'd with sharpen'd Steel
Long poising, darts it, and Thus speaks: Now see
Whether our Weapon can more deeply wound.
He said: And, driv'n with forceful Swing from far,
Thro' the mid Shield, so many Plates of Brass,
So many Iron Folds, and tough Bull Hides
The Jav'lin makes it's Way: and pierces sheer
The Corslet's Mail, and bores his mighty Breast.
He wrenches out the reeking Point in vain:
Thro' the same Orifice the Blood, and Soul
Issue at once: He falls upon his Wound:
His Armour o'er him rings: With gory Mouth
He gasps in Death, and bites the hostile Plain.
Then o'er him *Turnus* speaks:
Arcadians, to *Evander* (mark my Words)
This Message bear: Just such as he deserv'd
To be restor'd, his *Pallas* I restore.
The Honour of a Tomb, whate'er it be,
And all the Solace which a Grave can yield,
I frankly give: yet dearly has he bought
His *Trojan* Guest's Alliance. Having spoke,
With his left Foot the breathless Corps he press'd:
Snatching with eager Haste the pondrous Belt,
And on it that dire Argument engrav'd,
So many Youths in one connubial Night
Dispatch'd; and bridal Beds besmear'd with Gore;
Which good *Eurytion*'s Art had carv'd in Gold.
This Trophy now, with recent Conquest crown'd,
Turnus enjoys, and in proud Triumph wears.— *Trap.*
Thou, *Idmon*, to the *Phrygian* Tyrant bear
(No Joy to Him) this Message. *—Soon as Morn,
Fresh in her rosy Car shall paint the Sky:
Let him not lead his *Trojans* to the Fight:
Let *Trojans* and *Rutulians* from their Arms
Desist:—His Blood and Mine decide the War.
The *Trojans* and *Rutulians* for the Fight
A Cirque before the lofty Walls describe.

* The Challenge from *Turnus* to *Æneas*.

Th' *Au-*

gio Aufonidûm, pilataque plenis
fundunt portis : hinc Troïus omnis,
que ruit variis exercitus armis :
s inſtructi ferro, quam ſi aſpera Martis
et. Nec non mediis in millibus ipſi
uro volitant oſtróque decori.——

ato ſigno ſpatia in ſua quiſque receſſit,
ellure haſtas, & ſcuta reclinant.
o effuſæ matres, & vulgus inermum,
ſenes, turres & tecta domorum
alii portis ſublimibus aſtant.——

—— Illi
apido conjectis eminus haſtis,
Martem clypeis atque ære ſonoro :
um tellus : tum crebros enſibus ictus
ant.——
, impune putans, & corpore toto
um conſurgit Turnus in enſem :
Exclamant Troës, trepidíque Latini,
amborum acies. At perfidus enſis

Th' *Auſonian* Legions march: and Iron Troops
Pour from the crouded Gates. To them oppos'd
The *Trojan*, and the *Tyrrhene* Squadrons ruſh,
In various Arms: nor rang'd leſs in Array
Than if the rigid Labour of the War
Had call'd them to the Field. The Chiefs themſelves,
Amidſt the Thouſands, thro' th' embattl'd Lines
Ride round, all rich in Purple, and in Gold.——
——When now (the Signal giv'n)
All to their Poſts allotted were retir'd:
They fix their Spears in Earth, and reſt their Shields.
The longing Matrons, and the feeble Sires,
And unarm'd Vulgar, load the Houſes-Tops,
And Tow'rs: or crouding fill the lofty Gates.
And now, the furious * Combatants at once,
With rapid Onſet, darting miſſive Spears,
Begin the Fight with Shields and ſounding Braſs.
The Earth beneath them groans: Then various Strokes
In cloſer Conflict, furious, They repeat.
Turnus imagining his Blow ſecure,
Now forward ſprings with all his Body's Force,
And waves his glitt'ring Sword uprais'd in Air,
And ſtrikes his Foe. The *Trojans* loud exclaim:
The *Latins* tremble: And the Bands of Both
Stand fix'd, expecting. But the faithleſs Blade
Breaks ſhort: and in the middle of the Stroke
Deſerts him. Nothing now but Flight remains
For Aid: More ſwift than Eaſtern Winds he flies,
Soon as he ſees the unaccuſtom'd Hilt,
And his Right Hand diſarm'd. With Fear confus'd
He traverſes the Field: now here, now there
Doubles in doubtful Mazes: For all round
The *Trojan* Lines embattl'd hemm'd him in,
Here a vaſt Lake, and there the lofty Walls.
Æneas preſſes on his trembling Foe
With eager Haſte, and Step by Step purſues.

* *Turnus* and *Æneas*.

Now

Hic ſteterat.——————
Hic haſta Æneæ ſtabat: huc impetus i
Detulerat fixam, & lenta in radice tenet
Incubuit, voluítque manu convellere fer
Dardanides: telóque ſequi, quem prem
Non poterat.——Dum nititur acer & it
Rurſus in aurigæ faciem mutata Metiſci
Procurrit, fratríque enſem Dea Daunia r

Olli ſublimes, armis, animíſque refecti
Hic gladio fidens, hic acer & arduus haſt
Aſſiſtunt contra, certamine Martis anheli.

Æneas inſtat contra, telumque coruſcat
Ingens arboreum, & ſævo ſic pectore fatu
Quæ nunc deinde mora eſt? aut, quid jam,
Non curſu, ſævis certandum eſt comínus
Verte omnes tete in facies: & contrahe, q
Sive animis, ſive arte vales: opta ardua pe
Aſtra ſequi, clausúmque cavâ te conde

Now Clamours riſe: the Banks and Lakes around
Reply: And Heav'n all thunders to the Noiſe.
He flying chides his ling'ring Friends, and calls
On each by Name, to bring his faithful Sword.
Æneas oppoſite denounces Ruin
Inſtant, and Death, if any dares approach.
Five Orbs involv'd, five Windings they compleat,
This Way, and That: For now no trivial Prize
Is ſought: For *Turnus* Life, or Blood they ſtrive.
An old wild Olive Tree by Chance there ſtood
With bitter Leaves: to *Faunus* ſacred held:
Hither *Æneas* Jav'lin flew: here fix'd
It ſtood: and in the ſtubborn Root remain'd.
He kneeling tugs, and ſtrives to diſengage
The Steel: and with his miſſive Spear to reach
Whom in the ſwift Purſuit he could not ſeize.
There while he tugs and ſweats: again transform'd
Into the Charioteer *Metiſcus* Shape,
The *Daunian* Goddeſs to her Brother runs
Aſſiſting, and his truſty Sword reſtores.
Now Both, ſublime in Courage, and with Arms
Refitted, one confiding in his Sword,
The Other riſing to his brandiſh'd Spear,
Stand oppoſite: and panting urge the Fight.
Æneas ſhaking his long aſhen Spear
Urges adverſe: and Thus relentleſs ſpeaks.
What, *Turnus*, now is the Delay? or what
Doſt Thou revolve? No Hope of Flight remains:
Arms muſt decide the Strife: To every Shape
Transform thy ſelf: Collect thy utmoſt Force,
Whate'er thou canſt in Art, or Courage: Wiſh
For Wings to bear thee to the Stars aloft:
Or hide thyſelf in op'ning Earth below.——
The Hero ſhook his Head, and thus reply'd:
Not thy proud Threats, inſulting Man, affright
My Soul: Me Heav'n affrights, and *Jove* my Foe.
No more he ſpoke: But looking round eſpy'd
A ponderous Stone, which then by Chance there lay,

An

n antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat
s agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.
anu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hoſtem
inſurgens, & curſu concitus heros.
eque currentem ſe, nec cognoſcit euntem,
ntemve manu, ſaxúmque immane moventem.
labant, gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis.
lapis ipſe viri, vacuum per inane volutus,
patium evaſit, totum nec pertulit ictum.

———Tum pectore ſenſus
ntur varii. Rutulos aſpectat & urbem,
tatúrque metu: telúmque inſtare tremiſcit:
quo ſe eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hoſtem,

anti telum Æneas fatale coruſcat,
us fortunam oculis: & corpore toto
us intorquet. Murali concita numquam
ento ſic ſaxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti
ltant crepitus. Volat atri turbinis inſtar
um dirum haſta ferens: oráſque recludit
æ, & clypei extremos ſeptemplicis orbes:
edium ſtridens tranſit femur. Incidit ictus

ntique, pond'rous Stone, a Landmark plac'd,
art the Limits of th' adjoining Fields.
trembling Hands he riſing lifts it high,
ſtagg'ring forward, and againſt his Foe
s th' enormous Load: but neither knows
ſelf, when running, nor when ſtagg'ring on,
poiſing in his Hands th' unweildy Weight.
Knees fail tott'ring, and his Blood congeals.
Stone then rolling thro' the empty Space
s ſhort, nor reaches to the deſtin'd Mark.
en various Paſſions ſtruggle in his Breaſt:
City and the *Latian* Hoſt he views,
rs with Fear, and dreads the coming Dart:
ives no Way for Flight, no Strength to move
nſt the Foe.——————
hile thus perplex'd he ſtands, *Æneas* ſhakes
mortal Dart: and, having with his Eyes
:'d out the deſtin'd Wound, with all his Force
ſted, hurls the miſſive Death from far.
s ſhot from mural Engines with leſs Sound
thro' the Air: nor breaks ſo loud a Craſh
burſting Thunder: Like a Whirlwind flies
Fate-conveying Spear, and opens wide
Corſlet's Border, and the ſeven fold Shield's
meſt Orbs: and whizzing paſſes ſheer
' his mid Thigh. Down lofty *Turnus* falls,
nded, on doubl'd Knee, and bent to Earth.
n'ral Groan runs thro' th' *Auſonian* Hoſt:
Mountain round rebellows: and the Woods
ing return the Noiſe.——Furious in Arms
s ſtood, rolling his Eyes around,
check'd his lifted Hand.—And now his Soul
more and more relented, as he paus'd:
n on the vanquiſh'd Champion's Shoulder high
well known Boſſes ſhone the fatal Belt
outhful *Pallas*: whom with mortal Wound
s, unhappy Victor, ſtruck to Earth,
on his Shoulder wore the hoſtile Spoils.

SIVE igitur ratio præbenti
In volucres ignes poſſint g
Sive illas natura faces ob cuncta
Sidera, per tenues cœlo lucentia
Seu Deus inſtantis fati miſeratus
Signa per effectus, cœlique ince
Nunquam futilibus excanduit igni
Squallidaque eluſi deplorant arva
Et ſteriles inter ſulcos deſeſſus A
Ad juga moerentes cogit fruſtrat
Aut gravibus morbis, & lenta co
Corripit, exuſtis letali flamma m
Labentéſque rapit populos, totáſ
Publica ſuccenſis peraguntur fata

——A——

Thoſe Spoils the *Trojan* Hero having view'd,
The freſh Incentives of his Grief and Rage:
Inflam'd with Vengeance, terrible in Ire,
Shalt Thou, thus deck'd with Trophies of my Friends
Eſcape from Me?—'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives
This Wound, and from thy execrable Blood
Demands this Sacrifice of juſt Revenge.
Thus while he ſpoke, beneath his Breaſt adverſe
Furious he plung'd the Sword: the vital Heat
Leaves his ſlack Limbs: And to the Shades below
With Indignation flies his groaning Soul.—— *Trap.*

COMETS.

WHether from Earth the active Seeds of Flame
May riſe on high, and fiery *Comets* frame,
Or Emanations from the Stars may fly,
And join to form them, blazing thro' the Sky:
Or God, in pity to our mortal State,
Hangs out theſe Lights, to ſhew approaching Fate:
They never ſhine in vain, but ſtill preſage
Some *coming* Plague on the unhappy Age.
No Crop rewards the cheated Farmer's Toil,
He mourns, and curſes the ungrateful Soil:
The meager Ox to the ſucceſsleſs Plow
He yokes, and ſcarce dares make another Vow:
Or waſting Plagues their deadly Poiſons ſpread,
And wide extend the Empire of the Dead:
Then Heaps on Heaps unhappy Mortals fall,
And mighty Cities make one Funeral.— *Creech.*
So threatning *Comets* glaring from an high
With ſanguine Beams, dart ſwiftly thro' the Sky:
They ſtream a ruddy Trail, and, not in vain,
The Sailor fears them on the watry Plain,
And trembling Nations dread the long malignant Train.
The bearded Blaze th' impending Ill foreſhows
Of wrecking Tempeſts, or invading Foes.—— *Hughes.*

—Mollissima corda
Humano generi d
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc n
Plorare ergo jubet cautum lug
Naturæ imperio gemimus, cu
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clu

Quo gemitu conversi animi,
Impetus. ——————
His lachrymis vitam damus, &

At vero ut vultum vidit morie
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia
Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextr
Et mentem patriæ subiit pietatis i
Quid tibi nunc, miserande puer!
Quid pius Æneas tanta dabit indol
Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua:
Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cu
Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere
Æneæ magni dextr

——————As when in Night ſerene,
ſanguin'd *Comets* ſhoot a diſmal Glare:
the red Dog-Star, riſing on the World,
wretched Mortals threatens Dearth and Plagues,
th baleful Light: and ſaddens all the Sky.—— *Trap.*

COMPASSION. See CLEMENCY.

'OMPASSION proper to Mankind appears,
' Which Nature witneſs'd when ſhe lent us Tears:
tender Sentiments *We* only give
ɔſe Proofs:—to weep is our Prerogative:
ſhew by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes,
w with a ſuff'ring Friend we ſympathize.
ture commands a Sigh, when in the Street,
th ſome fair blooming Virgin's Hearſe we meet,
Infant's Funeral.—————— *Tate.*
——————His moving Sighs controul
: riſing Rage, and ſoften ev'ry Soul.—— *Pit.*
'ouch'd with the moving Eloquence of Tears,
; Life we gave him, and diſpell'd his Fears.—— *Id.*
ut when *Anchiſes'* Son his Viſage ſaw,
; * Viſage wondrous Pale, and chang'd in Death:
:ply he groan'd with Pity, and his Hand
ended, as he fell: and to his Thoughts
: Image ſoft of filial Piety
lf preſented. What, ill-fated Youth!
at Honours, by ſuch mighty Virtue claim'd,
thy Deſerts can good *Æneas* pay?
: Arms, which pleas'd Thee living, ſtill be thine;
l to thy Parents' *Manes*, and their Duſt
aught That Care ſollicit thee in Death)
r breathleſs Corps I willingly reſtore.
l let this Thought conſole thy rigid Doom,
great *Æneas'* Hand Thou fall'ſt. At once
chides his ling'ring Friends, and from the Ground
ifts him, with his Treſſes, form'd by Art,
foul in Duſt, and clung with clotted Gore.—— *Trap.*

* *Lauſus ſlain by Æneas in the Defence of his Father Mezentius.*

Ille gravem duro terram
Perfidus hic caupo, miles,
Audaces mare qui currunt,
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tut
Aiunt, cùm ſibi ſint congeſt

———Menſura tam
Sufficiat cenſùs, ſi quis me con
In quantum ſitis, atque fames,
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parv
Quantum Socratici ceperunt an
Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſ

———Multa petentibus
Deſunt multa: benè eſt, cui D
Parcâ, quod ſatis eſt, manu.——

COMPETENCY. See CONTENT. Nature content with Little.

IF what's enough for Man, enough could be,
This were ſufficient: but as this, we ſee,
Is not enough, how can we e'er believe
That Riches to the Mind Content can give?—— *Anon.*

The Farmer, lab'ring, with the Iron Share
Turns up the churliſh Soil: the Tradeſman cheats:
The hardy Mariner, and Soldier, roam
To ev'ry Region, fearleſs of the Seas:——
Theſe Toils they undergo, that having gain'd
A Competency, and from Want ſecure,
All Buſineſs laid aſide, old Age may paſs
In Eaſe and Quiet.——————

If any aſk me what would ſatisfy
To make Life eaſy, thus I would reply:
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold,
Or what contented *Socrates* of old:
As much as made wiſe *Epicurus* bleſt,
Who in ſmall Gardens ſpacious Realms poſſeſs'd.
This is what Nature's Wants may well ſuffice;
He that would more, is covetous, not wiſe.——
Dryden jun.

——Much will always wanting be
To thoſe who much deſire: thrice happy He,
To whom the wiſe Indulgency of Heaven,
With ſparing Hand, but juſt enough has given.——
Cowley.

Moſt by their own falſe Hopes deceiv'd, cry out,
They have not yet enough.——————
———My Friend complain no more:
He that hath needful Things can ne'er be poor.
If with good Food and Cloathing thou art ſtor'd,
Not more than this can kingly Wealth afford.——
Creech alter'd.

…ludet, numerósque manu jacta
Tu male jactato: tu bene jact
Seu jaciet talos, victam ne pœna
Damnosi facito stent tibi sæpe c
Sive latrocinii sub imagine calculus
Fac pereat vitreo miles ab hoste
Ipse tene distincta suis umbracula v
Ipse face in turba, qua venit illa
Sæpe etiam Dominæ, quamvis ho
Algentis manus est calfacienda sin
Nec tibi turpe puta (quamvis sit tu
Ingenua speculum sustinuisse man
Occurras aliquo tibi dixerit: omnia
Curre, nec inceptum turba moreti
Nocte domum repetens epulis perfu
Tunc quoque pro servo, si vocat

Sic vita erat: facilè omnes perfer
Cum quibus erat cumque una, iis se
Eorum obsequi studiis, adversus ner
Nunquam præponens se aliis: ità fi
Sine Invidia invenie…

COMPLAISANCE.

HER Wiſhes never, nor her Will withſtand:
Submit, You conquer: ſerve, and you'll command.
Her Words approve, deny what ſhe denies,
Like where ſhe likes, and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe.
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles, when ſad, diſſolve in Tears:
Let ev'ry Geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as Women will, in play,
Her Stakes return, your ready Loſings pay.
When ſhe's at Cards, or rattling Dice ſhe throws,
Connive at Cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling Winner let the Nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd Miſtreſs ev'ry Conqueſt gain.
In Heat with an *Umbrello* ready ſtand:
When walking offer your officious Hand.
Her trembling Hands, tho' You ſuſtain the Cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer Boſom hold.
Think no inferior Office a Diſgrace:
No Action, that a Miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
Whene'er ſhe wants a Meſſenger, away,
Buſineſs defer, let nought your Speed delay.
When late from Supper ſhe's returning home,
And calls her Servant, as a Servant come.—— *Dryden.*

Then for his Converſation: he was never uneaſy upon any occaſion, nor would he ever ſpoil Company, but clos'd with all Humours, never thwarting others, nor aſſuming too much to himſelf. And I think this was the Way to get Reputation and Friends without Envy.——
Eachard.

Complaiſance goes current, when Plain-dealing will not paſs.—— *Id.*

CONCORDIA. Vide PAX.

Terno complectens omnia nexu,
O rerum, miſtique ſalus Concordia mundi,
orbis Amor!———————

Lucan. Lib. IV.

CONSCIA MALI. Vide CRIMEN.

plo quodcunque malo committitur, ipſi
licet authori. Prima eſt hæc ultio, quòd ſe
emo nocens abſolvitur, improba quamvis
llacis Prætoris vicerit urnam.———————

Juv. Sat. XIII.

———————Cur tamen hos tu
utes, quos diri conſcia facti
et attonitos, & ſurdo verbere cædit,
quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
tem vehemens, ac multò ſævior illis,
Cæditius gravis invenit, aut Rhadamanthus,

CONCORD. See PEACE.

KIND *Concord*, heav'nly born! whoſe bliſsful Reign
Holds this vaſt Globe in one ſurrounding Chain,
Whoſe Laws the jarring Elements controul,
And knit each Atom cloſe from Pole to Pole:
Soul of the World! and Love's eternal Spring!—*Rowe.*

CONSCIENCE. (Evil.) See GUILT.

HE that commits a Sin, ſhall quickly find
The preſſing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind:
Tho' Bribes or Favour ſhould aſſert his Cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs, and elude the Laws:
None quits himſelf: his own impartial Thought
Will damn, and *Conſcience* will record the Fault.—*Creech.*
But why muſt thoſe be thought to 'ſcape, who feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel
Which Conſcience ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrors thro' their Souls.—— *Id.*
Nor ſharp Revenge, nor Hell itſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a *guilty Mind:*
Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuſe,
The Wretch condemns, and ſtill the Charge renews.—*Id.*
Sleep flies the Wretch: or when with Cares oppreſt,
His oft turn'd Limbs are weary'd into Reſt,
Then Dreams invade, the injur'd Gods appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear.
Such Wretches ſtart at ev'ry Flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt Murmur of the Skies,
E'er Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid.— *Id.*
Ev'n Here, on Earth, the Guilty have in view
The mighty Pains to mighty Miſchiefs due:
Racks, Priſons, Poiſons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and ſuffocating Smoak,
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging Horrors of a conſcious Mind:

Whoſe

ns, adhibet ſtimulos, torrétque flagellis:
interea, qui terminus eſſe malorum
c quæ ſit pœnarum denique finis.
lem metuit magis hæc ne in morte graveſcant,
neruſia fit——vita.——— *Lucret.* Lib. III.

Sua quemque premit terroris imago.
tum pœnæ miſero mens conſcia donat,
ga, quòd manes, infeſtaque tartara ſomnis
—infera monſtra flagellant.——
Lucan. Lib. VII.

idum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
nemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes
facibus matrem & ſerpentibus atris
, ultricéſque ſedent in limine Diræ.
Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

CONSCIA RECTI. Vide VIR probus.

um ſumma boni? Mens quæ ſibi conſcia recti.—

Whoſe deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,
And ſees no End of Puniſhment and Woe:
But looks for more, at the laſt Gaſp of Breath:—
This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.——
Creech.

Each as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd,
By helliſh Horror ever is purſu'd.
Ah! who can tell thoſe agonizing Pains,
Which Day and Night the guilty Mind ſuſtains!
Vengeance, with all her dreadful Pomp, attends:
To Wheels ſhe binds him, and with Vultures rends,
With Racks of Conſcience, and with Whips of Fiends.—
Rowe.

So raving *Pentheus* Troops of Furies ſees,
Two Suns, and double *Thebes*: So mad with Guilt
Oreſtes, agitated on the Stage,
Flies from his Mother's Ghoſt with Torches arm'd,
And black infernal Snakes: revengeful Fiends
Sit in the Doors, and intercept his Flight.—— *Trap.*

CONSCIENCE. (Good.) See MAN Upright.

WHAT's Man's chief Good? From Guilt a Conſcience free.——
Be this thy Guard, be this thy ſtrong Defence:
A virtuous Heart, and unſtain'd Innocence:
Not to be conſcious of a ſhameful Sin,
Nor e'er turn pale for ſcarlet Crimes within.—— *Creech.*

Within the conſcious Breaſt of every Man,
As good, or bad, his Courſe of Life has been,
So Hope, or Fear prevails.———

A Man that's Good and Wiſe will boldly ſay,
Well, *Pentheus* King of *Thebes*, Why this Delay?
Pray what muſt I expect? What muſt I fear?
What undeſerv'd muſt I be forc'd to bear?
I'll take away thy Goods.—My Flocks, My Land,
You may,—'tis ſubject all to your Command.

J [illegible] imus
[illegible]. ———

———D [illegible]
O [illegible] nim gnar
O [illegible] graviora: [illegible] Dei
——Revocate animos, mœst
Mittite forsan & hæc olim
Dulcite, & volvent casus ist

———Si numina nostra
Impulerint acies, manent pars
Fixique mihi, si ara premant,
Quo fugisse velim.———

Nulla dies adeo est Authailibus
Non intermissis ut duar imb
Nec sterilis locus ullus in est,
Mista ferè duris utilia [illegible]
Nil [illegible]

I'll chain and rob thee of thy Liberty.—
But God, whene'er I pleaſe, will ſet me free.——*Creech.*
Innocence may be bold, and vindicate itſelf with Aſſurance, and ſpeak out confidently.——

CONSOLATION.

LET Patience moderate thy Grief, he cries;
Nor think Thyſelf unfortunate alone,
But learn by Others Woes, to bear thine own.——
——————The Chief
With Words of Comfort ſooths the common Grief:—
O Friends! he cries, experienc'd in Diſtreſs,
Much worſe have We endur'd:——
And Heav'n will likewiſe put an End to this.
Courage aſſume: ev'n this Affliction, paſt,
May in Remembrance yield Us Joy at laſt.
With manly Patience bear your preſent State,
And ſave your ſelves to meet a better Fate.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
If ſo the Gods * my Overthrow ordain,
And the fierce Victor chace me o'er the Plain,
Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better Part,
To ſooth my Cares, and heal my broken Heart:
Thy open Arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with Pleaſure to the dear Retreat.—— *Rowe.*
No Day is drench'd with ſuch perpetual Rain,
But that ſome Intermiſſion glads the Plain:
No barren Soil's ſo bad, but that it ſhows
Some uſeful Plant beneath it's Briars grows:
No Life's ſo fill'd with Woes, but that between
Some Gleams of Joy ſhine thro' the gloomy Scene.——

Still on your Bloom ſhall endleſs Sorrow prey,
And waſte your Youth in Solitude away?
And ſhall no pleaſing Theme your Thoughts employ?
The pratling Infant, or the bridal Joy?

* *Pompey.*

Think

Conjungunt gemitu
Nos quoque confuſis fe
Et fama eſt junctas

Quis matrem, niſi mei
Flere vetet? non ho
Cum dederit lachrymas,
Ille dolor verbis emod

CONSTANTIA.

—Miſeri poſt fata
Conjugis, & f
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, a
Impulit: agnoſco veteris
Sed mihi vel tellus optem p
Vel pater omnipotens adiga
Pallentes umbras Erebi, no
Ante pudor quam te violo,
Ille meos, primus qui me fi
Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum,

Think you ſuch Cares diſturb your Huſband's Shade,
Or ſtir the ſacred Aſhes of the Dead?—— *Pitt.*

The Merchant ſhipwreck'd on the faithleſs Main,
Seeks out ſome ſhipwreck'd Wretch to ſhare his Grief:
By ſudden Storms undone, the ruin'd Swain
Finds in ſome Other's Ruin ſad Relief.
Affliction's Friendſhip mutual Fun'rals move:
Together childleſs Parents mix their Sighs.
Then let's the Power of joint Oriſons prove:
Aſſociate Pray'rs wing ſwifteſt to the Skies.—*Add.* jun.
Who'd be ſo mad a Mother to diſſwade
From Tears, whilſt on his Hearſe her Son is laid?
But when Grief's Deluge can no longer ſwell,
Declining Sorrow you'll with eaſe repell.—— *Tate.*

CONSTANCY. See AFFECTION Conjugal.

SINCE poor *Sichæus*, by my Brother ſlain,
Daſh'd with his Blood the conſecrated Fane,
And ſtain'd the Gods: my firm Reſolves, I own,
This graceful Prince has ſhook, and this alone.
I feel a Warmth o'er all my trembling Frame,
Too like the Tokens of my former Flame.
But Oh! may Earth her dreadful Gulph diſplay,
And gaping ſnatch me from the golden Day:
May I be hurl'd, by Heav'n's Almighty Sire,
Transfix'd with Thunder, and involv'd in Fire,
Down to the Shades of Hell, from Realms of Light,
The deep, deep Shades of everlaſting Night:
E'er, ſacred Honour, I betray thy Cauſe,
In Word, or Thought, or violate thy Laws.
No!—my firſt Lord, my firſt ill-fated Spouſe,
Still, as in Life, is Lord of all my Vows.
My Love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and bury'd in the Grave.—— *Pitt.*

Quos tulit antiquo condit
Parva ſeges ſatis eſt : ſatis
Si licet, & ſolito membr

Puræ rivus aquæ, ſy
Paucorum, & ſegetis c
Fulgentem imperio ferti
Fallit ſorte beatior.——
Deſiderantem quod
Tumultuoſum ſollicitat
Nec ſævus Arcturi caden
Impetus, aut orientis Ha
Non verberatæ grandi
Funduſque mendax, arbo
Cuſpuntc, nunc torrentia
Sidera, nunc hyemes iniqu

Tu, quamcunque Deus tibi f
Grata ſume manu : nec dulcia dif
Ut, quocumque

CONTENT. See DISCONTENT.

LET the rich Miſer gather golden Gain,
And live the large Poſſeſſor of the Plain:
Whom Fears perpetual ſcare with neighb'ring Foes,
While ſounding Trumpets wake his ſoft Repoſe.
To me the Fates with ſparing Hand diſpence,
The humbler Sweets of Eaſe and Innocence:
Pleas'd with the Joys of a ſecure Retreat,
While conſtant Fires ſupply the chearful Seat.
I nor paternal Wealth, nor Fields require,
Nor Harveſts, bounteous to my wealthy Sire:
A ſmall Eſtate my humble Wiſh can pleaſe,
And a ſoft Bed to ſtretch my Limbs at Eaſe.—— *Dart.*

My little Grove, my limpid Stream,
My certain Harveſt, render me
More bleſt, more truly bleſt, than He
That wears rich *Africk*'s Diadem.——
He that deſires but what's enough,
Againſt the Pow'r of Fate is proof:
Let raging Tempeſts toſs the Floods,
Or Whirlwinds roar among the Woods:
Let patt'ring Hail his Vineyard Spoil,
And render fruitleſs all his Toil,
Or let his injur'd Trees complain,
Of too much Drought, or too much Rain,
Or let his Field deceive his Hopes,
And Froſts untimely nip his Crops.— *Creech* alter'd.

Thoſe Hours the Gods beſtow with Thanks employ,
Nor long defer the Bliſs Thou may'ſt enjoy:
For as 'tis Prudence, and not change of Air,
Muſt render Life a Bleſſing any where,
Thoſe that beyond Sea go will ſadly find,
They change their Climate only, not their Mind.
A buſy Idleneſs deſtroys our Eaſe:
We ride, and ſail, in Search of inward Peace:
Yet what we ſeek we ev'ry where may find,
If We can gain but a contented Mind.— *Creech* alter'd.

ies immunda domûs procul abſit. Ego, urvan
e magnâ, an parvâ, ferar unus, & idem.
nat tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
en adverſis rectum dücimus Auſtris.
ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
primorum, extremis uſque priores.——
Horat. Lib. II. Epiſt. 1.

at in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
bi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
n ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctiùs, atque
s fecêre, bene eſt: nihil amplius oro,
s, niſi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.—
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 6.

ASA. Vide HOSPITALITAS.

N lucum fulgebat ebur, quod inhæſerat auro,
e jam calcato radiabat marmore terra
us dehaſa ſuis: ſed crate faligna

eſs Me from Poverty and Sordidneſs!
ı be the Gifts of Fortune more, or leſs,
ſt content. To me it matters not,
ther I'm carry'd in a little Boat,
ı a Ship.—Since neither driving Gales,
ſwiftly urge me on with ſwelling Sails,
do rough Waves and Tempeſts on the Main,
in my Teeth, and force me back again.—
ſtrength, Wit, Honour, Virtue, I am plac'd
: of the Foremoſt, but before the Laſt.—*J.D.* alter'd.
ıeſe were my Pray'rs to Heav'n, for Theſe my Vows;
ıall Eſtate, a Fountain near my Houſe,
ırden, and a little Grove of Trees;
the good Gods have giv'n me more than Theſe.—
well: nor other Happineſs I wiſh,
ınly that they would continue This.— *Creech* alter'd.

COTTAGE. See HOSPITALITY.

ERE ſhone no Iv'ry Roofs inlay'd with Gold,
No Marble Floors oppreſs'd th' illuded Mould:
anded Sheaves of empty *Ceres*, laid
urdled Boughs, the humble Cov'ring made.
ɔ earthen Bowls in homely Order ſtood,
a full Pitcher from the limpid Flood,
Oſier Baſkets of a ruſtic Twine,
ın old Caſk ſtill foul with Lees of Wine.
Walls were ſtubbled Mud, heap'd up in Haſte,
which the Reed and Bulruſh droop'd, diſgrac'd.
in the Hut a ſmoaky Pole was ſlung,
Side to Side, croſs which it's Treaſures hung:
s, and wither'd Sav'ry dangled down,
Grapes diſpos'd in many a rural Crown.——
Addiſon jun.

BEatus ille, qui procul
Ut prisca gens mo
Paterna rura bobus exercet
Solutus omni fœnore:
Neque excitatur classico mi
Neque horret iratum ma
Forúmque vitat, & superbi
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium prop
Altas maritat populos;
Inutilésque falce ramos ampu
Feliciores inserit;
Aut in reductâ valle mugient
Prospectat errantes greges
Aut prelîs puris mella condit
Aut tondet infirmas oves:
Vel, cùm decorum mitibus po
Autumnus arvis extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens py
Certantem & uvam purpurat
Libet jacêre modò sub

COUNTENANCE.

WHEN we are touch'd with ſome important Ill,
How vainly Silence would our Grief conceal.
rrow nor Joy can be diſguis'd by Art;
ır Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart.— *Harvey.*

COUNTRY LIFE. See PEASANT.

LIKE the firſt Mortals happy He,
Whoſe Oxen plow his own paternal Plain:
From Hurry and Fatigue of Bus'neſs free,
And quite a Stranger to uſurious Gain.
Him, nor the rattling Trumpet calls to War,
Nor does the roaring Ocean ſcare:
The Bar he ſhuns: nor meanly ſtoops to wait
At the proud *Levees* of the lordly Great.
Or, his Amuſement is to twine
Round the tall Poplar the embracing Vine:
Or, uſeleſs Branches cutting clear away,
He grafts a better Kind than they.
Or, climbing up ſome hilly Steep,
Thro' the long Vales his lowing Herds he ſees:
Or, preſſes into Jars the Labour of his Bees;
Or, ſheers his over-burden'd Sheep.
Or elſe, when Autumn crown'd with golden Ears,
And full ripe Apples, rears her graceful Head:
Delighted much he plucks the grafted Pears,
And luſhious Grapes that with Purple overſpread
Beneath ſome ancient Oak he likes to lie,
Or on the Turf enjoys the open Sky:
While the deep River gently glides along,
The Groves ring round the Birds melodious Song,
The limpid Brooks roll on their thrilling Streams,
Inviting ſoft Repoſe and pleaſing Dreams.
But when the Blaſts of Winter blow,
And gentle Show'rs are turn'd to Snow,

quatis, aut per
Pernicis uxor Apuli
Sacrum vetuſtis extruat
Latiſ ſub adventum
Claudénſique textis crati
Diſtenta ſiccet ubera
Et horna dulci vina pre
Dapes inemptas appa
Has inter Epulas, ut ju
Videre properantes d
Videre feſſo vomerem i
Collo trahentes languic
Poſitóſque vernas, ditis
Circum renident eis L

Non alia magis eſt libera, &
Ritúſque melius vita quæ priſc
Quàm quæ relictis mœnibus S
Nou illum avaræ mentis inflam
Qui ſe dicavit montium infonte
Non aura populi

With Dogs, the Boar, a furious Prey,
He drives to Toils that ſtop the Way;
Or, ſlily, ſpreads around the Buſh,
His Nets to catch the greedy Thruſh:
Or fearful Hares, or dainty Cranes,
In Gins enſnar'd, reward his Pains.
ıile thus amus'd what Lover muſt not loſe
e ſad Remembrance of his Cares and Woes?
But if a chaſte, good-natur'd Wife,
Divides with him the Cares of Life,
th conſtant Diligence does overſee
s hopeful Children and his Family:
ike ſome old *Sabine*, or *Apulian* Dame,
ı-burnt, and ſwarthy, but of honeſt Fame.)
:hearful Fire ſhe gets, againſt he come,
Weary with Sport, or Labour, home:
The Flock ſhe folds, and milks the Kine;
With unbought Dainties ſpreads the Board;
With what the Fields and Yard afford,
ıd from the Hogſhead draws the racy Wine.
Amidſt theſe Feaſts how pleaſant to behold
.e full fed Flocks home haſting to the Fold:
Whilſt loud the weary Oxen low,
ıd ſlow along the Ground trails the inverted Plow!
ıeir Labour done, to ſee the Swains carouſe,
hile Mirth, and Jokes, and Laughter ſhake the Houſe.—
There's none can live ſo innocent and free,
follow Nature's Laws, ſo cloſe, as he,
ho, far from Cities, does ſecurely dwell,
nd of the Country, in ſome humble Cell.
hoſe happy Life is thus obſcurely ſpent,
ɔ wretched Avarice can e'er torment:
ɔ Praiſe he covets, from the giddy Throng,
ho to the Good are ſeldom conſtant long:
:ſtructive Envy ne'er comes near his Gate,
or the frail Favour of th' unſteady Great.
ɔ Courts he follows, nor, a royal Slave,
:ks he vain Titles, or does Riches crave.

Exempt

Exempt from ev'ry Hope and ev'ry Fear,
Scarce, even Malice, can aſſault him here.
Black Crimes in Cities bred he does not know,
Nor when the People rage,———
Does his clear Conſcience dread the threat'ned Blow.
Would You a Houſe for Happineſs erect,
Let Nature be herſelf the Architect:
She'll build it more convenient than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chuſe her Seat.
What other Place can better Helps ſupply,
Againſt the Force of Winter's Cruelty?
Where does a more refreſhing Air aſſwage,
The *Dog-Star*'s Fury, or the *Lion*'s Rage?
Or where, ah where, but here, can Sleep maintain
Devoid of Care, her ſoft imperial Reign?
Is *Lybian* Marble preſs'd beneath thy Feet,
More beautiful than Flow'rs, or half ſo ſweet?
Or Water roaring thro' the burſting Lead,
So pure, as murm'ring in it's native Bed?
Who builds in Cities yet the Fields approves,
And hedges in with Pillars awkard Groves:
Strives for the Country View that fartheſt runs,
And tweers aloof at Beauties which he ſhuns.
In driving *Nature* out our Force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddeſs comes again:
And creeps in ſilent Triumph, to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.—*Cowley* alter'd.
Ah wiſely now, and willingly retire!
Forſake the gaudy Tinſel of the Great:
The peaceful Cottage beckens a Retreat;
Where true Content a ſolid Comfort brings,
To Kings unknown, or Favourites of Kings.——

COURTSHIP. See COMPLAISANCE. FLATTERY.

AN Elm was near, to whoſe Embraces led,
A curling Vine her ſwelling Cluſters ſpread:
He view'd their twining Branches with Delight,
And prais'd the Beauty of the pleaſing Sight.

Yet

ſtaret, ait, cœlebs ſine palmite truncus,
præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
quoque quæ juncta vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
on nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret.
amen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus:
ubitúſque fugis: nec te conjungere curas.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI

unc ſic orſa loqui: Puer ô digniſſime credi
Deus: ſeu tu Deus es, potes eſſe Cupido:
es mortalis: qui te genuere beati:
ater felix, & fortunata profecto
a tibi ſoror eſt, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix.
onge cunctis, longeque potentior illis
a tibi ſponſa eſt: ſi quam dignabere tæda.
tibi ſive aliqua eſt: mea ſit furtiva voluptas:
ulla eſt: ego ſim: thalamúmque ineamus eundem.
Ovid. Met. Lib. I

imia eſt propriæ juveni fiducia formæ,
xpectet ſi quis, dum prior illa roget.
prior accedat: Vir verba precantia dicat:
ccipiat blandas molliter illa preces.
otiare, roga: tantum cupit illa rogari:
a cauſam voti principiúmque tui.——

Yet this tall Elm, but for this Vine, he ſaid,
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren Shade:
And this fair Vine, but that her Arms ſurround
Her marry'd Elm, had crept along the Ground.
But no Example thy hard Heart can move,
Still, ſtill averſe to all the Joys of Love.——

Pope.

Bright Youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy Features prove
A God: and if a God, the God of Love:
But if a Mortal, bleſt thy Nurſe's Breaſt,
Thy Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter bleſt:
But, oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy Bride!
Ally'd in Bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n Enjoyment be:
If not, behold a willing Bride in me.——

Addiſon.

Too much the Youth does in his Beauty truſt,
Who thinks the Fair will ſpeak her Paſſion firſt:
With humble Pray'rs his Suit the Man ſhould move:
The Maid with Complaiſance accept his Love.
Aſk, and be happy: freely ſpeak your Mind:
And yield a fair Occaſion to be kind.——

You, who in *Cupid*'s Liſts inroll your Name,
Firſt, ſeek an Object worthy of your Flame:
Then ſtrive the charming Fair one's Heart to gain:
Be next your Care, that Love may long remain.——

Dryden alter'd.

Firmly believe all Women may be won:
Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.
The Graſhopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In Summer Seaſon, and the Birds in Spring:
The Hound ſhall ſooner, frighted, turn away
From the weak Hare, its long accuſtom'd Prey,
Than Woman ſtand againſt Man's flatt'ring Skill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.——

Dryden alter'd.

By

Cum turgit, turgas, donec ſed
Arbitrio dominæ tempora pe
Eſt & agendus amans, imitandi
Hic tibi quæratur qualibet ar
Nec credi labor eſt : ſibi quæqu
Peſſima ſit, nulli non ſua for
Fac primus rapias illius tacta lab
Pocula : quaque bibit parte p
Et quemcumque cibum digitis lil
Tu pete : dumque petes, ſit til
Candidus in nauta turpis color : a
Debet & à radiis ſideris eſſe ni
Turpis & agricolæ, qui vomere t
Et gravibus raſtris ſub Jove ve
Et tu, Palladiæ petitur cui fama c
Candida ſi fuerint corpora, tur
Palleat omnis Amans : color eſt h
Hoc decet :——————
Arguet & macies vultum : nec tu
Pileolum nitidis impoſuiſſe com
Attenuant juvenum vigilatæ corpo
Curaque & :—

ers, not by Words, your Suit begin:
the doubtful Paſſage with your Pen.
Heart you'd find the neareſt Way,
flatter, and extreamly pray.
Pray'rs did *Hector*'s Body gain,
angry God invok'd in vain.—— *Dryden.*
o the Play ſhe goes be ever nigh,
, with Love and Wonder in your Eye.
e Dancer who her Liking gains,
him who acts the Lover's Pains:
ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe,
er ſake the Loſs of Time deſpiſe.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
ll the Lover: let your Speech abound
Words, expreſſive of your Wound.
t You her Belief: She will be mov'd:
eſt thinks ſhe merits to be lov'd.— *Dryd.* alter'd.
to ſnatch the Goblet from her Lip,
e ſhe laid her Lips the Bleſſing ſip:
ſhe touches with her Fingers, eat:
a her Hand in reaching to the Meat.——
s becomes not thoſe who ſail the Sea,
by the Sun and Waves they ought to be:
it thoſe, who all the Seaſons round,
ughs and Harrows turn the ſtubborn Ground:
, who ſeek by Arms to gain Renown,
a pale Looks, become the Victor's Crown:
Lover hopes to be in Grace,
g wan, and meager be his Face:
s apt, and decent in his Caſe.
our from the Fair Compaſſion draws,
s you ſick, and thinks herſelf the Cauſe.
o' in Health, be not aſham'd to wear,
th thy Night-Cap, hide thy ſeemly Hair.
and Woes attending Love ſhould fail,
ole Nights, and ſtudy to be pale.
be, in order to be bleſt,
ach Look beſpeak a Love-ſick Breaſt.——

Beg

...ter. Si juvenis læta ſit ipſ

Nec ſummam ubeo preciolo m
Parva, ſeu e parvis callidus a
Cum bene dives ager, cum rami
Afferat in calatho ruſtica don
Rure ſuburbano poteris tibi dicere
Illa, tibi in ſacra ſint licet emp
Afferat aut uvas, aut quas Amar
Et nunc cultaneas, nunc amat il
Quin etiam turdóque licet, miſsiq
Te memorem dominæ teſtificar
Turpitur his emitur ſpes mortis, &
Ah pereant, per quos munera c
Ovid.

Sæpe ſub Autumnum, cum formoſ
Plenaque purpureo ſubrubet uva
Cum modo frigoribus premimur,
Aëre non certo corpora languor
————Tum ſi male firma
Et virium

Beg her, with Tears, your fond Deſires to grant;
For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.
If Tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your Eye,
Or wet the Lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.—— *Dryden.*

Truſt not your beauteous Form, but learn to know,
There's more requir'd in Love than empty Show:
Debates avoid, and rude Contention ſhun,
Mild Love is with ſubmiſſive Language won.
With tender Vows the charming Maid endear,
And let her only Sighs and Wiſhes hear.
Contrive with Words and Actions to delight, [alter'd.
And make your ſelf ſtill Welcome in her Sight.—*Dryden*

I no profuſe nor coſtly Gifts commend,
But chuſe, and time it well, whate'er You ſend.
Thro' ev'ry Seaſon of the fruitful Year,
Let your own Boy ſome rural Preſent bear:
Tell her 'tis freſh, and from your Manor brought,
Tho' ſtale, and in the Suburb Market bought.
The firſt ripe Cluſter let the Fair One eat,
And her with Apples, Nuts, and Cheſnuts treat.
To her the Thruſh, to her the Garland ſend,
As certain Proofs ſhe's always in your Mind.
By Arts like theſe the Childleſs Miſer's caught:
Thus future Legacies are baſely bought.
But may they meet with Puniſhment divine,
Who make their Preſents with a bad Deſign!—*Dryd.* alter'd.

In Autumn oft, when the delightful Year
Purples the Grape, and ſhows the Vintage near,
Fierce Heats, by turns, and chilly Blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant Skies.
Then, if the vitious Air infects her Veins,
And in her tainted Blood ſome Fever reigns,
Your tender Love, by your Behaviour ſhow,
And if you e'er expect to reap, then ſow.
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd Diſeaſe,
But with your ready Hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her Sight, more ardent Kiſſes give,
And let her burning Lips your Tears receive.

ve, ſed cuncta palam: quotiéſque licebit,
feras illi, ſomnia læta vide.
iis inerunt gratæ veſtigia curæ:
mos multis hæc via fecit iter.——

Ibid.

VACCA.

ima torvæ
orma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
n tenus à mento palearia pendent.
go nullus lateri modus: omnia magna:
, & camuris hirtæ ſub cornibus aures.
diſpliceat maculis inſignis & albo:
detrectans, interdumque aſpera cornu,
tauro proprior: quæque ardua tota,
ns imâ verrit veſtigia caudâ.

Much for her Safety vow, and loudly ſpeak,
That ſhe may hear the laviſh Vows you make:
Often pretend to dream that ſhe is well,
And the feign'd Dream to her with Pleaſure tell.
Cares thus well tim'd ſhall ſtand you in good ſtead:
And this Way many climb the nuptial Bed.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

COW.

—BEST the Cow
Of Aſpect four: her Head unſhap'd and large,
Her hanging Neck enormous: from her Chin
Her ſwagging Dewlaps to her Knees depend.
Her Flank of Length unmeaſur'd: all Parts huge:
Her Feet too: and beneath her crankled Horns
Her Ears uncouth and rough. Nor ſhall her Form
Be diſapprov'd, whoſe Skin with Spots of white
Is vary'd: or who ſtruggles with the Yoke,
And ſometimes puſhes with the Horn, in Front
A Bull reſembles, tall, and big all o'er,
And with her Tail, in walking, ſweeps the Ground.
Their Age for juſt Connubials fit, begins
After four Years: before the Tenth, expires:
The reſt unapt for Teeming, and of Strength
Unequal to the Plough.——— *Trap.*

CREATION. See CHAOS. GOD.

FIRST, that the Earth might regular appear,
He rounds the Figure to a perfect Sphere:
Then bad the Sea to roll:—and Winds he gave
To ſwell the Surges of the riſing Wave:
The riſing Wave commiſſion'd to explore
The compaſs'd Earth, and bound it with a Shore.
The running Springs he adds, and ſtanding Lakes,
And bounding Banks for winding Rivers makes:
Earth drinks in ſome; the reſt their watry Train
Roll on, and pour their Treaſures in the Main:

s aquæ, pro ripis littora pulſant.
xtendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
gi Sylvas, lapidoſos ſurgere montes.

et his Aër: qui, quanto eſt pondere terræ
quæ levius, tanto eſt oneroſior igni.
bulas, illic conſiſtere nubes
humanas motura tonitrua Mentes,
ulminibus facientes frigora ventus.

uper impoſuit liquidum & gravitate carentem
nec quicquam terrenæ fæcis habentem.

limitibus diſſepſerat omnia certis,
æ preſſa diu maſſa latuere ſub illa,
perunt toto efferveſcere cœlo.
foret ulla ſuis animantibus orba,
ent cœleſte ſolum, formæque Deorum:
nitidis habitandæ piſcibus undæ:

ere, in their narrow Banks confin'd no more,
y freer rage, and laſh the ſounding Shore.
bad the Woods be cloth'd, the Plains extend,
ſide the Vallies, and the Rocks aſcend.
he ſpacious Fields of Air, ſuſpended high,
oſe the Ball, and ſkirt it with the Sky:
ighty, with Fire, with Earth compared, light,
winged Air between them takes it's Flight.
ck Clouds o'erſpread, and Storms engender there,
l Thunder's Voice, which wretched Mortals fear,
l Winds with Lightnings mixt, thence ſhiv'ring
Winter bear.
ar above theſe, in Order and in Place,
wiſe Creator fix'd the heav'nly Space;
ds of pure Æther, from all Dregs refin'd,
Earth unclogg'd, and by no Bounds confin'd.
carce had he all in proper Limits fix'd,
en, long depreſs'd and with Confuſion mix'd,
h Star upſhot it's explicated Head,
l Heav'ns wide Arch with new born Glories ſpread.
n, that no Void in Nature might appear,
h Stars and Forms divine he fill'd the heav'nly Sphere:
glitt'ring Fiſhes to the Floods repair:
ts to the Earth: and Birds poſſeſs the Air.
too was made.——————*Sewel. Dryden.* alter'd.
—He ſung, how thro' the mighty Void
Seeds of Earth, and Water, Air, and Fire,
olidated met: how firſt from Theſe
Elements, and the World's recent Globe
pounded roſe: how then the firmer Soil
r hard, and in it's Channel ſhut the Sea,
by Degrees, of various Things receiv'd
unnumber'd Species:——how the Earth admir'd
ee the new-born Sun with Glory ſhine:
Show'rs from high-hung Clouds diſtill'd: when firſt
Woods began to riſe: and thin, diſpers'd,
Animals o'er unknown Mountains rov'd.—— *Trap.*

Luctantíque loqui comprenſam for
Abſtulit enſe fero. Radix micat t
Ipſa jacet, terræque tremens immu
Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda c
Palpitat: & moriens dominæ veſti

At matrem veniebat Itys.———
——Oculiſque tuens immitibus, Ah,
Es ſimilis patri! dixit. Nec plura l
Triſte parat facinus: tacitáque exæſtu

Ut tamen acceſſit natus, matríque f
Attulit, & parvis adduxit colla lacerti
Miſtaque blanditiis puerilibus oſcula ju
Mota quidem eſt genetrix, infractaqu
Invitíque oculi lachrymis madu
Sed ſimul

CRUELTY. See INHUMANITY.

HE * drew the Faulchion that beſide him hung,
Then dragg'd her by the Hair along the Ground,
And faſt, behind her Back, her Arms he bound.
The Princeſs willingly her Throat reclin'd,
And view'd the Steel with a contented Mind.
But ſoon her Tongue the girding Pincers ſtrain
With Anguiſh, ſoon ſhe feels the piercing Pain:
Oh Father! Father! She would fain have ſpoke,
But the ſharp Torture her Intention broke:
In vain ſhe tries! for now the Blade had cut
Her Tongue ſheer off, and left the panting Root.
The mangled Part ſtill quiver'd on the Ground,
And murmur'd out a faint imperfect Sound:
As ſome diſſever'd Serpent's nimble Train,
That ſprings, and twiſts, and wriggles with the Pain,
So ſtirr'd the Tongue, with trembling Motion, faſt,
And dying, towards it's Miſtreſs turn'd at laſt.——
Croxall alter'd.

Young *Itys* fondling to his † Mother came:——
And as her cruel Eyes his Features trace,
She cries, how like thy Father's is that Face!——
In Silence, then, ſhe forms the dreadful Scene,
Her Boſom boiling with revengeful Spleen.
But as the Boy to her Embraces ſprung,
And round her Neck in tender Tranſport hung,
Mixing kind Kiſſes with his childiſh Charms,
He moves her Soul, and all her Rage diſarms:
Then tender Thoughts in ſpite of Paſſion riſe,
And melting Tears diſarm her threat'ning Eyes.
But when ſhe found the Mother's eaſy Heart,
Too fondly ſwerving from th' intended Part,
She, turning from the Boy, her Siſter views,
And in her Breaſt the dire Reſolve renews.

* *Tereus* raviſhed *Philomela* his Wife's Siſter, and cut out her Tongue, to prevent her being able to diſcover it.

† *Procne* the Wife of *Tereus* murder'd her own Son *Itys*, dreſſed his Limbs, and ſerved them up to her Huſband, in revenge for his Uſage of her Siſter *Philomela*.

nora: traxit Ityn: veluti Gangetica cervæ
m fœtum per ſylvas Tigris opacas.
omus altæ partem tenuere remotam,
émque manus, & jam ſua fata videntem,
am, Mater, clamantem, & colla petentem
it Procne lateri quà pectus adhæret:
um avertit. Satis illi ad fata vel unum
rat: jugulum ferro Philomela reſolvit.
adhuc, animæque aliquid retinentia membra
t. Pars inde cavis exultat ahenis:
ubus ſtridet: manant penetralia tabo.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

laceros artus, æquataque vulnera membris
, & toto quamvis in corpore cæſo
næ letale datum, morèmque neſandæ

Then, like ſome Tigreſs, that by *Ganges'* Floods,
A trembling Fawn drags thro' the gloomy Woods,
Itys ſhe hurries to an inward Room,
Far off retir'd within the ſpacious Dome:
The Boy, with rueful Cries, but all too late,
Holds out his Hands, and deprecates his Fate:
To claſp his Mother's Neck he fondly aims,
And ſtrives to melt her with endearing Names.
But *Procne*, on the horrid Miſchief bent,
Home to his Heart a piercing Poiniard ſent,
Nor did ſhe, while the murd'ring Blade ſhe drove,
Start once aſide, or once her Eyes remove.
This might ſuffice: but *Philomela* too
Acroſs his Throat a ſhining Cutlaſs drew.
Then both, with Knives, diſſect each quiv'ring Part,
And carve the butcher'd Limbs with cruel Art:
Which, whelm'd in boiling Cauldrons o'er the Fire,
Or turn'd on Spits, in ſteamy Smoke aſpire.
The ſlipp'ry Pavement ſwims with crimſon Gore.——
Croxal. Sewel alter'd.

I ſaw where *Marius'* hapleſs * Brother ſtood,
With Limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with Blood:
A Thouſand gaping Wounds increas'd his Pain,
While weary Life a Paſſage ſought in vain.
That Mercy ſtill his ruthleſs Foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the Wriſt the ſuppliant Hands divides,
That hews his Arms from off his naked Sides:
One crops his breathing Noſtrils, one his Ears,
While from the Roots his Tongue another tares:
Panting awhile upon the Earth it lies,
And with mute Motion trembles e'er it dies.
Laſt, from the ſacred Caverns where they lay,
The bleeding Orbs of Sight are rent away.—— *Rowe.*

* *Quintus Luctatius Catulus* hearing *C. Marius* had reſolved to put him to Death, killed himſelf: in Revenge of this, his Brother *Catulus* obtained of *Sylla*, that the Brother of *C. Marius* might be delivered into his Hands; and ſacrificed him at *Quintus*'s Tomb, in the barbarous Manner here deſcribed.

s adulterium Veneris cum Marte putatur
vidiſſe Deus. Videt hic Deus omnia primus.
ćto: Junonigenæque marito
, furtíque locum monſtravit. At illi
& quod opus fabrilis dextra tenebat,
Extemplo graciles ex ære catenas,
& laqueos, quæ lumina fallere poſſint,
Non illud opus tenuiſſima vincant
non ſummo quæ pendet aranea tigno.
es tactus momentaque parva ſequatur,
z lecto circumdata collocat apte.
torum conjux & adulter in unum,
vinclíſque nova ratione paratis,
ambo deprenſi amplexibus hærent.
extemplo valvas patefecit eburnas:
ue Deos. Illi jacuere ligati
Atque aliquis de Dis non triſtibus optet
rpis. Superi riſere: diúque
in toto notiſſima fabula cœlo.

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

CUCKOLD.

VENUS' Amour with *Mars*, the *Sun* (we're told)
Firſt ſaw: for all things he does firſt behold.
Griev'd at the Sight, and ſwift, on Miſchief bent,
To *Venus'* Huſband, *Juno's* Son, he ſent:
The Goddeſs and her God Gallant betray'd,
And told the *Cuckold* where their Pranks were play'd.
Poor *Vulcan* ſoon deſir'd to hear no more:
He dropp'd his Hammer, and he ſhook all o'er.
But ſtraight recov'ring, with malicious Pains,
A Net he forms of Braſs, and brazen Chains,
So exquiſitely fine, the ſharpeſt Sight
Could not diſcern them in the faireſt Light:
The Spider's Web, ſpread out to take her Prey,
Is not ſo thin, ſo finely drawn as they.
The Work, obedient to the Touch, he ſpread
In ſecret Foldings o'er the conſcious Bed:
And when th' adult'rous God and Goddeſs came,
To quench, again, and ſatisfy their Flame:
The juſt Machine, ſo artfully prepar'd,
Both, in the very Act of Love, enſnar'd.
Vulcan the Iv'ry folding Doors diſplays,
And calls the Gods to witneſs his Diſgrace.
Together link'd th' entangled Lovers lay,
Expos'd, and naked, in the Face of Day:
The Gods with Envy view'd, and could not blame,
But for the Pleaſure wiſh'd to bear the Shame.
All laugh'd aloud: and, at each heav'nly Feaſt,
The wanton Tale became a ſtanding Jeſt.—*Philips* alter'd.
Before her Huſband, *Leſbia* calls me Names,
And at the Lewdneſs of the Town exclaims:
This tickles the poor *Cuckold* to the Life,
And he thanks Heav'n for ſuch a virtuous Wife.
Contented Fool!—Your Reas'ning is quite wrong:
If ſhe were Virtuous, ſhe would hold her Tongue.
Scandal and Noiſe do not her Virtue prove,
But are the Marks of unextinguiſh'd Love.—— *Anon.*

CYCLOPES. Vide GYGAS.

m exercebant vaſto Cyclopes in antro,
téſque Steropéſque & nudus membra Pyracmon.
natum manibus jam parte polita
at, toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
terras, pars imperfecta manebat.
is torti radios, tres nubis aquoſæ
nt, rutuli tres ignis & alitis Auſtri.
nunc terrificos, ſonitúmque metúmque
operi, flammíſque ſequacibus iras.
Marti currúmque rotáſque volucres
quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes.——
Æn. Lib. VIII.

ncubuere omnes, paritérque laborem
uit æs rivis, auríque metallum :
que chalybs, vaſte fornace liqueſcit.
clypeum informant.———

CYCLOPS. See GYANT.

THE *Cyclops* in their vaſt capacious Cave
Work'd the tormented Iron: *Brontes* huge,
And *Steropes*, and with his naked Limbs
Pyracmon. In their Hands before them glow'd
The unform'd Thunder: Bolts which *Jove* to Earth
Profuſely hurls from all the Welkin round:
Part finiſh'd, part imperfect yet remain'd.
Three Forks of darted Hail, of watry Cloud
Three more they added: Three of glaring Fire:
As many of the winged ſouthern Wind.
Then dreadful Flaſhes, and the roaring Noiſe,
And Rage, and Terror, and avenging Flames.
Some in a diff'rent Quarter of the Grot
Labour'd the Chariot, and the rapid Wheels
Of *Mars*, with which vaſt Cities he alarms,
And rouſes Heroes.———— *Trap.*

————They all with eager Haſte
Bend to the Labour: and their ſeveral Taſks
Divide: Braſs flows in Rivers: liquid Gold,
And wounding Steel, in the vaſt Furnace boils.
A mighty Shield they form: Sev'n Orbs involv'd
Orb within Orb: In breathing Bellows ſome
Receive, and render back th' included Air:
Others in Water tinge the ſputt'ring Braſs.
The Cave with batter'd Anvils groans around:
By turns, with mighty Strength, in equal Time,
Their Arms advance, by turns their Hammers chime.—
Idem.

DARING.

BUT Gods we all may be: for thoſe that dare
Are Gods, and *Fortune*'s chiefeſt Favours ſhare.
The ruling Pow'rs a lazy Prayer deteſt,
The bold Adventurer ſucceeds the beſt.—— *Croxall.*

Fortune

——Fortes Fortuna adjuvat.—— *Terent. Phor.*
Audentes Deus ipſe juvat.—— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. X.
—Audentes Fórſque Venúſque juvat.— *Tibul.* Lib. I. 2.

TENEBRÆ. Vide TEMPESTAS MARIS.

NAM neque erant aſtrorum ignes, nec lucidus æthra
Sidereâ polus: obſcuro ſed nubila cœlo,
Et Lunam in nimbo nox intempeſta tenebat.——
Æn. Lib. III.

Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promiſere jubar, nec rareſcentibus umbris
Longa repercuſſo rituere crepuſcula Phœbo:
Denſior à terris, & nulla pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox æra polos.——
Statius Lib. I.

MORS. Vide MORTIS Memor eſto. Contra timorem MORTIS.

——OMnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda ſemel via Lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo ſpectacula Marti:
Exitio eſt avidis mare nautis:
Miſta ſenum ac juvenum denſantur funera: nullum
Sæva caput Proſerpina fugit.— *Hor.* Lib. I. Ode 28.

Divéſne priſco natus ab Inacho
Nil intereſt, an pauper, & infima
De gente, ſub dio moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.
Omnes eôdem cogimur, omnium
Verſatur Urna, ſeriùs, ocyùs,
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum
Exſilium impoſitura Cymbæ.— *Hor.* Lib. II. Ode 3.

Mors ſpernit altam gloriam,
Involvit humile pariter, & celſum caput,
Æquátque ſummis infima.——

Boeth. 2. 7.
Innat

Fortune is ever to the *Brave* a Friend.——
Who bravely dare ev'n *Jove* himſelf will aid.——
Fortune and *Venus* both aſſiſt the *Brave*.——

DARKNESS. See STORM at SEA.

——FOR neither did the Stars
Appear, nor Light in all th' Expanſe of Heav'n:
But Clouds o'ercaſt the Sky: and Dead of Night
Confin'd the Moon in Darkneſs.—— *Trap.*
But no red Clouds, with golden Borders gay,
Promiſe the Skies the bright Return of Day;
No faint Reflections of the diſtant Light,
Streak with long Gleams the ſcatt'ring Shades of Night:
From the damp Earth impervious Vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the Darkneſs, and involve the Skies.——*Pope.*

DEATH. See DEATH to be remember'd. Againſt the Fear of DEATH.

LONG Night will over all it's Darkneſs ſpread,
And all muſt range the Regions of the Dead.
By Rage urg'd on, the Soldier falls in War,
The Sea deſtroys the greedy Mariner:
The old and young in Heaps together lie,
And from the Stroke of Death there's none can fly——
Or Rich, or Poor, by whom begot,
Or King or Beggar, matters not:
Nor Birth, nor Wealth, nor ought can ſave
Man from the unrelenting Grave.
Our Lots are in the Urn of Fate,
And out they come, or ſoon, or late:
Then paſs we to that ſilent Shore,
From whence there's no returning more.—
Death ſpurns at Grandeur, and brings down
As well the Monarch as the Clown:
His inevitable Blow
Equals both the High and Low.——

Tho'

tractis opulentior
auris Arabum, & divitis Indiæ,
ementis licet occupes
henum omne tuis, & mare Ponticum:
figet adamantinos
mis verticibus dira neceſſitas
avos, non animum metu, [Ode 24.
Mortis laqueis expedies caput.— *Hor.* Lib. III.
huc omnes, huc primus, & ultimus ordo.
la, ſed cunctis iſta terenda via eſt.
canis tria ſunt latrantia colla:
nda eſt torvi publica cymba ſenis.
erro cautus ſe condat, & ære,
amen incluſum protrahit inde caput.
n facies, non vis exemit Achillem,
n aut Pactoli quas parit humor opes.——
Prop. Lib. III. El. 16.
Mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
egúmque Turres.——————
ma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
remet nox, fabulæque Manes,
s exilis Plutonia.—— *Hor.* Lib. I. Ode 4.

Tho' Thou hadſt all the Spice and Gold
Arabia or the *Indies* hold,
Tho' with thy Veſſels Thou explore
The *Tyrrhene* and the *Pontic* Shore;
On Thee when Fate with Iron Claws
Shall ſeize, Thou muſt obey it's Laws:
No Wealth Thy Mind from Fear can ſave,
Or keep thy Body from the Grave.——
Hither all tend, hence all things riſe, here fall:
Rugged the Road, but muſt be paſs'd by all.
All muſt the triple headed Dog implore,
In *Charon*'s Boat all muſt be ferry'd o'er.
Bright Steel and Braſs in vain attempt to ſave:
Death drags the Wearer trembling to the Grave.
Achilles' Force, nor *Nerea*'s charmful Bloom,
Nor *Cræſus*' Wealth could ſave them from the Tomb.—

With equal Force pale Death, or ſoon, or late,
Knocks at the Cottage and the Palace Gate.
Life's Span forbids Us to extend our Cares,
Or ſtretch our flatt'ring Hopes beyond our Years:
Night urges on, and You muſt quickly go
To fabled Ghoſts, and *Pluto*'s Courts below.—*Creech* alter'd.
Ah! ſwiftly, ſwiftly roll the Years away!
Nor can thy Piety, my *Friend*, delay
Wrinkles, and intruding Age,
And *Death*'s unconquerable Rage.
Tho', daily, Thou with Hecatombs invoke
That dreadful Monarch, deaf to all thy cries,
Inexorable, He will give the Stroke,
Even whilſt thy Prayers, yet unfiniſh'd, riſe:
That Stroke! which heretofore has laid
The Great, the Strong, the Beauteous in the Duſt:
Which all the Dead have felt, and all the Living muſt;
Nor Prince nor Beggar can it's Force evade.——
Death ſwift purſues the Man that flies,
Nor ſpares the coward Youth, nor heeds his Cries:
Stab'd thro' the Back he falls, a trembling Sacrifice.—

Mors.

ur morti nos, noſtrique.—— *Hor. Art. Poet.*
—Mors ſola fatetur,
ſint hominum corpuſcula.—— *Juv.* Sat. X.
verba mors prope admota excutit.——
Sen. Her. Fur.

ccidere, & redire poſſunt:
n ſemel occidit brevis Lux,
erpetua una dormienda.——
Catullus. Epig. 5.

——Omnia funeſta
ura vides. Obeunt noctéſque, diéſque,
nec ſolidis prodeſt fua machina terris.
ilos mortale genus, plebíſque caducæ
interitus? hos bella, hos æquora poſcunt;
exitio: furor his, & ſæva cupido:
morbos: hos ora rigentis brumæ,
ndo lethalis Sirius igni:
inorifero pallens autumnus hiatu.
[illegible] Ibimus omnes,
[illegible] umbris.——
Lib. II. Syl. 1.

Dying's a Debt that we and our's muſt pay.——
Death only this myſterious Truth unfolds,
The mighty Soul, how ſmall a Body holds.——*Dryden.*
———Death juſt before our Eyes,
Spoils all our Boaſts, and learns Us to be wiſe.——
The Sun that ſets, again will riſe,
And give the Day, and gild the Skies:
But when we loſe our little Light,
We ſleep in everlaſting Night.——
Whate'er thy Eyes behold is dead, or dying:
The Nights, the Days, paſs on, and are no more:
The Stars of Heav'n decay: nor ought avail
Earth's firm Foundations: they muſt periſh too,
And all it's mighty Fabrick be diſſolv'd.
And can we then lament that Man muſt die,
And periſh all his mortal fleeting Race?
War cuts off Part, and Part the Seas o'erwhelm:
Theſe luckleſs Love ſwift to Deſtruction brings:
Theſe Rage; and Theſe unſatisfy'd Deſire:
Omitting all *Diſtemper*'s dreadful Train,
Some *Winter*'s penetrating Rigour kills,
Others the baneful *Dog-Star*'s ſultry Ray,
And Others ſickly *Autumn*'s chilling Showers.
What had Beginning muſt expect an End.
All, All muſt die, All to the Grave muſt go:——
As *Æacus* ſhakes the Urn, We hence, by Lot,
Are call'd, to Death's immenſurable Shades.——
Ye Pow'rs! who under Earth your Realms extend,
To whom all Mortals muſt one Day deſcend:
All our Poſſeſſions are but Loans from You,
And ſoon, or late, you muſt be paid your Due:
Hither we haſte to Humankind's laſt Seat,
Your endleſs Empire, and our ſure Retreat.— *Congreve.*
How wretched is it not to know to die!——
Of Life whoever pleaſes can deprive Us,
But none can rob Us of the Means of Dying:
To Death a thouſand Ways are always open.——

Contra Timorem Mortis

NIL igitur Mors eſt, ad nos a
Quandoquidem

DEATH be Mindful of. See DEATH.

AMidſt a Life of Hopes and anxious Cares,
Of varying Paſſions, and diſturbing Fears,
Think every Day, ſoon as the Day is paſt,
That Thou haſt liv'd, of thy ſhort Life, the laſt:
The next Day's joyful Light thine Eyes ſhall ſee,
When unexpected, will more welcome be.— *Dart* alter'd.
No Night ſucceeds the Day, no Morning's Light
Riſes to chace the ſullen Shades of Night,
Wherein there is not heard the diſmal Groans
Of dying Men, mix'd with the woful Moans
Of living Friends; and alſo with the Cries,
And Dirges, fitting fun'ral Obſequies.—— *Creech.*
From Day to Day with equal Pace,
Our ſliding Moments ſteal away:
Nor is the changing *Moon*'s Increaſe
Ought but her Progreſs to decay.
Yet You amus'd with airy Dreams,
Forgetful that the Grave is near,
Are buſy'd with your endleſs Schemes,
And building ſtately Houſes here.—— *Anon.*
Prepare the Bed, prepare the Wine,
Perfumes diffuſe, and Roſes twine:
But yet remember Death muſt be,
So *Jove* himſelf commandeth Thee.——

DEATH (Againſt the FEAR of it.) See DEATH.

WHat has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If *Souls* can die as well as *Bodies* can?
For as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
When *Punic* Arms infeſted Land and Main:
So when our mortal Frame ſhall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeleſs Lump uncoupled from the Mind,
From Senſe of Grief and Pain we ſhall be free:
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not *be*.
Tho' Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were loſt,
We ſhould not move, we only ſhould be toſs'd.

ı noſtro ſentit de Corpore, poſtquàm
'ſt Animi natura, Animæque poteſtas;
n hoc ad Nos, qui cœtu, conjugioque
atque Animæ conſiſtimus uniter apti.
ı non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
nec dulces occurrent oſcula nati
:, & tacita pectus dulcedine tangent:
:ris factis tibi fortibus eſſe, tuiſque
: Miſer! ô Miſer! aiunt, omnia ademit
infeſta tibi tot præmia vitæ.
iis rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum
derium inſidet rerum inſuper una.
:m ut es letho ſopitus, ſic eris ævi
pereſt, cunctis privatu' doloribus ægris.——
Lucret. Lib. III.

tiam tibi Tute interdum dicere poſſis:
* ſis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit,

Say, ev'n ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd Fate,
The *Soul* could feel in her divided State,
What's that to Us? for *We* are only *We*,
While *Souls* and *Bodies* in one Frame agree.— *Dryden.*
But to be ſnatch'd from all thy Houſehold Joys,
From thy chaſte Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,
Whoſe little Arms about thy Legs are caſt,
And climbing for a Kiſs, prevent their Mother's Haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret Pleaſure through thy Breaſt:
All theſe ſhall be no more:—thy Friends oppreſs'd
Thy Care and Courage now no more ſhall free:—
Ah! Wretch! thou cry'ſt; Ah! miſerable me!
One woeful Day ſweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,
And all the brittle Bleſſings of my Life!——
Add one Thing more, and All thou ſay'ſt is true:
Thy Want and Wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too:
For Thou ſhalt ſleep, and never wake again,
And quitting Life, ſhall quit thy living Pain.
The worſt that can befall Thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound Slumber, and a long Good-Night.—— *Id.*
When careful Thoughts of Death diſturb thy Head,
Conſider, *Ancus*, great and good, is dead:
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die:
And Thou! doſt Thou bewail Mortality?
How many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate?
That haughty * King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whoſe ſtupendous Bridge did the wild Waves reſtrain:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd Wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their Back:
Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame,
Nor ſpar'd his Guards the more for their immortal Name,
The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,
Scipio the Thunderbolt of War is dead,
And like a common Slave by Fate in Triumph led.
The Founders of invented Arts are loſt;
And Wits who made Eternity their Boaſt:
Where now is *Homer*, who poſſeſs'd the Throne?
His immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.

* *Xerxes, who laid a Bridge over the Helleſpont.*

Mortua quoi vita eſt prope jam vivo,
Qui ſomno partem majorem conteris æ
Et vigilans ſtertis, nec ſomnia cernere
Solliciámque geris caſſa formidine me
Nec reperire potes, quid ſit tibi ſæpe n
Ebrius urgeris multis Miſer undique cu
Atque animi incerto fluitans errore vag

Nec prorſum, vitam ducendo, demi
Tempore de mortis, nec delibare valen
Quò minùs eſſe diu poſſimus morte pe
Proinde licet quot vis vivendo condere
Mors æterna tamen nihilominùs illa m
Nec minùs Ille diu jam non erit, ex h
Lumine qui finem vitaï fecit, & ille,
Menſibus atque annis qui multis occidit
Hoc etiam faciunt, ubi diſcubuere, t
Pocula ſæpe homines, & inumbrant or
Ex animo ut dicant, Brevis hic eſt fruc
n e poſt

Democritus perceiving Age invade,
His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face;
Made haſte to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.
That Stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* could not bar,
Tho' he in Wit ſurpaſs'd Mankind, as far
As does the mid-day Sun the mid-night Star.
Then Thou, doſt Thou diſdain to yield thy Breath,
Whoſe very Life is little more than Death?
More than one half by lazy Sleep poſſeſs'd,
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt,
Day-Dreams and ſickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breaſt.
Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
Whoſe Cauſe and Cure thou never hop'ſt to find:
But ſtill uncertain, with thyſelf at Strife,
Thou wander'ſt in the Labyrinth of Life.—— *Id.*

Nor, by the longeſt Life we can attain,
One Moment from the Length of Death we gain:
For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
Who dies to Day, and will as long be ſo,
As He who dy'd a thouſand Years ago.—— *Id.*

Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,
Diſturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits,
When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,
Till the freſh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live!
Short are the Joys that human Life can give!
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the Draught,
And pall the God, that never thinks with Thought:
Idiots with all that Thought, to whom the worſt
Of Death, is Want of Drink, and endleſs Thirſt.
Or any fond Deſire as vain as theſe.
For ev'n in Sleep, the Body wrapt in Eaſe
Supinely lyes as in the peaceful Grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound Sleep eternal, it were Death:
Yet the firſt *Atoms* then, the Seeds of Breath

haudquaquam noſtros tunc illa per artus
ſenſiferis Primordia motibus errare:
ireptus homo ex ſomno ſe conligit ipſe.
jitur mortem minùs ad Nos eſſe putandum,
eſſe poteſt, quàm quod nihil eſſe videmus.
im turbæ disjectus Materiaï
tur letho, nec quiſquam expergitus exſtat,
quem ſemel eſt vitaï pauſa ſecuta. ——

Lucret. Lib. III.

aut veniet: nihil eſt præſentis in illa:
ue minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis habet.

Ovid. Epiſt.

ius attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis,
rga, quid tenebras, quid nomina vana timetis,
a vatum, falſique piacula mundi?
ſive rogus flamma, ſive tabe vetuſtas
t, mala poſſe pati non ulla putetis.
rent animæ: ſemperque, priore relicta
ovis domibus habitant vivúntque receptæ. ——

Ovid. Met. XV.

Are moving near to Senſe: we do but ſhake
And rouſe that Senſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then Death, to Us, and Death's Anxiety,
Is leſs than Nothing, if a Leſs could be;
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away;
And never can return into their Place,
When once the Pauſe of Life has left an empty Space.—*Id.*

Death's always paſt or coming on; in this
There never any thing of preſent is:
And the Delays of Death more painful are,
Than Death itſelf, or Dying is, by far.——
You, whom the Terrors of cold Death affright:
Why do you tremble at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkneſs, and a fancy'd Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit! which but in Poems paſs,
And Fables of a World that never was!
Nought feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or conſum'd by Fires:
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.—— *Id.*

DEGENERACY.

TIME ſenſibly all Things impairs:
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours:—next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we.—— *Roſcommon.*

The Fates decree, that all Things here below
Ruſh into Worſe, and ever downward go:
Not otherwiſe, than when againſt the Courſe
Of ſome fierce Stream, one ſtrives with all his Force
Thro' the ſtrong Tide to urge the Veſſel on;
If once he ſlacks his Arm, he's inſtant gone,
And headlong hurry'd with the Torrent down.—*Dryd.*

Not ſo at firſt great *Romulus* preſcrib'd;
Severe the Laws when *Cato* was our Guide:
With better Principles our Fathers liv'd,
And juſter Maxims were of old receiv'd.—— *Anon.*

A. Vide Utendum eſt ÆTATE.

Ora dat vires,——————
Et validas ſegetes, quæ fuit herba, facit.
et latas arbor ſpatiantibus umbras,
ſita eſt primùm tempore, virga fuit:
it manibus ſumma tellure revelli,
at in immenſum viribus acta ſuis.
obſta: ſerò medicina paratur,
ala per longas convaluere moras.
a, nec te venturas differ in horas;
eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.— *Ov. Rem.*

: fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? Quaſi magnum
em donas? Sed cúm lux altera venit,
heſternum conſumpſimus: ecce aliud cras
annos, & ſemper paulùm erit ultrà.
nvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno,
ſeſe fruſtrà ſectabere canthum,
poſterior curras, & in axe ſecundo.——
Perſ. Sat. V.

rum fruſtra, cùm jam cutis ærea turgebit

DELAY. See TIME to be uſed.

DElay gives Strength: the tender bladed Grain,
Shot up to Stalk, can ſtand the Wind and Rain.
The Tree, whoſe Branches now are grown too big
For Hands to bend, was ſet a tender Twig:
When planted, to the ſlighteſt Touch 'twou'd yield,
But now has got Poſſeſſion of the Field.
Reſiſt at firſt: for Help in vain we pray,
When Ills have gain'd full Strength by long Delay.
Be ſpeedy: for who's not to Day inclin'd,
To morrow we ſhall more unwilling find.—*Tate* alter'd.
Who till to Morrow would his Work delay:
His lazy Morrow will be like to Day,
But is one Day of Eaſe too much to borrow?
Yes, ſure; for Yeſterday was once to Morrow.
That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs Days will thus be drain'd:
For Thou haſt more to Morrows ſtill to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Taſk:
Who, like the hindmoſt Chariot Wheels, art curſt
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.—— *Dryden.*
Stop the Diſeaſe in Time: for, when within
The Dropſy rages, and extends the Skin,
In vain for *Hellebore* the Patient cries,
And ſees the Doctor, but too late is wiſe.
What then avail his offer'd Bags of Wealth?
Not all the *Colledge* can reſtore his Health.— *Id.* alter'd.
He's got half way that has his Work begun:
Then dare be wiſe, and venture boldly on:
Begin to live: this Moment's in thy Pow'r,
Employ it then, nor wait a fitter Hour,
Like ſome dull Clown, who at a River's Side
Expecting ſtands, in Hopes the running Tide
Will all e'er long be paſt:—Fool! not to know, [alter'd.
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.—*Hughes*

DELUGE. See FLOOD.

THE Skies from Pole to Pole with Peals reſound,
And Show'rs enlarg'd, come pouring on the Ground.

Th

ſatis arbuſta ſimul, pecudéſque, viróſque,
, cumque ſuis rapiunt penetralia ſacris.
)mus manſit, potuitque reſiſtere tanto
malo: culmen tamen altior hujus
;it, preſſæque labant ſub gurgite turres.
mare & tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant.
)ontus erant. Deerant quoque littora ponto.
hic collem: cymba ſedet alter aduncâ,
remos illic ubi nuper ararat.

ſegetes, aut merſæ culmina villæ,
: hic ſumma piſcem deprendit in ulmo.
ı viridi (ſi fors tulit) anchora prato:
:cta terunt curvæ vineta carinæ.
) quæ graciles gramen carpſere, capellæ,
deformes ponunt ſua corpora Phocæ.
ſub aqua lucos, urbéſque, domúſque,
: ſilváſque tenent Delphines, & altis
ramis, agitataque robora pulſant.
s inter oves: fulvos vehit unda leones:
ıit tigres. Nec vires fulminis apro,
: ablato proſunt velocia cervo.

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain:
And float the Fields, and overtop the Grain:
Then ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy Sway,
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
Nor ſafe their Dwellings were, for, ſapp'd by Floods,
Their Houſes fell upon their Houſehold Gods.
The ſolid Piles too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads behold a watry Wall:
Now Seas and Earth were in Confuſion loſt,
A World of Waters, and without a Coaſt.
One climbs a Cliff: one in his Boat is born:
And plows above, where late he ſow'd his Corn.— *Dryd.*
One ſails where Village-Tops the Waves o'erwhelm,
One Fiſhes takes amidſt a lofty Elm.
In Fields they Anchor caſt, if Chance ſo guide,
While crooked Keels oppreſs the Vineyard's Side.
Where on the Graſs, the Kids but lately fed,
The monſtrous Sea-Calf forms his ooſy Bed.
Beneath the deep, the *Nereids*, in Surprize,
See Woods, and Groves, and Towns, and Temples riſe.
The Dolphins now amidſt the Foreſts glide,
Shake the tall Oaks, and beat the Boughs aſide.
The frighted Wolf now ſwims amongſt the Sheep;
Lions and Tygers mingle in the deep:
His Swiftneſs now avails the Hart no more,
Nor Force of Light'ning aids the tuſked Boar.— *Sewell* alt.
The Birds, long beating on their Wings in vain,
Deſpair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales no more Diſtinction know:
And levell'd Nature lies oppreſs'd below.
The moſt of Mortals periſh in the Flood:
The ſmall Remainder dies for Want of Food.— *Dryden.*

DESOLATION.

THE tott'ring Pillars nodding Roofs ſuſtain,
And, gaping wide, half ruin'd Walls remain:
Fv'n in th' *Italian* Cities, once ſo great,
Scarcely a living Creature now you meet:

Now,

Vix tectæ poterunt mo
Albanóſque lares, Laurentinóſq
Rus vacuum, quod non habite
Invitus. ———————

Circuit exuſtæ nomen memora
Magnaque Phœbei quærit veſtig
Jam ſylvæ ſteriles, & putres rob
Aſſarici preſſere domos, & temp
Jam laſsâ radice tenent: ac tota
Pergama dumetis: etiam periere

——————— Phryx incol
Hectoreos calcare vetat. diſcuſſa ja
Saxa, nec ullius faciem ſervantia fa

Inhabitants the Houſes ſtand,
eſolation reigns o'er all the Land:
elds, for Years untill'd, vile Weeds o'ergrow;
ands are left to exerciſe the Plow.——
eeding Nations by the Sword ſhall die,
allow'd up in dark Oblivion lye;
ity *Latium* with her Cities crown'd,
ke an antiquated Fable ſound:
ian and the *Gabian* Towers ſhall fall,
ie promiſcuous Ruin cover all:
fter Length of Years, a Stone betray
ace where once the very Ruins lay:
lba's Walls, and the *Lavinian* Strand,
ely Deſart, and an empty Land,)
are afford, for needful Hours of Reſt;
e Houſe to their benighted Gueſt.—— *Addiſon.*
Place he view'd, where ever dear to Fame,
City ſtood, e'er 'twas by fire conſum'd;
ught to find ſome Footſteps of the Walls
bus rear'd: but a thick Wood of Weeds,
aſted moſſy Trunks with Branches ſear,
'er the Palaces of *Priam*'s Race;
ith their Roots, now mould'ring into Duſt,
d the ſacred Temples of the Gods.——
l prickly Thorns, and Brambles over-run,
e, all waſte and deſperate is laid;
'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.—— *Rowe.*
l off, ſtand off, the Guide, a *Phrygian*, cries,
mple o'er where mighty *Hector* lies:
here and there, lay ſcatter'd on the Ground,
Appearance of a Tomb was found.——

DESPAIR.

ET us die, and ruſh
Into the thickeſt Arms: to vanquiſh'd Men
ly Safety is to hope for none.
———Thence, like Wolves
ng in gloomy Shade, which Hunger blind
along, while their forſaken Whelps

——————Ut
Præcipiti pinus Borea, cui
Frœna ſuus rector, quam D

——————Qualis cùm tur
Repulit à Lybicis immenſun
Fractáque veliferi ſonuerunt p
Deſilit in fluctus deſertâ pupp
Navitáque, & nondum ſparsâ
Naufragium ſibi quiſque facit

Illam non fluctus, ſtridénſq
Movit, & exurgens ad ſumm
Votáque ſollicitis faciens contra
Compoſita in mortem jacuit, ſavi

Regina ut tectis vénientem p
Inceſſi muros, ignes ad tecta vol
——————Subito mentem turbata d
Se cauſam clámat crimén

Expect them with dry Jaws: thro' Darts, thro' Foes
We march to certain Death. ———— *Trap.*

When with ſad Eyes the venerable *Sire,
Beheld his *Ilion* ſunk in hoſtile Fire:
His Palace ſtorm'd, the lofty Gates laid low;
His rich Pavilions crowded with the Foe:
In Arms, long ſince diſus'd, the hoary Sage
Loads each ſtiff languid Limb that ſhook with Age:
Girds on an unperforming Sword, in vain!
And runs on Death amidſt the hoſtile Train.—— *Pitt.*

So fares the Pilot, when his Ship is toſs'd
In troubled Seas, and all its Steerage loſt:
He gives her to the Winds, and in Deſpair,
Seeks his laſt Refuge in the Gods and Prayer.— *Addiſon.*

Thus when the ſtormy South is heard to roar,
And rolls huge Billows from the *Lybian* Shore:
When rending Sails flit with the driving Blaſt,
And with a Craſh down comes the lofty Maſt:
Some Coward Maſter leaps from off the Deck,
And haſty to Deſpair, prevents the Wreck:
And though the Bark unbroken hold her Way,
Her trembling Crew all plunge into the Sea.— *Rowe.*

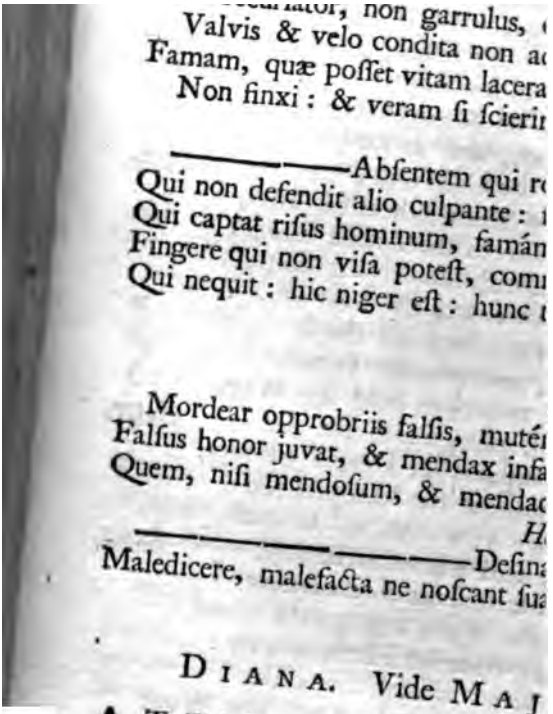
In ſullen Peace, compos'd for Death, ſhe lyes,
And waiting, longs to hear the Tempeſt riſe:
She hopes the Seamen's Vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the Storm, and wiſhes to be loſt.—— *Rowe.*

Soon as the Queen beheld the Foe advance
Againſt the Town, the Walls beleaguer'd round,
And to the Roofs the flaming Firebrands fly:
Frantic with ſudden Grief Herſelf ſhe calls
The Crime, the Head, the Cauſe of all their Woe:
A thouſand Things ſhe utters in Deſpair:
Diſtracted, wild: and rends her purple Robes,
And from a lofty Beam ſuſpended tyes
The fatal Knot of ignominious Death.—— *Trap.*

DETRACTION.

ONE Drop of Poyſon in my Patron's Ear,
One ſlight Suggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs Fear,

* *Priam.*



...ulator, non garrulus,
Valvis & velo condita non a
Famam, quæ poſſet vitam lacera
Non finxi : & veram ſi ſcieri

———————Abſentem qui r
Qui non defendit alio culpante :
Qui captat riſus hominum, famán
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, com
Qui nequit : hic niger eſt : hunc

Mordear opprobriis falſis, mutér
Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infa
Quem, niſi mendoſum, & mendac
H
———————————Defin
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſu

DIANA. Vide MAJ

A T Triviæ lenis ſ...

Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me.
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the Family,
In vain forgotten Services I boaſt:
My long Dependance in an Hour is loſt.—— *Dryden.*
Let him cry *Blackmoor-Devil* whoſe Skin is white;
And *Bandy-Legs*, who treads himſelf upright:
Let him reprove that's innocent:——in vain
The *Gracchi* of Sedition muſt complain.—— *Tate.*
I ſhunn'd with Caution the officious Tale:
Saw what was bare, but ne'er withdrew a Veil.
I never forg'd, to urge another's Fate,
Falſe Facts, nor did I thoſe I knew relate.—— *Anon.*
The Man who vilifies an abſent Friend,
Or hears him ſcandaliz'd, and don't defend:
Who, much deſiring to be thought a Wit,
Will have his Jeſt, regardleſs whom it hit:
Who what he never ſaw proclaims for true,
And vends for Secrets what he never knew:
Who blabs whate'er is whiſper'd in his Ear,
And fond of Talk, does all he knows declare:
That Man's a Wretch:—of Him beſure beware.——
If I'm bely'd, ſhall I turn pale for this?
Falſe Honours pleaſe, and falſe Reports diſgrace
And trouble, whom?—The Vicious and the Baſe.—
Creech.
Let Men of Others to ſpeak Ill forbear,
Or their own Follies they'll be ſure to hear.——

DIANA. See MAJESTY.

BUT mild the Beauties of DIANA were,
And all her Charms ſerene, and ſweetly fair:
Her Brother's Looks adorn her radiant Face,
Her Cheeks and ſparkling Eyes expreſs his Grace:
The ſame ſhe were, did not her Sex alone,
A Diff'rence cauſe, and make the Virgin known.
Her Arms are naked to th' admiring Eye,
And in the Wind her careleſs Treſſes fly:

DIFFIC

QUOD datur ex facili,
Miſcenda eſt lætis rara
Ante fores jaceant: crudelis
Multaque ſummiſsè, multa
Dulcia non ferimus: fucco re
Sæpe perit ventis obruta cy
Hoc eſt, uxores quod non pat
Conveniunt illas, cum volue
Claude fores: duro dicat tibi
Non potes: excluſum te qu

Quod licet, ingratum eſt: q
Si nunquam Danaën habuiſſet a
Non eſſet Danaë de Jove fact

DISPLICENTIA.

QUî fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo,
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu Fo

Her furniſh'd Quiver on her Shoulder hung,
And her neglected Bow was now unſtrung.
Her *Cretan* Veſt, ſhort gather'd from the Ground,
A double Girdle regularly bound.
There floating *Delos* the rich Robes diſplay,
And round the wand'ring Iſle is wrought a golden Sea.—
Hughes alter'd.

DIFFICULTY.

WHO ſoon is won, will ſoon her Lovers loſe:
But who'd retain them long, muſt long refuſe:
Oft at the Door make them for Entrance wait,
And much complain, and threaten, and intreat.
Bitters, when cloy'd with Sweets, our Taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair Winds, are ſometimes drove aſhore.
Hence ſprings the Coldneſs of a marry'd Life,
The Huſband, when he pleaſes, has his Wife.
Bar but the Gate, and let the Porter cry,
Here's no Admittance, Sir: I muſt deny.
Such Oppoſition will increaſe Deſire,
And kindle in thy Breaſt a fiercer Fire.—*Congreve* alter'd.
We diſeſteem what's eaſy to obtain,
But what's forbidden are e'en mad to gain:
Had *Danaë* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs, [*Dryd.* alt.
Jove had not thought her worth his golden Show'rs.—

DISCONTENT. See CARE.

MY Lord, how comes it, no One lives content,
With what himſelf has choſe, or Fortune ſent:
But madly doting on his Neighbour's Lot,
Contemns th' Advantages his own has got?
O happy Merchant! the old Soldier cries,
Broke with Fatigue and martial Exerciſe.
The Merchant, by the Billows toſs'd on high,
Cries, happy is the Soldier's Fate: for why,
A Battle ſoon brings Death, or joyful Victory.

Stultus utérque locum immeri
In culpa eſt animus, qui ſe r

Discordia. Vic

INfremuere tubæ, ac ſciſſo
Extulit, ad ſuperos Stygiu
Concretus ſanguis, contuſaque
Stabant ærati ſcabra rubigine d
Tabo linguo fluens, obſeſſa dra
Atque intertorto laceratam pec
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat l

Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, &
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia
Aſpicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe
Atque has erumpit furibundo pe
Sumite nunc gentes accenſis m
Sumite, & in medias immittite

The hurrying Lawyer, calls the Farmer bleſt,
When early Clients interrupt his Reſt.
The Farmer, whom ſome Buſineſs of the Law,
Does from the Country to the City draw,
Extols the Pleaſures of the gaudy Town,
And thinks a City Life the only one.——
Your Country Life I judge an Happineſs,
And mine in Town, you fancy, is no leſs:
Fond of each other's Lot, we hate our own,
And wrongly blame the Country, or the Town:
Fools both! for in the Place no Fault does lie,
But in the Mind,—from which there's none can fly.——

DISCORD. See WAR Civil.

THE Trumpets ſound! when ſtrait fell *Diſcord* rais'd
Her *Stygian* Head, and ſhook her matted Locks:
With clotted Blood her Face was cover'd o'er,
And gummy Horrors from her Eyes diſtill'd:
Two Rows of canker'd Teeth deform'd her Mouth,
And from her Tongue a Stream of Poiſon flow'd,
While hiſſing Serpents play'd around her Cheeks;
Her livid Skin with Rags was ſcarce conceal'd,
And in her trembling Hand a Torch ſhe ſhook.
Aſcending thus from the *Tartarean* Gloom,
She reach'd the Top of lofty *Apennine:*
Whence ev'ry Sea and Land ſhe might behold,
And Armies moving over all the Globe:
Then from her furious Boſom thus ſhe ſpoke.
Now ruſh, ye Nations, ruſh to mutual Arms:
And let *Diſſention*'s Torch for ever burn!
Let Flight no longer now the Coward ſave,
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Childhood Pity move:
Let the Earth tremble, and her haughtieſt Tow'rs
Shake, in convulſive Ruins, to the Ground.——
As ſtubborn Steers by brawny Plowmen broke,
And joyn'd reluctant to the galling Yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile Necks to bear
Th' unwonted Weight, or drag the crooked Share,

Bot-

DISSIMULATIO.

trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
& vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
s indomitos præceps Diſcordia fratres
——— *Stat. Theb.* Lib. I.

DISSIMULATIO.

is de Stirpe Dei verſuta propago
itur Autolicus, furtum ingenioſus ad omne:
aſſuerat, patriæ non degener artis,
e nigris, & de candentibus atra.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

bi concepit Furias evicta dolore
ue mori: tempus ſecum ipſa modúmque
, mœſtam dictis aggreſſa ſororem,
vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat:
ermana, viam, gratare ſorori,
reddat eum, vel eo me ſolvat amantem.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

anus juvenem interea poſt terga revinctum
pagno ad regem clamore trahebant

But rend the Reins, and bound a diff'rent Way,
And all the Furrows in Confuſion lay:
Such was the *Diſcord* of the royal Pair,
Whom Fury drove precipitate to War.—— *Pope.*

DISSIMULATION.

TO *Mercury Autolycus* ſhe brought,
Who turn'd to Thefts and Shifts his ſubtle Thought:
Poſſeſs'd he was of all his Father's Slight,
At Will made White look Black, and Black look White.—
Croxall.

——When all the Furies in her Breaſt
She had conceiv'd, o'ercome with wild Deſpair,
And reſolute to die: the Time, and Means
She with herſelf contrives: and Thus accoſts
Her mourning Siſter: (her Deſign conceals
And ſmooths her Viſage with diſſembled Hope.)
Rejoice with me, my Siſter: I have found
A ſure Expedient, which will either bring
My Lover back, or free me from my Love.—— *Trap.*

Mean while the *Trojan* Shepherds, ſhouting, dragg'd
A Youth, with pinion'd Arms, before the King:
Who with Deſign had fall'n into their Hands,
Unknown: to manage the concerted Plot,
And open to the *Greeks* the Gates of *Troy*:
Bold to attempt, and on both Sides prepar'd,
Either to meet Succeſs, or certain Death.—— *Id.*

Falſe Tears he ſhed, and from a joyful Breaſt
Fetch'd Sighs and Groans, believing Tears would beſt
The inward Pleaſure of his Heart conceal,
Which otherwiſe he fear'd he ſhould reveal.—— *Rowe.*

Does the fair Bride Love's Conteſt really dread
That ſhe takes on ſo, when ſhe's put to Bed?
Or, mind her Parents the diſſembled Tear?
She does not weep in earneſt, I dare ſwear.—— *Anon.*

Ibit, & obliquum bigas agitare
Indignata, diem poſcet ſibi : to
Machina divulſi turbabit fœdera

Rex ſuperum ——————
Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptáqu
Ardeat : & mundi moles operoſa

DISSUASIO. Vide S

—TEmeraria, dixit,
Vox mea facta tua eſt. U
Non dare! confiteor, ſolum hoc til
Diſſuadere licet. Non eſt

DISSOLUTION of all Things. See DEATH.

SO ſhall one Hour, at laſt, this Globe controul,
Break up the vaſt Machine, diſſolve the Whole,
And Time no more thro' meaſur'd Ages roll.
Then *Chaos* hoar ſhall ſeize his former Right,
And reign with Anarchy and endleſs Night:
The ſtarry Lamps ſhall combat in the Sky,
And loſt, and blended in each other, die:
Quench'd in the Deep the heavenly Fires ſhall fall,
And Ocean, caſt abroad, o'er ſpread the Ball.
The Moon no more her well known Courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from Weſtern Waves, and meet the Sun:
Ungovern'd, ſhall ſhe quit her ancient Way,
Herſelf ambitious to ſupply the Day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And Diſcord and Diſorder tear the World.—— *Rowe.*

Jove too remember'd that a Time ſhall come,
For ſuch is *Fate*'s irrevocable Doom,
When Sea, and Earth, and Sky, ſhall glow with Fire,
And all this vaſt Machine in Flames expire.——

DISSWASION. See INTREATY.

MY Son, ſays he, ſome other Proof require,
Raſh was my Promiſe, raſh is thy Deſire.
I'd fain deny this Wiſh, which Thou haſt made,
Or what I can't deny, wou'd fain diſſwade.
Too vaſt and hazardous the Taſk appears,
Not ſuited to thy Strength, nor to thy Years.
Thy Lot is mortal, but thy Wiſhes fly
Beyond the Province of Mortality.
Oh! don't, my Son, this fatal Gift require,
But, while Thou canſt, recall thy raſh Deſire.
Chuſe what Thou wilt from Seas, or Earth, or Skies,
For open to thy Wiſh all Nature lies:

Only

oc unum : quod vero nomine pœna,
r eſt : pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere poſcis.
colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis ?
: dabitur (Stygias juravimus undas)
ue optaris : ſed tu ſapientius opta.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

gis ? per ego has lachrymas dextrámque tuam,te,
liud mihi jam miſeræ nihil ipſa reliqui)
pia noſtra, per inceptos Hymenæos ;
id de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
um : miſerere domus labentis, & iſtam,
is adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

tans animi Juvenis, quantum ipſe feroci
uperas, tanto me impenſius æquum eſt
atque omnes metuentem expendere caſus.
regna patris Dauni, ſunt oppida capta
nu.———————
s bello varias : miſerere parentis

ne this one unequal Taſk,
:f not an Honour 'tis you aſk.
real Miſchief, *Phaëton:*
g not thus about my Neck, my Son:
ır Wiſh, and *Styx* has heard my Voice:
ıt you will:—but make a wiſer Choice.——
Addiſon.

t Thou fly?—By theſe diſtilling Tears,
ight Hand, (ſince Nought elſe I've reſerv'd
ied me,) by our connubial Rites,
ıenéal Loves but yet begun:
have ought of Thee deſerv'd,
hing of mine was e'er to Thee
: pity my declining State:
! if yet there's any room for Pray'r,
'eated,—yet thy Purpoſe change.—— *Trap.*
ant Youth! the more thy Valour boils
:, the more it me concerns
dence to adviſe, and fearing weigh
rds. Thee thy Father *Daunus'* Realms,
y Cities vanquiſh'd by thy Arms,
o own thy Sway.————
ı the various Chance of doubtful War:
ıged Father: whom from Thee
ıt City *Ardea* now divides,
liſconſolate.———————— *Id.*
:eping Queen, ev'n dying with her Fears,
ı the ardent Hero. By theſe Tears,
ee, *Turnus*, grant this one Requeſt:
of Rev'rence ever touch'd thy Soul,
Amata. Thou the only Hope
the Solace of my wretched Age:
Latinus' Fame, and Realm, on Thee
'al Houſe with all it's Streſs reclines.
nor urge the *Trojans* to the Field:
· Fortune waits Thee in the War,
my *Turnus*, waits.————
Lavinia ſeconds with her Tears
her's Suit; and bathes her glowing Cheeks.—*Id.*

Docs.

ES. Vide FUGA. VENATIO.

tibi cura Canum fuerit poſtrema: ſed unà
ces Spartæ catulos, acrémque Moloſſum
pingui: numquam cuſtodibus illis
n ſtabulis furem, incurſúſque luporum,
:ator à tergo horrebis Iberos.
n curſu timidos agitabis onagros:
s leporem, canibus venabere damas.
ıtabris pulſos ſylveſtribus apros
ırbabis agens: montéſque per altos
clamore premes ad retia cervum.——

Georg. Lib. III.

FLUCTUATIO.

Ugnant matérque ſorórque,
Et diverſa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
:u ſceleris pallabant ora futuri:
n fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem.
neſcio quid ſimilis crudele minanti
t: modo quem miſereri credere poſſes

DOGS. See FLIGHT. HUNTING.

NOR be thy Care of *Dogs* the laſt: but feed
With fatt'ning Whey the brave *Moloſſian* Race,
And the fleet *Spartan:* Never (while they watch)
The nightly Thief, or Inroads of the Wolf,
Or ravaging *Iberian*, ſhalt thou fear.
Oft too with Hounds the timerous wild Aſs
Thou ſhalt purſue: With Hounds the Hare, and Hind:
Oft from his wallowing Beds in Thickets rouſe
The ſylvan Boar, and chaſe him in full Cry:
And o'er the lofty Mountains, with a Shout,
The ſtately Stag into thy Toils impel.—— *Trap.*

DOUBT.

THE Mother and the Siſter long conteſt:
Two doubtful Titles, ſtruggling in her Breaſt.
With Horror of the Fact, now pale ſhe ſtood;
Now Rage boil'd high, and fluſh'd her Eyes with Blood:
Now dreadful Threats ſat glaring in her Face,
And milder Mercy now again took Place:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again: the Tears ſhe dry'd
With burning Rage, are by new Tears ſupply'd.
And, as a Ship, which Winds and Waves aſſail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail:
It feels a double Force, by Turns obeys
Th' imperious Tempeſt, and the impetuous Seas:
So fares *Althea*'s Mind: ſhe firſt relents
With Pity, of that Pity then repents.— *Dryden* alter'd.

'Twas now the Noon of Night, when Slumbers cloſe
Our Eyes, and ſooth our Cares with ſoft Repoſe.
But no Repoſe could wretched *Myrrha* find,
Her Body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her Mind:
Mad with Deſire, ſhe ruminates her Sin,
And Wiſhes all her Wiſhes o'er again:

[illegible], multo vult tentare : pudétque
[illegible], quod agat, non invenit : utque fecuri
[illegible] ingrem, ubi plaga novissima restat,
[illegible], in dubio est : omnique à parte timetur :
[illegible] vario libratus vulnere nutat
[illegible], atque illuc : mentemque fumit utroque.
[illegible], aut requies, nisi mors reperitur.—
[illegible].——————————

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

[illegible]nimum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
[illegible]que rapit varias, pariterque omnia versat.
[illegible] tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
[illegible]cussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
[illegible]volitat hæc huc : jamque sub auras
[illegible]lumineque ferit laquearia tecti.——

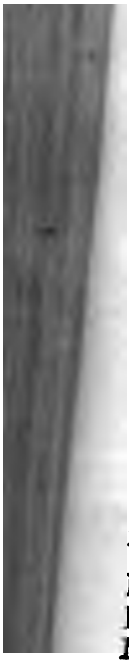
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

[illegible]ait, dolendumne geri lacrymabile bellum,
[illegible]est. Dolo quod Minos hostis amanti est :

v ſhe deſpairs: and now reſolves to try:
u'd not, and wou'd again, ſhe knows not why:
s, and returns: makes, and retracts the Vow:
ı wou'd begin, but underſtands not how.
when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
l the laſt mortal Stroke alone remains,
tering it ſtands aloft, and threatning all,
s Way, and that Way nods, uncertain where to fall:
Myrrha's Mind, impell'd on either Side,
es every Bent, but cannot long abide:
ſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
————His wavering Mind divides
Thouſand Ways: now This, now That reſolves,
l turns on every Side it's ſhifting Thoughts.
vhen in brazen Vats the trembling Light
Water, from the Sun's reflected Beams,
from the Image of the radiant Moon,
ı all around, and now is whirl'd aloft
the high Roof, and dances in the Air.—— *Trap.*
ıould Joy, or Grief, ſhe ſaid, poſſeſs my Breaſt,
ee my Country by a War oppreſt?
in Suſpence! For, tho' 'tis Grief to know
're a Man who is declar'd my Foe;
, in my own Deſpite, I muſt approve
t lucky War, which brought the Man I love.—*Croxall.*

DREAMS. See SLEEP.

Olded in Sleep whilſt all the Members lie,
And the whole Body is to Reſt compos'd,
ı, even then, we fancy we're awake,
move, and act, and view the glorious Sun,
chearful Day;—tho' pitchy Night it be:
ı too, tho' all the while in Bed confin'd,
ginary Climes we journey thro':
various Seas, Rivers, and Mountains ſteep,
flow'ry Fields we range: and Voices hear,



...ctum cum ventri
Nos agere hoc autem, & Nat
Semper, & inventam patriis e
Et quibus in rebus confuerint
Non Homines solùm, sed verc
Quippe videbis Equos forteis,
In Somnis sudare tamen, spirai
Et quasi de palma summas cont
Tunc quasi carceribus patefactis
Venantumque Canes in molli saq
Jactant crura tamen subitò, voc
Mittunt, & crebras redducunt n
Ut Vestigia si teneant inventa fer
At Pater è populo natorum m
Excitat artificem simulatorémque
Morpheo. Non illo jussos solert
Exprimit incessus, vultúmque m
Adjicit & Vestes, & consuetissima
Verba. Sed hic solos homines in
Fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo co
Hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phob
Nominat. Est etiam diver...

And Anſwers apt return; tho' all around,
Reigns ſolemn Silence, and a Huſh profound.——

Whatever Studies pleaſe, whatever Things
The Mind purſues, or dwells on with Delight,
The ſame, in *Dreams*, engage our chief Concern:
The Lawyers plead, and argue what is Law:
The Soldiers fight, and thro' the Battle rage:
The Sailors Work, and ſtrive againſt the Winds:
Me, an Enquiry into Nature's Laws,
And writing down my Thoughts continually employs.—
Whatever Actions often are perform'd,
On every Creature elſe, as well as Man,
Have this Effect: Stout Horſes you ſhall ſee,
(Whilſt at their Length, and faſt aſleep they lie,)
Lather'd with Sweat, ſnorting, and panting quick:
As if, the Barrier down, with all their Strength,
They ſtretch'd, and were contending for the Palm.
Hounds too are often hunting in their Sleep,
And fling about their Limbs, and open oft,
And often ſnuff the Air, as on full Scent,
Purſuing cloſe the Footſteps of their Prey.——
But * He, of Dreams the Parent, does excite
Morpheus that artful maſquerading Sprite:
Morpheus, of all his num'rous Sons, expreſs'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated beſt:
The Walk, the Words, the Geſture could ſupply,
The Habit mimic, and the Mein belie:
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another Birds, and Beaſts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images, and Monſter ſhapes:
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall,
The Gods have nam'd: but Men *Phobetor* call.
A third is *Phantaſus*, whoſe Actions roll
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul:
Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs, he repreſents in Dreams,
And ſolid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams.— *Dryd.*

* *Somnus* the God of Sleep.

minæ Somni portæ : quarum altera fertur
nâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris :
ndenti perfecta nitens elephanto :
ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia Manes.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

oporifera veluti cum ſomnia ludunt
culos, effoſſaque protulit aurum
ellus, verſat manus improba furtum,
que rapit, ſudor quoque perluit ora,
n timor altus habet, ne forte gravatum
remium ſecreti conſcius auri.
ugerunt eluſam gaudia mentem,
rma redit, animus quod perdidit optat,
præterita ſe totus imagine verſat.— *Petronius.*

quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
ra Deûm, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
uiſque facit. Nam quum proſtata ſopore
embra quies, & Mens ſine pondere ludit :
luce fuit, tenebris agit.————

Two Gates of *Sleep* there are: the one of Horn,
Thro' which with Eaſe the real *Fantoms* paſs:
With poliſh'd Elephant the other ſhines,
Thro' which the *Manes* ſend falſe *Dreams* to Light.—*Trap.*

So when a Dream our ſleeping Sight betrays,
And to our View ſome hidden Gold conveys,
Our buſy Hands th' inviting Treaſure ſeize,
And ſhort-liv'd Joys our working Fancy pleaſe:
But ſtraight, we ſweat with Dread, leſt any Spy,
Should find the Secret, and our Theft deſcry.
Nay, even when the charming Dream is o'er,
When we're awake, and as we were before,
Sighing, we wiſh the fancy'd Loſs regain'd,
And with the Image ſtill are entertain'd.——
When, in our Dreams, the Forms of Things ariſe,
In mimic Order plac'd before our Eyes,
Nor Heav'n, nor Hell, the airy Viſion ſends,
But ev'ry Breaſt it's own Deluſion lends.
For when ſoft Sleep the Body lays at Eaſe,
And from the heavy Maſs our Fancy frees,
Whate'er it is in which we take Delight,
And think of moſt by Day, we dream at Night.——
Thus he who ſhakes proud States, and Cities burns,
Sees Show'rs of Darts, forc'd Lines, diſorder'd Wings,
Fields drown'd in Blood, and Obſequies of Kings:
The *Lawyer* dreams of Terms, and double Fees,
And trembles when he long Vacations ſees:
The *Miſer* hides his Wealth, new Treaſure finds:
In ecchoing Woods his Horn the Huntſman winds:
The *Sailor*'s Dream a ſhipwreck'd Chance deſcribes:
The *Whore* writes Billet doux: Th' Adultreſs bribes:
The op'ning *Dog* the tim'rous Hare purſues:
And Miſery in Sleep it's Pain renews.— *Anon.* alter'd.
Still Slumbers *Eriſichthon*'s Senſes drown,
And ſooth his Fancy with their ſofteſt Down.
He dreams of Viands delicate to eat,
And revels on imaginary Meat.

ORNATUS.

na movet, dentémque in dente fatigat :
e cibo deluſum guttur inani :
pulis tenues nequicquam devorat auras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

NATUS, et ELEGANTIA MORUM.

litiæ placeant : fuſcentur corpora campo :
bene convéniens, & ſine labe toga.
e nec rigeat : careant rubigine dentes :
gus in laxa pes tibi pelle natet.
deformet rigidos tonſura capillos :
na, ſit docta barba reſecta manu.
mineant, & ſint ſine ſordibus Ungues :
cava nullus ſtet tibi nare pilus.
odorati ſit triſtis anhelitus oris :
dat nares vírque patérque gregis.— *Ovid. Art.* I.
ei munus : formâ quota quæque ſuperbit ;
ſtrum tali munere magna caret.
it faciem ; facies neglecta peribit.——
Ovid. Art. Lib. III.
ue non caris aures onerate lapillis :
ite graves inſuto veſtibus auro :

Chaws with his working Mouth, but chaws in vain,
And tires his grinding Teeth with fruitleſs Pain:
Deludes his Throat with viſionary Fare,
Feaſts on the Wind, and Banquets on the Air.— *Vernon.*

DRESS, and GOOD BREEDING.

BE not too finical, but yet be clean,
And wear well faſhion'd Cloths, like other Men.
Nor ſputt'ring ſpeak, nor let your Teeth be foul,
Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too looſely roul.
Of a black Muzzle, and black Beard beware,
And let a ſkilfull Barber cut your Hair.
Your Nails be pick'd from Filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty Noſtrils bud with Beard:
Cure your unſavoury Breath; gargle your Throat;
And free your Arm-Pits from the Ram and Goat.—*Dryd.*

Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!
Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd!
Art helps a Face: a Face tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful Care.——*Congreve.*

Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
Nor in Embroidery, or Brocade, appear:
Too rich a Dreſs may ſometimes check Deſire,
And Cleanlineſs more animates Love's Fire.
The Hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a Grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the Face.
What ſuits your Features of your Glaſs enquire,
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head Attire.—— *Id.*

A Face too long ſhould part and flat the Hair,
Leaſt, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:
So *Laodamia* dreſs'd. A Face too round
Sould ſhew the Ears, and with a Tow'r be crown'd.
On either Shoulder, one, her Locks diſplays,
Adorn'd like *Phœbus* when he ſings his Lays;
Another, all her Treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.

Diſhevell'd

cet inflates laxe jaciſſe capillos :
: ultricibus impedienda comis.
cet ornari teſtudine Cyllenea :
ar ſimiles fluctibus illa ſinu.—— *Ibid.*

ſta decet multas coma, ſæpe jacere
nam credas, illa repexa modo eſt.
m ſimulat.—— *Ibid.*

a terra parit flores cum vere repenti
git gemmas, pigraque fugit hyems.
, aut plures lucos habit : elige certos :
non conveniens omnibus unus erit.
ic nivea : Rubicunda pulla decebat :
ri fulva : albis Cephei placebas :
i veſtibus pulla Seriphos erat.—— *Ibid.*

er mendis facies caret : occule mendas :
, pares, vitium comparis abde tui.
os, Medea : ne ſturis videare ſedere :
ſit ocyus quantulacunque mora.

Diſhevell'd Locks moſt graceful are to ſome:
Others the binding Fillets more become:
Some plat, like ſpiral Shells, their braded Hair:
Others the looſe and waving Curl prefer.—— *Id.*

Many there are who ſeem to ſlight all Care,
And with a pleaſing Negligence enſnare:
Whole Mornings oft, in ſuch a Dreſs are ſpent,
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.—— *Id.*

As Fields you find with various Flow'rs o'erſpread,
When Vineyards bud, and Winters Froſt is fled:
So various are the Colours you may try,
Of which the thirſty Wool imbibes the Dye.
Try ev'ry one, what beſt becomes you, wear:
For no Complexion all alike, can bear.
If fair the Skin, black may become it beſt;
In black the lovely fair *Briſeïs* dreſs'd:
If brown the Nymph, let her be cloth'd in white;
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wond'ring Sight.—— *Id.*

Faults in your Perſon, or your Face, correct:
And few are ſeen that have not ſome Defect.
The Nymph too ſhort, her Seat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit:
And, when extended on her Couch ſhe lies,
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size.
The Lean, of thick wrought Stuff her Cloths ſhould chuſe,
And fuller made than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon Juice apply:
If ſwarthy, to the pearly *Fucus* fly.
A Leg too lank, tight Garters ſtill muſt wear,
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd Foot be ever bare.
Round Shoulders, bolſter'd will appear the leaſt:
And lacing ſtraight, confines too full a Breaſt.
Whoſe Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much Geſture in Diſcourſe.
And You, whoſe Breath is touch'd, this Caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another, ſpeak.
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,
Whoſe Teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.

You'd

ur? discunt etiam ridere puellæ:
ur atque illis hæc quoque parte decor.
ci nictus: sint parvæ utrimque lacunæ:
mos dentes ima labella tegant.
erpetuo contendunt illa risu:
: nescio quid fœmineumque sonent.—*Ov. Art.* III.

his, quando profunt, impendite curam:
fœmineo corpora ferre gradu.
ir arte latus: tunicisque fluentibus auras
, extensos fertque superba pedes.
conjux Umbri rubicunda mariti
r, ingentes varica fertque gradus.
in multis, modus hic quoque: rusticus alter
n incessu, mollior alter erit.—— *Ibid.*

cultu: gemmis auróque teguntur
: pars minima est ipsa puella sui.
sit, quod ames, inter tam multa requiras:
hæc oculos regide dives amor.——
Ovid. Rem. Am. Lib. I.

ou'd hardly think how much on this depends,
nd how a Laugh, or ſpoils a Face, or mends.
ape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your Gums,
nd loſe the Dimple which the Cheek becomes:
or let your Sides too ſtrong Concuſſions ſhake,
eſt you the Softneſs of the Sex forſake.—— *Id.*

Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends:
ow learn what way of Walking recommends.
ne has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
Which helps her Coats to catch the ſwelling Wind:
well'd with the wanton Wind they looſely flow,
nd ev'ry Step and graceful Motion ſhow.
nother, like an *Umbrian*'s ſturdy Spouſe,
rides all the Space her Petticoat allows.
etween Extreams, in this, a Mean adjuſt:
Nor ſhew too nice a Gate, nor too robuſt.—— *Id.*

By Art we're won: Gold, Gems, and rich Attire,
lake up the Pageant you ſo much admire:
n all that glitt'ring Figure which you ſee,
he leaſt, leaſt Part of her own ſelf is ſhe.
n vain, for her you love, amidſt ſuch Coſt,
ou ſearch: the Miſtreſs in the Dreſs is loſt.—— *Tate.*

Proud *Cleopatra* with Ambition fir'd,
lad ſtain'd her Cheeks, and arm'd with artful Care
ler fatal Eyes, new Conqueſts to prepare:
right Jewels grac'd her Neck, and ſparkled in her Hair.
'ercharg'd with Spoils which the *Red-Sea* ſupply'd,
carce can ſhe move beneath the pond'rous Pride.
)f wondrous Work, a thin *Sydonian* Lawn
'er each ſoft Breaſt in Decency was drawn:
ut thro' the Veil, contriv'd its Charms to ſhew,
ler lovely Boſom panting roſe to View.—*Hughes* alter'd.

DRUIDS.

YE *Druids*, too, now Arms are heard no more,
Old Myſteries and barb'rous Rites reſtore.
o You, and You of all Mankind alone,
he Gods are ſure reveal'd, or ſure unknown:

Whilſt

neſcire datum : nemora alta remotis
ueris. Vobis autoribus, Umbræ
as Erebi ſedes, Ditisque profundi
gna petunt : regit idem Spiritus artus
. Longæ (canitis ſi cognita) vitæ
ia eſt.——————

Certè populi, quos deſpicit arctos,
rore ſuo, quos ille timorum
haud urget leti metus. Indè ruendi
mens prona viris, animæque capaces
ignavum eſt redituræ parcere vitæ.——
Lucan. Lib. I.

Whilſt in the gloomy Coverts of the Grove,
You dwell retir'd, and Religion love.
If dying Mortals' Dooms you ſing aright,
No Ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful Night:
No parting Souls to grizly *Pluto* go,
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent Shades below:
But forth they fly, immortal in their Kind,
And other Bodies, in new Worlds they find.
Thus Life for ever runs its endleſs Race,
And, like a Line, Death but divides the Space,
A Stop which can but for a Moment laſt,
A Point between the Future and the Paſt.
Thrice happy They, beneath their northern Skies,
And bleſt in their Miſtake,————
Who that worſt Fear, the Fear of Death, deſpiſe:
Hence they no Cares for this frail *Being* feel,
But ruſh, undaunted, on the pointed Steel:
Provoke approaching Fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that Life, which muſt ſo ſoon return.—*Rowe* alt.

DYING. See SUICIDE. WOUND.

——*SHE ſtrives with Pain
To lift her heavy Lids, and fainting ſinks:
The Wound infix'd ſounds deep beneath her Breaſt.
Thrice, leaning on her Arm, ſhe feebly rais'd
Her Body: thrice roll'd back upon the Bed:
With ſwimming Eyes ſeeks the laſt Light of Heav'n,
And groans to find it. Then the Wife of *Jove*,
Pitying her tedious Pangs, and ſtruggling Death,
Sends *Iris* from above, to diſengage
Her agonizing Soul. For ſince ſhe fell
Neither by Fate, nor by a Death deſerv'd,
But dy'd unfortunate before her Time,
Tranſported by a ſudden Paſſion's Rage;
As yet *Proſerpina* her yellow Hair
Had not ſhorn off, nor to the *Stygian* Shades

* *Dido.*

Conſign'd

MORIENS.

croceis per cœlum roſcida pennis,
ens varios adverſo ſole colores,
& ſupra caput aſtitit: Hunc ego Diti
ſia ſero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo.
dextrâ crinem ſecat: omnis & unà
calor, atque in ventos vita receſſit.——

Æn. IV.

una moriens telum trahit: oſſa ſed inter
ſ coſtas alto ſtat vulnere mucro.
ciangais, labuntur frigida leto
purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
ciſſimus. Accam ex æqualibus unam
t, ſibi ante alias quæ ſola Camillæ,
partiri curas; atque hæc ita fatur:
a ſoror, nunc vultus acerbum
& tenebris nigreſcunt omnia circum.
& hoc Turni mandata noviſſima perfer:
ugnæ. Troumque arcem urbe
Sic nos acres ingruere hubemas,
t non pœna ſuem ... tum frigida toto

ɔnſign'd her. *Iris* then, with ſaffron Wings,
ewy, and drawing from the oppoſing Sun
thouſand various Colours in the Sky,
lighted ſwift: and hov'ring o'er her Head,
his Lock to *Pluto* ſacred, by Command,
ɔear: and from this Body ſet thee free.
ıe ſaid, and with her Right Hand cut the Lock:
t once the vital Heat is all extinct,
nd Life diſſolving fleets into the Winds.—— *Trap.*

——————*She dying tugs
he ſticking Jav'lin: but between the Bones,
the deep Wound, fix'd ſtands the pointed Steel:
ll pale ſhe ſinks: her cold Eyes ſink in Death:
nd from her Cheeks the roſy Colour flies.
hen thus, expiring, *Acca* ſhe beſpeaks,
[er beſt lov'd Friend, and Partner of her Cares:
——————My Siſter *Acca*, now
ſy Life-Blood iſſues thro' the aking Wound,
nd all Things ſwim in Miſts before my Eyes:
[aſte, and to *Turnus* theſe laſt Mandates bear:
et him ſucceed to Battle, and repel
he *Trojans* from the Town. And now,—Adieu.
ɔ ſaying, from her ſlacken'd Hand ſhe drops
he Reins: and not ſpontaneous flows to Earth:
ɔld, by Degrees, ſhe ſobs her Life away:
eclines her hanging Neck, and heavy Head;
————And to the Shades below
/ith Indignation flies her groaning Soul.—— *Id.*

When to the Youth his mournful Sire appears,
[is dying, weak, unweildy Head he rears:
/ith lifted Eyes, he caſt a mournful Look,
[is pale Lips mov'd, and fain he would have ſpoke:
ıt unexpreſs'd, th' imperfect Accent hung,
ɔoſt in his falling Jaws, and fault'ring Tongue:
'et in his ſpeechleſs Viſage ſeems expreſt,
/hat, had he Words, would be his laſt Requeſt:
'hat aged Hand to ſeal his cloſing Eye,
nd in his Father's fond Embrace to dye.—— *Rowe.*

* *Camilla.*

AQUILA.

ſunt artes. Erat immedicabile vulnus.
violas, riguòve papaver in horto,
nfringat, fulvis hærentia virgis:
emittant ſubito caput illa gravatum:
tineant: ſpecténtque cacumine terram.
moriens jacet: & defecta vigore
t oneri cervix: humeróque recumbit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

a quies oculos & ferreus urget
n æternum clauduntur lumina noctem.——
Virg. Æn. X.

AQUILA.

volans alte raptum cum fulva Draconem
Aquila, implicuítque pedes, atque unguibus
ſerpens ſinuoſa volumina verſat, [hæſit:
e horret ſquamis, & ſibilat ore,
ſurgens: illa haud minus urget adunco
n roſtro, ſimul æthera verberat alis.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

The Wound is mortal; Art affords no Aid.
So Violets, Poppies, and ſoft Lillies ſo,
Bruiſe but the tender Stem on which they grow,
Inſtant ſink down their unſupported Heads,
And bend, decaying, to their earthy Beds:
So hung his dying Looks; ſo, overſway'd,
His languid Neck was on his Shoulder laid.——
Theobald alter'd.

——————A deadly Reſt,
And iron Slumbers ſeal his heavy Eyes,
And cloſes them in everlaſting Night.—— *Trap.*

EAGLE.

AS when the tawny Eagle tow'ring high,
Sticks with her griping Talons in a Snake,
And ſnatches him aloft: He wounded writhes
His tortuous Volumes, and with ſtiffen'd Scales
Stares horrid: hiſſes loud, and in the Air
Erects his threat'ning Head: She not the leſs
Plies him, reluctant, with her hooky Beak;
And with her ſounding Pinions beats the Sky.—— *Trap.*

Not with more Eaſe the ſacred Bird of *Mars*,
The Faulcon, from a lofty Cliff purſues
A Dove ſublime in Air, and gripes her ſeiz'd,
And ſcoops her Entrails with his hooky Claws:
Torn Plumes and Blood fall mingled from the Sky.— *Id.*

In the vermilion Sky *Jove*'s tow'ring Bird
A Flock of River Fowl with ſounding Wings
Before him drove: Then, ſtooping to the Waves,
With his ſharp Pounces ſnatch'd and bore aloft
A ſtately Swan.—————— *Id.*

When *Jove*'s bold Bird, on ſome tall Cedar's Head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
While, yet unplum'd, within the Neſt they lye,
Wary ſhe turns 'em to the Eaſtern Sky:
Then, if unequal to the God of Day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent Ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away:

re pati radios, & lumine recto
diem cœli, ſervantur in uſus:
o ceſſere, jacent.———

Lucan. Lib. XI.

. Vide ÆTAS AUREA. CREATIO.

ié, genus herbarum, viridemque nitorem
dedit circum colleis: campóſque per omneis
ferant viridanti prata colore:
que datum eſt variis exinde per auras
magnum immiſſis certamen habenis.
atque pili primùm, ſetæque creantur
lum in membris, & corpore pennipotentum:
um Tellus herbas virgultaque primùm
nde loci mortalia fæcla creavit
lis multis varia ratione coorta.— *Luc.* Lib. V.

—Fruges, vinetaque læta
primùm mortalibus ipſa creavit.
dulceis fœtus, & pabula læta:
vix noſtro grandeſcunt aucta labore.——

ut if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Vithſtand the Light, and bear the golden Blaze,
'ender ſhe broods them, with a Parent's Love,
he future Servants of her Maſter *Jove*.—— *Rowe.*

ARTH. See GOLDEN AGE. CREATION.

HErbage at firſt, the Earth when young produc'd,
Of ev'ry Kind; and round the Hills diſplay'd
beauteous Verdure: then the graſſy Fields
ll o'er with various Flow'rs enamel'd ſhone.
rees, next, their Branches ſhoot into the Air,
priſing gradual, while the Roots in Earth
ttend and fix:—As Feathers firſt, and Hair,
1 Birds and Beaſts, ſo on the new form'd Earth,
: firſt, grew Herbs and Trees: by various Ways,
ıtes, and Mankind, were afterwards produc'd.——
Corn, of its own Accord, and cordial Wine,
ıe Earth brought forth; and ſuch delicious Fruits,
ıd Food, abundant, both for Man and Beaſt,
now, with all our Toil, it ſcarce ſupplies.——

The Earth, when new, produc'd no raging Cold,
r Heats, nor Storms: theſe grew as ſhe grew old:
ıerefore our Parent Earth deſerves to bear
e Name of *Mother*, ſince *all* roſe from her.
e Human Race, a certain Time, ſhe bore,
d Beaſts that ſhake the Woods with dreadful Roar,
d Birds of various Forms that wing the Air.——
Creech alter'd.

——————— The Earth
weſt of all, and in the Center lies:
t by its Place: for from it, riſing higher,
wards the other Elements retire.
ıangs the loweſt, and the midſt of all,
ıence, all its Parts by falling, ſtop its Fall:

Ictaque contractis consistunt corpora plagis,
Et concurrendo prohibent in longius ire.— *Manil.* Lib. I.

EDUCATIO. Vide Exemplum. Parentes & Liberi.

NIL dictu fœdum, visúque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ Puer est: procul hinc, procul inde puellæ
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis Parasiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempseris annos;
Sed peccaturo obsistat tibi filius infans.

Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum:
Verre pavimentum, nitidas ostende columnas,
Arida cum totâ descendat aranea telâ;
Hic læve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter:
Vox domini fremit instantis, virgamque tenentis.
Ergo, Miser, trepidas, ne stercore fœda canino
Atria displiceant oculis venientis amici?
Ne perfusa luto sit porticus: & tamen uno
Semodio scobis hæc emundet servulus unus:
Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitioque carentem?——
Juv. Sat. XIV.

Pudore & liberalitate Liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo quàm metu.——
——Errat longè meâ quidem sententiâ
Qui imperium credat gravius esse, aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit, quàm quod amicitiâ adjungitur.
Mea sic est ratio, & sic animum induco meum:
Malo coactus qui suum officium facit
Dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper cavet:
Si speret fore clàm, rursum ad ingenium redit.
Quem beneficio adjungas, ille ex animo facit,

Studes

All to one common Center preſſing down,
They meet, and hinder each from moving on.— *Creech.*

EDUCATION. See Example. Parents and Children.

LET no indecent Speech, or Action vile,
Be known within the Walls where Youth is bred:
Far, far from thence keep wanton Girls away,
And idle *Paraſites*, that all the Night
Chant luſcious Songs.—Much Reverence and Regard
To Youth is due: nor Thou his Age contemn,
But let, when Evil riſes in thy Mind,
Thy Infant-Son reſtrain and keep Thee Good.
Doſt Thou expect a Friend? Thy Servants all
Are hurried to their Taſks:—rub, rub the Floors:
Make all the Pillars ſhine: down, from the Walls,
Bruſh the dead Spiders and their Webs away.
One ſcours the Plate with Figures rich emboſs'd,
Another what is plain: yourſelf, mean while,
Urge on the Work with Chiding, or with Blows.
Wretch! doſt Thou fear a Dog's T——d in thy Hall,
Should turn the Stomach of thy coming Gueſt;
Or that thy Porch with Dirt ſhould be defil'd;
Faults which a ſingle Servant with a Broom
Can ſoon amend: and yet regardeſt not
To keep thy Family from Blemiſh free,
From Vice, or Baſeneſs, which thy Son may ſee?——

'Tis much better, in my Opinion, to keep Children in order by Shame and Generoſity of Inclination than by Fear.——That Man, I conceive, is very much miſtaken, who imagines Government, purely by Force, to have more Authority, and a better Foundation, than when 'tis accompanied with Tenderneſs and Reſpect. This is my Logic, and I argue thus: He that's compell'd by Threats to do his Duty, will continue wary no longer than You have an Eye over him; and when he thinks he ſha'n't be found out, he'll eagerly follow his own Inclinations. *But he that's governed by* Love, obeys moſt chearfully, ſtrives

Educatio Aſpera.

eferre, præſens abſenſque idem erit.
m eſt, potiùs conſuefacere filium
rectè facere, quàm alieno metu.
ic dominus intereſt: hoc qui nequit,
ſcire imperare liberis.———

Teren. Adelp.

Educatio Aſpera.

rbem pueri & primævo flore juventus
entur equis, domitántque in pulvere currus:
endunt arcus, aut lenta lacertis
torquent, curſúque ictúque laceſſunt.———

Æn. Lib. VII.

———Natos ad flumina primùm
ſævóque gelu duramus & undis.
igilant pueri, ſylváſque fatigant:
dus equos, & ſpicula tendere cornu.
operum, parvóque aſſueta juventus,
erram domat, aut quatit oppida bello.

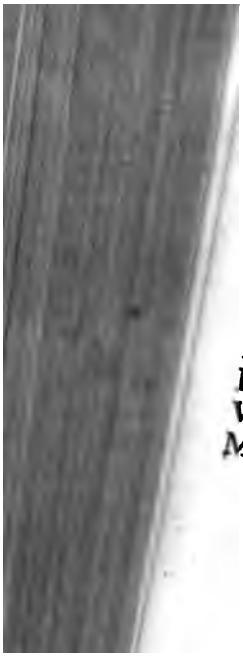
trives to make his due Returns; and is juſt the ſame whether you are preſent or abſent. 'Tis a Father's Part to uſe his Child ſo, that his own Choice, rather than outward Conſtraint, may put him upon doing well. Here lies the Difference between a Father and a Maſter: and he that does otherwiſe, let him own, that he underſtands not at all how to govern Children.—— *Eachard* alter'd.

EDUCATION Rigid.

BEfore the City, Boys, and blooming Youth,
With rapid Chariots exerciſe their Strength,
And tame their Horſes in the duſty Field:
Or bend their twanging Bows, and with ſtrong Arms
Launch the tough Jav'lin: with the Dart, and Shaft,
Contending.—————— *Trap.*

We in the Rivers plunge our new-born Babes,
And harden them in Froſt, and icy Streams.
Our Boys in hunting vex the Woods, and tire
The ſavage Beaſts: with them 'tis Children's play
To rein the Steed, and bend the twanging Bow.
But patient of Fatigue, and train'd to live
On little, with keen Shares our luſty Youth
Subdue the Soil, or batter Towns with War.
In Iron ev'ry Stage of Life we paſs,
And goad our Oxen with inverted Spears.
Nor does the Clog of tardy Age abate
The Vigour of our Minds, or damp our Fire.
With Helmets ev'n our hoary Hair we preſs,
And evermore delight to bear away
Freſh daily Plunder, and by Rapine live.—— *Idem.*

Let the bold Boy, my Friends, be train'd to bear
The Wants and rough Severities of War;
By vig'rous Exerciſe improve his Force,
And learn the manly Manage of his Horſe:
Then let him Charge the *Parthians* with his Spear,
And make their rugged Troops his Preſence fear.
Still be his Lodging on the naked Ground,
And there his Buſineſs where moſt Danger's found.——



In cute curandâ plu
Cui pulchrum fuit i
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ

Non facient alii, cùm
Cretice, & hanc veſte
In Proculas, & Polline
Damnetur ſi vis, etiam
Non ſumet damnata tog
Æſtuo: nudus agas: mi
En habitum, quo te lege
Vulneribus crudis populus
Montanum poſitis audiret

EFFEMINACY. See SLOTH.

YOU, clad in ſhining Purple, and in Veſts
With long luxuriant Sleeves, indulge your Sloth:
Dances are your Delight, and broider'd Robes:
And Ribbons bind your Bonnets to your Chin.— *Trap.*

Alcinous' idle Youth, whoſe ſole Deſign
Aim'd at ſoft Blandiſhments, and dreſſing fine,
At Eaſe, indulg'd, and ſlept out half the Day,
And lull'd their Cares with Dancing, Songs, and Play.—
Creech alter'd.

What will not Others do, when Thou ſo thin
Art clad, that thro' the Silk we ſee thy Skin?
How ſtare the People ſuch a Judge to ſee,
But more to hear thee rail at Harlotry?
———*Fabulla* is, you ſay
A Whore;—I own it:—ſo's *Carſinia:*
Rank Proſtitutes! therefore without Remorſe,
Puniſh the Strumpets: give the Law it's Courſe:
But when on them You've paſs'd your Sentence, know,
They'd bluſh to be ſo looſely dreſt as You.
You ſay the Dog-Star reigns, whoſe ſultry Fire
Melts You to Death, e'en in that light Attire:
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a Privilege) than ſo lewdly clad.
How would our Mountain Sires return'd from Plow,
Or Battle, ſuch a ſilken Judge allow?—— *Dryden* alter'd.

ELEMENTS. See Change. Creation.

THE Force of *Fire* aſcended firſt on high,
And void of Weight, blaz'd from the vaulted Sky:
Air, next in Levity, and next in Place,
Sunk lower down, and fill'd the midmoſt Space:
The *Earth*, of cloſer and compacter State,
Fell, ſelf-incumber'd with it's native Weight,

Attracting

——————Omnia
Ex ipſis, & in ipſa cadunt.——

Ignis in æthereas volucer ſe ſu
Summáque complexus ſtellantis
Flammarum vallo naturæ mœnia
Proximus in tenues deſcendit ſpiri
Aëráque extendit medium per in
Ignem flatus alit vicinis ſubditus a
Tertia ſors undas ſtravit, flatúſque
Æquora perfudit toto naſcentia por
Ut liquor exhalet tenuis, atque evo
Aëraque ex ipſo ducentem ſemina
Ultima ſubſedit glomerato ponder

ELOQUENT

VEluti magno in populo cum ſæp
Seditio, ſævítque animis ig

Attracting all that's groſs:—and flowing round
The *Water* laſt took Place, and Earth's firm Circuit
bound.——— *Sewell* alter'd.
For this eternal World is ſaid, of old,
But four prolific Principles to hold:
Of theſe, two by their native Weight deſcend,
Water and *Earth*: theſe ever downwards tend:
An equal Number, uncompell'd, aſpire,
Devoid of Weight; pure *Air*, and purer *Fire*.
All Things are mix'd of Theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again.—— *Sewell* alter'd.
Upwards the *Fire* on active Pinions fled,
To Heav'n's high Arch it rais'd it's ſhining Head,
There took it's Place, and circling round the Frame,
For Nature's Bulwark roll'd a Wall of Flame.
Then liquid *Air*, ſpread thro' the empty Space,
Leſs light and active took the ſecond Place:
But next the Flame the lighteſt Parts aſpire,
To waſte themſelves, and feed the greedy Fire.
The heavier *Water* makes an humbler Claim,
And lies, the third in order, in the Frame;
That Vapours, riſing, may like Seed, repair
What Fire deſtroys, and feed decaying Air. [alter'd.
Earth to the Center by it's Weight ſinks down.— *Creech*

ELOQUENCE.

AS when Sedition oft in populous Towns
Is rais'd, and fierce th' ignoble Vulgar rave:
Now Stones, and Firebrands fly: Rage Arms ſupplies:
If then by chance they 'ſpy a Sage, rever'd
For Piety and Worth, All ſilent ſtand,
Liſt'ning with Ears attentive: with his Words
He rules their Paſſion, and their Heat allays.—— *Trap.*
Now from his Seat aroſe *Laërtes'* Son;
Look'd down a while, and paus'd e'er he begun:
Then to th' expecting Princes rais'd his Look,
And not without *prepar'd* Attention ſpoke.

Soft

Ne tamen æquoreas torfit an
Ah! quoties illum doluit prop
Remigioque aptas esse negav
Hæc Trojæ cautus iterumque ite
Ille referre initer sæpe solebat

Elysium. Vi

De venère locos lætos, & am
Fortunatorum nemorum, s
Largior hic campos æther & lum
Purpureo: solémque suum, sua s
Pars in gramineis exercent mem
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctan
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, &

was his Tone and ſober was his Face,
on his Words, and Words his Action grace.— *Dryd.*
earn Eloquence, You noble Youth of *Rome:*
ll not only at the Bar o'ercome,
wond'ring People, and the Senate move,
Eloquence will gain the Maid you love.——
Dryden alter'd.
he fam'd *Ulyſſes* was nor Fair, nor Young,
eloquent, and charming was his Tongue:
l yet for him contending Beauties ſtrove,
ev'ry Sea-Nymph ſought the Hero's Love.
how *Calypſo* griev'd, when from her Shores
thought to ſail, and ſtopp'd his haſty Oars!
ſhe enquir'd of ruin'd *Ilium*'s Fate,
l made him oft the wondrous Tale relate:
ich with ſuch Grace his florid Tongue could frame,
Story ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

ELYSIAN-FIELDS. See HELL.

TO the Realms of Joy
At length * They come, and to the bliſsful Greens,
tunate Groves, and Manſions of the Bleſt.
Æther more enlarg'd here cloaths the Fields
h purple Light: and their own proper Sun
l proper Stars they know. On graſſy Meads
ıe wreſtling exerciſe their Limbs, contend
ſport, and ſtruggle on the yellow Sand.
ers in Dances artful Meaſures beat
l Verſe recite.—— ————
————With wonder they behold
ir Arms, and empty Chariots on the Plain
diſtance rang'd: their Spears ſtand fix'd in Earth:
l looſe o'er all the Field their Horſes feed.
ſame Delight in Chariots, and in Arms,
l ſhining Steeds, which living they conceiv'd,
ſues them ſtill beneath the Earth repos'd.

* *Æneas and the Sybil.*

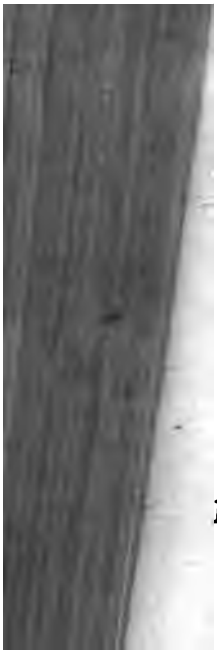
Others

...ues, & Phœbo
Inventas aut qui vitam excolu
Quique sui memores alios fec
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur t

Nulli certa domus : lucis, h
Riparumque Toros & pasta re
Incolimus. ———

Est via declivis, funesta, nul
Ducit ad infernas per multa fil
Styx nebulas exhalat iners : um
Descendunt illac, simulacraque
Pallor, hyemique tenent late loc
Qua sit iter, Manes, Stygiam q
Ignorant, ubi sit nigri fera regia
Mille capax alitus, & apertas u
Urbs habet : utque frenum de tot
Sic omnes animas locus accipit il
Exiguus Populo est : turbâmve a
Errant exsangues sine corpore & o
Pirique forum

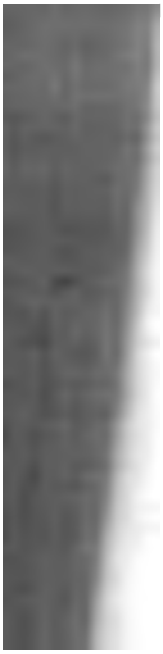
Others, on either Hand, he ſees reclin'd,
Feaſting, along the Graſs, and *Pæans* ſweet
Singing in Chorus, in the fragrant Grove
Of Lawrel: whence, deſcending thro' the Wood,
Eridanus abundant rolls his Waves.
Here, thoſe who for their Country Wounds endur'd
In War: and Prieſts whoſe Life was chaſt and pure:
And pious Poets, who recited Things
Worthy of *Phœbus*: thoſe who poliſh'd Life
With Arts invented: or conſign'd their Names
To Memory, by well deſerving Deeds.
Their Heads are all with ſnow white Fillets wreath'd.
In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reſide:
In Groves we live, and lie on moſſy Beds,
By chriſtal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads.— *Trap.*
Between thick baleful Yews, the ſteep dark Way
To Hell's dire Realms, thro' diſmal Silence lay:
There *Stygian* Miſts infect the Road; and there
New Ghoſts, of Bodies juſt entomb'd, appear.
Paleneſs and Cold ſurround the loathſome Place,
And new come Spirits, with a mournful Pace, [trace.
The Way to Hell's chief Seat, which yet they know not,
A thouſand Avenues, a thouſand Gates,
Th' inſatiable Metropolis dilates:
And as the Ocean's ſpacious Womb receives
All Streams, yet room for coming Waters leaves;
So, that devouring Place, all Ghoſts retains,
Yet never fills, or of the Crowd complains.
There the pale Ghoſts, unbodied, looſely roam:
Some haunt the Pleas, their Tyrant's Palace ſome:
Others, for their Amuſement, imitate
The paſt Employments of their mortal State:——
The reſt are tortur'd for their former Crimes.— *Philip:* alt.
Thrice roars, at once, three-headed *Cerberus:*
Th' avenging Furies, Daughters of old Night,
Implacable, and hating all Delight,
Before the adamantine Entrance ſit,
Comb out their hiſſing Snakes, their tangl'd Curls unknit.—



Cingunt regna decem
Belligeros dura Gradivi
Altera, qui leges poſuer
Gentibus, & primas fun
Tertia ruricolas, Cereris
Quæ venit ad Manes, &
Exin qui lætas artes, vit
Invenere viam, nec dedig
Carmina fuderunt Phœbo
Proxima quos venti, ſæva
Naufraga porta rapit: Sic

Finitima huic noxa gravid
Vaſta patet populo. Pœna
Expetit introitu, mortémqu

Here Ghoſts of Nations numberleſs repair:
Paſs the dark Way, and glide along the Gloom.
One Habitation here does all receive.
A Space prodigious in the midſt extends:
Hither, whatever Earth, or Sea, or Air,
From the firſt forming of the fruitful World,
Has bred and nouriſh'd, Death all-deſtroying, drives.
All, all deſcend: the unproductive Plains
Receive whate'er has dy'd, whate'er ſhall die.
Ten Gates around theſe Regions open wide
Their ample Portals: To the firſt reſort
Thoſe doom'd, by rigid Fate, to fall in War.
The next receives ſuch as have Laws compil'd,
The Rights of Nations fix'd, and with ſtrong Walls
Made Cities ſafe. Thro' the third Portal paſs
The Countrymen, *Ceres'* moſt honeſt Tribe,
Of all the num'rous Ghoſts that hither come
The moſt Upright, untainted with Deceit.
Who uſeful Arts invent, or find out means
To poliſh Life, or Verſes to the God
Inſpiring *Phœbus*, not unworthy, ſing,
The fourth fair Gate admits. Thoſe whom the Winds
And cruel Storms have wreck'd, an Entrance find
Thro' what ſtands next, thence call'd the *Shipwreck-Gate.*
Near this, there opens wide a Paſſage vaſt,
For all the Wicked who confeſs their Crimes.
Here *Rhadamanthus*, when they firſt arrive,
The guilty Ghoſts condemns to endleſs Woe,
To be for ever dying, never dead.
The female World crouds thro' the ſeventh Gate,
Near which chaſt *Proſerpine's* aſpiring Groves
Project an horrid Shade. Hence lies the Way
Where Troops of Infants paſs, and ſpotleſs Maids
Whoſe nuptial Beds were turn'd to Funerals,
And Crowds expiring e'er they ſaw the Light;
A Gate well known for Children's feeble Cries.
Diſtant from hence, and glitt'ring thro' the Gloom,
Appear *the ſhining Doors*, whence lies the Way,



ıd private, to th' Elyſian Fields.
ıll the Righteous: not in Hell's dark Realm,
e the Sun's ſuperior Light is ſeen,
ıd Ocean's Bounds, where they contend
ſhall reach flow *Lethe*'s ſacred Stream,
k Forgetfulneſs. The outmoſt Gate
ıws with Gold: and here the Beam of Day
:eiv'd, like the Moon's feeble Shine.
ge this by which the Souls aſcend
ıgain, and in new Bodies live,
thouſand Years: forgetful quite
: paſs'd in *Pluto*'s dreary Realms.
th, thro' all theſe Ways, with horrid Grin,
ınd fro, and paſſes ev'ry Gate.——
, ſince Love was ſtill my tender Vow,
l lead to happy Meads below:
ıgs perpetual charm the liſt'ning Ear,
the feather'd Wand'rers of the Air,
ıe Sound, their warbling Throats prepare.
ı ev'ry Hedge unbidden breathes,
e Gales it's fragrant Sweets bequeaths:
:eous Earth it's purple Product yields,
ıus Roſes paint the bluſhing Fields.
ıins of blooming Youths, and tender Maids
he Green, and wanton in the Shades;
y Love attends them all the Way,
ıe Conflict, and provokes the Fray.
y One by haſty Death betray'd,
ul Lover, and the conſtant Maid,
: reſt diſtinguiſh'd, all repair,
with Myrtle Wreaths their flowing Hair.—*Dart.*

EMBRACE.

ſaid: and round † him threw her ſnowy Arms,
warm'd him, wav'ring, with a ſoft Embrace:
:ceives the wonted Flame, which flies

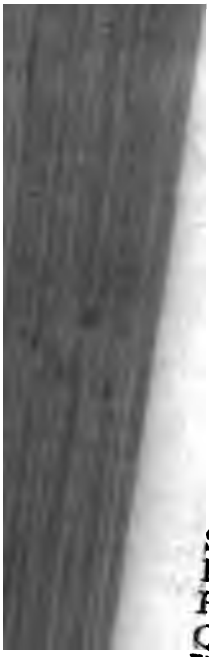
† *Vulcan.*

Swift thro' his Marrow, and his melting Bones:
As when in Thunder, lanc'd along the Sky,
A Streak of Fire runs ſtreaming thro' the Clouds.
Pleas'd with her Wiles, and conſcious of her Charms,
She ſilently perceives it: And involv'd
In Love's eternal Bond the God replies.
Whatever by my Art can be perform'd,
I promiſe: Spare Intreaties, nor diſtruſt
Your Int'reſt in my Soul. This ſaid, He gave
The wiſh'd Embrace, and ſunk to pleaſing Reſt.—*Trap.*

——————See! wide-diſplay'd,
A grateful Poplar courts us with its Shade.
The graſſy Turf, beneath, ſo verdant ſhows,
Let us thereon delightfully repoſe:
With her *Adonis* here be *Venus* bleſs'd:
And ſwift at once the Graſs and him ſhe preſs'd.
Then ſweetly ſmiling, with a raptur'd Mind,
On his lov'd Boſom ſhe her Head reclin'd,
And thus began:—but mindful ſtill of Bliſs,
Seal'd the ſoft Accents with a ſofter Kiſs.—— *Dryden.*

EMBROIDERY.

WITH rich Embroidery, the curious Maid,
Her native Heav'n, and th' Elements diſplay'd:
How parent Nature huſh'd the ancient Wars
Of huddled Chaos, and its inbred Jars:
Sever'd the Seeds: and ſuiting to their Kind,
To proper Places all the Parts aſſign'd.
Sublimely born, the Light aſcend on high;
The Heavier ſink, and in the middle lye:
The Sky is lighted up: the Planets roll:
And active Flame informs the rapid Pole:
And flow the Seas, and pour their Waves along:
And Earth ſuſpended on her Ballance hung.
In various Colours ſhe expreſs'd the Whole:
With Gold the Stars are kindl'd: purple roll
The waſhing Billows: and bright Gems diſplay
In imitated Shore, to bound the ſeeming Sea.



Temperies habitanda v
Torpentes traxit gemin
Fœdat, & æterno contr

VENEFICA. Vi

HÆC ſe carminibus
Quas velit: aſt alis
Siſtere aquam fluviis, & v
Nocturnóſque ciet manes.
Sub pedibus terram, & de

——————Crines eff
Ter centum tonat ore Deos
Tergeminámque Hecaten tri
Sparſérat & latices ſimulatos
Falcibus & meſſa ad Lunam
Pubentes herbæ, nigri cum l
Quæritur & naſcentis omi
Et matri

The mimic Waves, ſo curious is her Skill,
Deceive the Sight, and really ſeem to ſwell.
The gath'ring Ooze the ſlimy Rock beſmears,
And working, in a Foam, the Main appears,
Daſhing upon the Sands, and murm'ring to the Ears.
The World's five *Zones* ſhe adds: the *torrid One*
Glows with the Fervor of th' inceſſant Sun.
The habitable *Two*, a milder Sky
Does with more gentle Heat and calmer Beams ſupply.
At both the *Poles* eternal Winter reigns,
And bitter Froſt the bleaky Robe conſtrains, [alter'd.
Shiv'ring to Sight, and bound with icy Chains.— *Hughes*

ENCHANTRESS. See CIRCE. MAGIC POWER.

SHE undertakes with Charms to diſengage
Whom e'er ſhe pleaſes, Others to involve
In reſtleſs Cares; makes rapid Streams ſtand ſtill,
And backwards turns the Stars: from Hell ſhe calls
Nocturnal Ghoſts: the Ground, you'll ſee, will groan
Beneath her Feet, and Oaks from Hills deſcend.— *Trap.*
——————Now with her Treſſes looſe,
The Prieſteſs thunders o'er three hundred Gods,
Erebus, *Chaos*, three ſhap'd *Hecate*,
Virgin *Diana*'s triple Form. The Place
With fancy'd Waters of *Avernus*' Fount
She ſprinkles. Herbs are brought by Moonlight mow'd
With brazen Scythes, big, ſwoln with milky Juice
Of noxious Poyſon: and the fleſhy Knot
Torn from the Forehead of a new-foal'd Colt
To rob the Mother's Love.—————— *Id.*
Three Nights were only wanting to compleat
The Time when *Luna*'s bending Horns ſhould meet;
When, at the full, in all her Luſtre bright,
She ſhone on Earth, a ſolid Globe of Light,
* *Medea* leaves the Court, all looſely dreſt,
Naked her Feet, her Hair a-down her Breaſt:

* *Medea*, the Enchantreſs, at the Intreaty of her Huſband Jaſon, by the Force of her Magic Power, reſtores Youth and Vigour to his Father *Æſon*, who was then very old and feeble.

T

Nunc ab, [illegible]
Aurea cum Luna facies
Tacite micans Hecate,
Adsitisque vetus, cui
Quæque magus, Telus,
Auraque, & venti, mo
Diique omnes nemorum
Quorum ope, cum volu
In fontes rediere fuos: a
Stantia concutio cuncta fre
Nubilique inducо: vente
Viperias rumpo verbis &
Vivaque saxa, sua convul
Et sylvas moveo: jubeóq
Et mugire solum, manéi
Te quoque, Luna, traho,
Æra tuos minuant. ——
Nunc opus est succis. ne
In florem

Thro' the dead Silence of the Night ſhe ſtrays,
Alone, in deſart unfrequented Ways.
Men, Beaſts, and Birds were wrapp'd in gentle Sleep,
No Murmurs thro' the peaceful Hedges ſweep:
No Air the Leaves, no Sounds diſturb the Air:
Stars only glitter in the ſilent Sphere.
To them ſhe lifts her Hands with awful View;
Thrice turns, thrice ſprinkles o'er her Hair with Dew;
Thrice fills the trembling Air with yelling Sound:
Then, bending, kneels upon the naked Ground.
O, *Night!* thou Friend to Secrecy, ſhe cries;
Ye *Stars*, that nightly with the Moon ariſe!
Thou! triple *Hecate!* conſcious of my Thought,
By whom the Wonders of my Skill are wrought:
Ye *Charms*, and *magic Arts!* Thou friendly *Earth!*
Whoſe Boſom gives our pow'rful Simples Birth:
Ye *Mountains! Fields!* Ye *Winds!* Thou Mother *Air!*
Ye murm'ring *Springs!* Ye *Lakes* and *Rivers!* hear:—
Ye *Gods* of *Woods!* and *Gods* of *Night*, appear.
By You I Rivers to their Fountains force;
While the Banks wonder at their backward Courſe:
Purge off the Clouds, the Skies with Clouds deform:
Storms turn to Calms, and make a Calm a Storm:
Raiſe high the Winds, again to Silence awe:
And ſplit, with myſtic Spells, the Viper's Jaw.
I cleave the Rocks, the knotted Oaks I break,
Remove the Foreſts, and the Mountains ſhake:
Force Earth to groan thro' all her hollow Caves,
And wake the ſlumb'ring Ghoſts in ſilent Graves:
Thee too, O *Luna!* from thy Sphere I call,
Tho' Braſs relieves Thee, and obſtructs thy Fall.
Now I need Juices which can turn back Time,
Make Age reflouriſh with a youthful Prime,
Vig'rous and ſtrong:—And I my Wiſh ſhall gain,
For ſure thoſe Stars now twinkle not in vain:
Nor hither now in vain theſe *Dragons* fly
With the *wing'd Car*;———
Juſt then the *Car* deſcended from the Sky.

Nimbly

ounts, and ſtrokes the Dragons' Mains,
Necks ſhe ſhakes the airy Reins.
; beneath her ſhe eſpies
e; thence for *Crete* ſhe hies.
ſeeks on *Pelion*'s lofty Head,
Oſſa, and that *Othrys* bred,
f *Pindus*, and *Olympus*' Fruits:
oves, and gathers by the Roots:
nts her brazen Sickle mows.——
and Nights had now her Chariot ſeen,
ranker Mead, and flow'ry Green:
n'd:—nor Food her Dragons knew,
Scents which from her Simples flew:
Skins fell off, and Youth return'd a-new.
out the Palace-Gate ſhe lies,
d cover'd only by the Skies,
iting Touch of Man denies.
wo *Altars* rais'd of equal Height,
left, to *Hecate* the right:
and green Herbage theſe ſhe crown'd,
Trenches near them on the Ground.
e black fleec'd Rams, that ready ſtood,
the Trenches with devoted Blood.
aking Milk, and Wine ſhe pours,
Charms to the terreſtrial Pow'rs.
ng of Ghoſts ſhe next apply'd,
roſerpine his raviſh'd Bride:.
Æſon, with the Laws of Fate
diſpenſe, and lengthen out his Date.
peated Pray'rs ſhe long aſſails,
magic Skill at laſt prevails:
have decrepid *Æſon* brought,
him with a ſleeping Draught:
s Body like a Corpſe extends:
Jaſon, and his waiting Friends,
Place; that no unhallow'd Eye
s forbidden Secrets pry.——
Medea with her Hair unbound,
tars trips a frantic Round,

ãíſque faces in foſſa ſanguinis atri
: & intinctas geminis accendit in aris.
ſenem flammã, ter aquã, ter ſulfure luſtrat.

validum poſito medicamen aheno
. & exſultat : ſpumiſque tumentibus albet.
iemonia radices valle reſectas,
que, floréſque, & ſucros incoquit acres.
extremo lapides Oriente petitos,
as Oceani reſluum mare lavit, arenas :
& exceptas Luna per nocte pruinas,
gis infames, ipſis cum carnibus, alas :
rtum ſoliti vultus mutare ferinos
ui profecta lupi. Nec defuit illic
a Cyniphii tenuis membrana Chelydri,
que jecur cervi : quibus inſuper addit
ſuitque novem cornicis ſecula paſſæ.

mille aliis poſtquam ſine nomine rebus

In Pieces ſplits the conſecrated Wood,
And dips them in the Trenches drench'd with Blood,
Then on the Altars burns: The ſleeping Sire
She luſtrates thrice with Water, Sulphur, Fire.
Now in the Cauldron boils the grand Receipt,
And works, and foams, and whitens with the Heat:
She adds what e'er *Hæmonia*'s Vales produce,
Roots, Juices, Flowers, and Seeds of ſov'reign Uſe,
And Gems in *India*'s utmoſt Bounds refin'd,
And Stones, that Seas retiring, left behind,
And Dews, collected at the Noon of Night,
When the Moon ſhines, in her full Glory, bright.
To theſe ſhe puts the Carcaſs rank and foul,
And Wings, ill-boding, of the ſcreaming Owl:
The Bowels of a Wolf, the Sort that can
Aſſume or quit the Features of a Man:
The ſcaly Skins of ſmall *Cyniphean* Snakes,
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart ſhe takes;
And, laſt, a Crow's old Beak, and hoary Head,
On which nine Ages had their Winters ſhed.
All theſe were mixt by the *Barbarian* Dame,
Theſe, and a thouſand more without a Name,
But for her Purpoſe fit.—The Med'cine now
She mingles with a wither'd *Olive Bough*:
When, lo! the *Bough* all dry ſo lately ſeen,
Stirr'd in the pow'rful Cauldron turns to *Green*:
Then by Degrees the leafy Branches ſhoot,
And ſoon ſtand loaded with a Weight of Fruit.
Then too, where e'er the Froth was ſcatter'd round,
And the warm Mixture had be-dropp'd the Ground,
Sudden to Sight a ſpringing Herbage grew,
And vernal Flowers in various Colours blew.
This when *Medea* ſaw, her Blade divides
Old *Æſon*'s Throat; the frigid Blood ſcarce glides.
His empty'd Veſſels, inſtant ſhe recruits,
With the warm Juices of her magic Fruits:
While at his Mouth, and thro' his op'ning Wound,
A double Inlet her Infuſion found:

ɔſita nigrum rapuere colorem.
t macies : abeant pallórque ſitúſque :
ne cavæ ſupplentur ſanguine venæ :
ue luxuriant. Æſon miratur, & olim
er denos hunc ſe reminiſcitur annos.——
Ov. Met. Lib. VII.

net nigrâ ſuccinctam vadere pallâ
, pedibus nudis, paſſóque capillo,
nâ majore ululantem : (pallor utraſque
orrendas aſpectu,) ſcalpere terram
, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
. Cruor in foſſam confuſus, ut inde
cerent, animas reſponſa daturas.

[is Hair and Beard the hoary Whiteneſs leaves;
gloſſy Blackneſs each at once receives.
aleneſs and Wrinkles from his Features fled,
nd in their Stead ſucceeds a youthful Red:
'ow a full Tide of Blood his Veins ſupplies,
[is Limbs grow luſty, and his Muſcles riſe.—
Admiring *Æſon* now himſelf ſurveys,
nd to his Mind recalling former Days,
ay, ſtrong, and active to himſelf appears,
s e'er he counted his laſt forty Years.—*Gay* and *Sewell* alt.
There I *Canidia* ſaw, her Feet were bare,
'uck'd up her ſable Robe, and looſe her Hair:
'ith her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round;
'heir hideous Howling ſhook the trembling Ground.
Paleneſs (caſting Horror round the Place)
it, dead and terrible, on either's Face.
'hemſelves at Length upon the Earth they caſt,
nd dug it with their Nails in frantic Haſte:
'hen with their Teeth a Coal-black Lamb they tore,
nd in the Pit pour'd out the reeking Gore.
y this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell,
nd Anſwers to their wild Demands compel.
f *Wool* and *Wax* they made two Images,
'hich the *bewitch'd* and *Witch*'s Forms expreſs,
f *Wool* the Greater to torment the Leſs.
'he *Wax* was to be whipp'd, and ſeem'd to bow,
nd cringing ſtood, as if it fear'd the Blow.
n *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
iſiphone as loud the other bawls:—
thouſand Serpents hiſs upon the Ground,
nd Hell-hounds compaſs all the Garden round.
ehind the Tombs, to ſhun this horrid Sight,
'he Moon ſkulk'd down.———— *Stafford* alter'd.
From Towns and hoſpitable Roofs * ſhe flies,
nd ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies:
'hro' unfrequented Deſarts lonely roams,
rives out the Dead, and dwells within their Tombs.

* *Erichtho*, the *Theſſalian* Sorcereſs.

Et non lethiferis ſpirandi
Nec Superos orat, nec cu
Auxiliare vocat. nec libri
Novit: funereis aris impo
Gaudet, & accenſo rapuit
Omne nefas Superi primâ
Concedunt, carmenque tim

Viventes animas, & adhuc
Infodit buſto: furis debentib
Mors invita fubit: perverſâ
Retulit à tumulis: fugere ca
Fumantes juvenum cineres, a
E mediis rapit illa rogis, ipſ
Quam tenuere, facem: nigrò
Feralis fragmenta tori, veſtéſ
Colligit in cineres, & ob

Grateful to Hell, the living Hag deſcends,
And ſits in black Aſſemblies of the Fiends:
Spight of all Laws, which Heaven, or Nature know,
The Rule of Gods above, or Man below.
Dark matted Eſt-locks dangling on her Brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathſome Burden grow:
Meager, and ghaſtly pale, her Face is ſeen,
Unknown to cheerful Day, and Skies ſerene:
But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms ariſe,
And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies,
Then, forth from Graves, ſhe takes her wicked Way,
And thwarts the glancing Light'nings as they play.
Where e'er ſhe breathes, blue Poyſons round her ſpread,
The with'ring Graſs avows her fatal Tread,
And drooping *Ceres* hangs her blaſted Head.
Nor holy Rites, nor ſuppliant Pray'r ſhe knows,
Nor ſeeks the Gods with Sacrifice, or Vows:
Whate'er ſhe offers is the Spoil of Urns,
And fun'ral Fire upon her Altars burns:
Nor need ſhe ſend a ſecond Voice on high;
Scar'd at the firſt, the trembling Gods comply.
Oft in the Grave, the living has ſhe laid,
And bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead:
Oft at the fun'ral Pile ſhe ſeeks her Prey,
And bears the ſmoking Aſhes warm away:
Snatches ſome burning Bone, or flaming Brand,
And tares the Torch from the ſad Father's Hand;
Seizes the Shroud's looſe Fragments as they fly,
And picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry.
But, if preſerv'd in Monuments of Stone,
She finds a Coarſe whoſe vital Moiſture's gone:
Then, greedily on every Part ſhe flies,
Strips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes.
Her Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the ſtrangling Nooſe,
And from the Croſs dead Murderers unlooſe:
The periſh'd Entrails, pierc'd with ſoaking Showers,
The horrid Hag rapaciouſly devours;
And the parch'd Marrow, which the ſultry Sun,
With fervid Rays, has ſtiffen'd in the Bone.

n manibus chalybem, nigrámque per artus
s tabi ſaniem, virùſque coactum
, & nervo morſus retinente pependit.

dcunque jacet nudâ tellure cadaver,
ras, volucréſque ſedet: nec carpere membra
rro, manibúſque ſuis: morsûſque luporum
at, ſiccis raptura è faucibus artus.
ſſant à cæde manus, ſi ſanguine vivo
is, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.
ſugit cædes, vivum ſi ſacra cruorem,
e funereæ poſcunt trepidantia menſæ:
e ſic ventris, non quà Natura vocabat,
itur partus, calidis ponendus in aris.
ies ſævis opus eſt, ac fortibus umbris,
cit manes.———————————

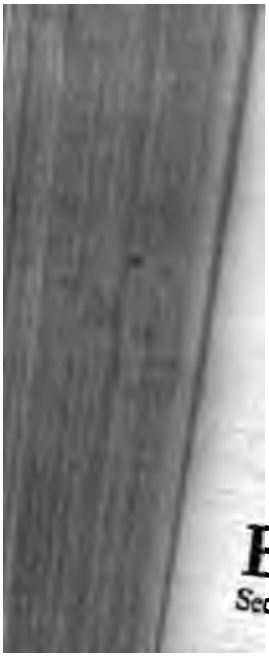
æ florem primævo corpore vulſit,
nam lævâ morienti abſcidit ephebo.

alefactors on the Tree, ſhe ſteals
id Limbs, and crucifying Nails:
r Matter drops upon her Tongue,
dy Sinews oft her Jaws are ſtrung,
her Teeth the Witch has often hung.
on the Ground the murder'd Carcaſs lies,
preventing Birds and Beaſts, ſhe hies:
with Hands or Knife the Fleſh divides,
Wolves Fangs have rent the mangled Sides:
n in full Poſſeſſion of their Prey,
their Jaws the Carcaſs rends away.
yet Remorſe could ſtop her Hand,
ıman Gore her helliſh Rites demand;
cut Throat the vital Tide ſhe drains,
ting Bowels takes, and empties all the Veins.
ıe Way ordain'd by Nature's Laws,
a griſly Wound ſhe wretch'd Infants draws;
upon her Altars theſe are laid,
r Purpoſe aſks a bolder Shade,
een Knife, the Ghoſt ſhe wants, is made.
blooming Youths in early Manhood die,
s a terrible Attendant by:
ıy Growth from off their Cheeks ſhe tares,
left handed, ſome ſelected Hairs.
n in Death her gaſping Kindred lay,
us Office would ſhe feign to pay;
ɔn the ſtruggling Limbs, with dire Embrace,
rn the Cheeks, and grind the ruin'd Face:
ıe Tongue, to the dry Palate bound,
the livid Lips, with ſtifled Sound,
ire Orders to the Shades profound.
rt now doubling Night's ſurrounding Shade,
uds and murky Fogs involve her Head,
r th' * unbury'd Heaps her Footſteps tread.

he Son of *Pompey*, enquiring the Event of the *Civil War* of
Erichtho, ſhe by her *Magic Art* raiſed up a dead Body to
Demands.

Electum: modem trajecti
Ducit, & infernæ laqueu
Per scopulos miserum tra
Victurum.
Discolor, & varia furialis
Induitur, vultúsque aperi
Et coma vipereis subibun
Pectora nunc primùm ferv
Vulneribus lacera novis: t
Abluit: & virus largè lum
Confudi
Diffona, & humanæ multi
Latratus habet illa canum, &
Quod trepidus bubo, quod
Quod flentes ululantque fe
Exprimit, & planctus illiſis
Sylvarúmque ſonum, fractaq
Tot rerum vox una fuit.
Hæc ubi fata

Volves howl'd, and fled, where'er ſhe took her Way,
And hungry Vultures left their mangled Prey:
The Savage Race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And, while ſhe culls her Prophet, quit the Field.
To various Carcaſſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping with her gory Fingers, tries:
Till one of perfect Organs can be found,
And fibrous Lungs, uninjur'd by a Wound.
Her Choice ſhe fix'd; then, void of Pity, ſtruck,
In thro' the bleeding Throat, a brazen Hook:
To that a Rope ſhe ty'd, and by the Thong,
O'er rugged Rocks ſhe haul'd the Corps along.
And, now, ſhe for the ſolemn Taſk prepares,
A Mantle, patch'd with various Shreds, ſhe wears,
And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hairs:
Then, thro' a freſh Inciſion at the Breaſt,
Hot Blood ſhe pours, to circulate the reſt.
Wipes off the Gore, the frozen Boſom warms,
And with ſtrong Lunar Dews confirms her Charms.
Her gabling Tongue a mutt'ring Tone confounds,
Diſcordant, and unlike to human Sounds:
It ſeem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl,
The doleful Shrieking of the midnight Owl:
The Hiſs of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Roar,
The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore:
The Groan of Winds amongſt the leafy Wood,
And Burſt of Thunder from the rending Cloud:
'Twas theſe, all theſe in one.——————
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: then rear'd her hateful Head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade.
Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcaſs knew,
And fear'd to enter into Life a new:
Fain from thoſe mangled Limbs it would have run,
And, loathing, ſtrove that Houſe of Pain to ſhun.
Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay,
And wonder'd Hell could dare to diſobey:
With curling Snakes, the ſenſeleſs Trunk ſhe beats,
And Curſes dire, at ev'ry Laſh, repeats:



Et nova deſuetis ſi
Miſcetur morti. tu
Tenduntur nervi :
Paulatim per mem
Erectúmque ſemel.
Nudantur. Nondu
Sed morientis erat :
Et ſtupet allatus mu
Ora aſtricta ſonant :
Reſponſura datur. —

SCOPU

EST aliquid quò ten
An paſſim ſequeris
Securus quò pes ferat, atq

With magic Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground,
And makes Hell's Caverns with her Voice reſound.
Ye Fiends! ſhe cries, Ye Siſters of Deſpair!
Thus?—Is it thus my Will becomes your Care?
Still ſleep thoſe Whips within your idle Hands,
Nor drive the loit'ring Ghoſt this Voice demands?——
And now the Blood, diſſolving in the Veins,
Feeds the black Wounds, and thro' the Body ſtrains:
The vital Veſſels feel the running Heat,
And in the Breaſt the trembling Fibres beat:
New Life return'd, but 'twas not perfect Life,
For Death as yet maintain'd the equal Strife;
But ſtrait the Nerves are ſtretch'd, the Muſcles ſwell,
And every Pulſe diſtends it's narrow Cell.
Then roſe, erect, the Body from the Ground,
Not by Degrees, but with a ſudden Bound.
The haggard Eyes forgotten Day behold,
And heavily within their Sockets roll'd:
But hardly half alive appears the Man,
Stiff are the Members, and the Viſage wan:
Amaz'd, and mute, the ghaſtly Figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread Commands.——
Rowe. Hughes alter'd.

END. Purpoſe of Life.

HAST Thou not yet propos'd ſome certain End,
To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
Haſt Thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow?
Or like a Boy purſu'ſt the Carrion Crow
With Pellets, or with Stones, from Tree to Tree,
A fruitleſs Toil, and liv'ſt *Extempore*.——— *Dryden.*
What aim'ſt Thou at, and whither tends thy Care?
In what thy utmoſt Good?——Delicious Fare:
And then to ſun thy ſelf in open Air.——
Hold, hold: are all thy empty Wiſhes ſuch?
A good old Woman would have ſaid as much.—— *Id.*

Invidia.

inus Invidiæ nigro ſqualſentia tabo
ecta petit. Domus eſt imis in vallibus antri
ſole carens, non ulli pervia vento,
& ignavi pleniſſima frigoris : & quæ
et ſemper, caligine ſemper abundet.

————Videt intus edentem
carnes, vitiorum alimenta ſuorum,
n : viſáque oculos avertit. At illa
umo pigra : ſemeſarúmque relinquit
ſerpentum, paſsúque incedit inerti.

Deam vidit formáque armíſque decoram,
it : vultúmque ima ad ſuſpiria duxit.
n ore ſedet : macies in corpore toto :
m recta acies : livent rubigine dentes :
ſella virent : Lingua eſt ſuffuſa veneno :

ENVY.

SHE ſought out ENVY in her dark Abode,
Defil'd with ropy Gore and Clots of Blood:
Shut from the Winds, and from the wholſome Skies,
In a deep Vale the gloomy Dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a Beam of Light
Invades the Winter, or diſturbs the Night.
A poiſonous Morſel in her Teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the Fleſh of Vipers for her Food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her Eye:
The hideous Monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forwards, with a ſullen Pace,
And left her mangled Offals on the Place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the Goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a Groan at ſuch a chearful Sight.
Livid and meager were her Looks, her Eye
In foul diſtorted Glances turn'd awry:
A Hoard of Gall her inward Parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a Greenneſs o'er her canker'd Breaſt:
Her Teeth were brown with Ruſt: and from her Tongue,
In dangling Drops, the ſtringy Poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles, but when the Wretched weep,
Nor lulls her Malice with a Moment's Sleep:
Reſtleſs in Spite! while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's Joy:
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſs'd,
She bears her own Tormentor in her Breaſt.
She takes her Staff hung round with Wreaths of Thorn,
And ſails along, in a black Whirlwind born,
O'er Fields and flow'ry Meadows; where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful Courſe a mighty Blaſt appears,
Mildews, and Blights: the Meadows are defac'd,
The Fields, the Flow'rs, and the whole Year laid Waſte.
On Mortals next, and peopled Towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning Plague among their Walls.

opibúſque, & feſta pace virentem :
net lacrymas: quia nil lachrymabile cernit.

———Pectus manu ferrugine tincta
& humatis præcordia ſentibus implet.
e nocens virus: piceúmque per oſſa
& medio ſpargit pulmone, venenum.

i ſpatium cauſſæ per latius errent,
n ante oculos, fortunatúmque ſororis
n, pulchráque Deum ſub imagine ponit:
magna facit. Quibus irritata, dolore
occulto mordetur: & anxia nocte,
e gemit: lentáque miſerrima tabe
ut glacies incerto ſaucia ſole:
bonis non ſecius uritur Herſes,
n ſpinoſis ignis ſupponitur herbis:
e dant flammas, leníque tepore cremantur.
i voluit.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

When *Athens* ſhe beheld, for Arts renown'd,
With Peace made happy, and with Plenty crown'd:
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from Tears forbear,
To find out Nothing that deſerv'd a Tear.—— *Addiſon.*

She ſtroak'd the Virgin with her canker'd Hand,
Then prickly Thorns into her Breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to Madneſs the devoted Maid:
Her ſubtle Venom ſtill improves the Smart,
Frets in the Blood, and feſters in the Heart.

To make the Work more ſure, a Scene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming Virgin's View
Her Siſter's Marriage, and her glorious Fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in State:
The Bridegroom with unwonted Beauty glows:
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the Dream *Aglauros* pin'd away
In Tears all Night, in Darkneſs all the Day:
Conſum'd like Ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant Sun:
Or like unwholeſome Weeds, that ſet on Fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in Smoke expire.
Giv'n up to *Envy* (for in ev'ry Thought
The Thorns, the Venom, and the Viſion wrought,)
Oft did ſhe call on Death—— *Addiſon.*

——The meager Envious riſe,
And look on others Wealth with troubled Eyes:
Griev'd to the Soul, they inwardly repine,
That ſome with Pow'r, and ſome with Honour ſhine:
While they are mean, and low, and without Fame:
And even die for Statues and a Name.—— *Creech.*

Envy thou curſed Plague of Humankind!
To whom another's Happineſs, or Praiſe,
Is Pain inſufferable!———

EQUINOCTIAL-LINE.

BRIGHT *Phœbus*, here, to neither *Pole* declines,
But from his *Zenith* vertically ſhines:

Hence,

vis in medium radiis compellitur umbra.
n eſt hunc eſſe locum, quà circulus alti
medium ſignorum percutit orbem.
qua meant, nec Tauro Scorpius exit
iur Aries dimat ſua tempora Libræ,
ea juber lentos deſcendere Piſces.
ius Chiron, & idem, quod Carcinus ardens,
Ægocerus: nec plus Leo tollitur Urnâ.
Cynoſura ſubit: tu ſicca profundo
uſtra putas: nullâmque in vertice ſummo
es immune maris: procul axis uterque eſt,
gnorum medio rapit omnia cœlo.——

Lucan. Lib. IX.

nce, ev'n the Trees no friendly ſhelter yield,
rce their own Trunks the leafy Branches ſhield;
e Rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
d almoſt to a Point the Shadow chace.
re equally the middle Line is found,
cut the radiant *Zodiac* in it's Round:
re unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* riſe,
r mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the Skies:
r *Libra* does too long the *Ram* attend,
r bids the *Maid* the *fiſhy* Sign deſcend.
e *Twins* and *Centaur* juſtly Time divide,
d equally their ſeveral Seaſons guide:
ike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,
ike the *Lion* and the flowing *Urn*.
re flow *Boötes*, with his lazy Wain,
ſcending, ſeems to reach the watry Main.
all the Lights which high above they ſee,
Star whate'er from *Neptune*'s Waves is free,
e whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the Sea.—— *Rowe.*

EQUINOX.

WHEN *Libra* weighs the Hours in equal Scales,
Nor Day on Night, nor Night on Day prevails:
r Work, and Reſt, when equal Times are made,
e World enjoying equal Light and Shade.—— *Anon.*
But when the genial Heat began to ſhine,
ith ſtronger Beams in *Aries'* vernal Sign,
gain the golden Day reſum'd it's Right,
d rul'd in juſt Equation with the Night.—— *Rowe.*
The Sun, returning, in his yearly Race,
Cancer's Sign, meets *Aries* midſt the Space,
ated between the Point from whence he bends
is upward Courſe, and that in which he ends.
ere plac'd as Umpire in the middle Way,
er all the Globe he equals Night and Day.

Oppoſed

VESPER. EXEMPLUM.

adverſo ſimili cum ſorte refulget
em, noctémque pari cum ſidera ducit.——
Manil. Lib. III.

VESPER.

um ſumma procul villarum culmina fumant,
oréſque cadunt altis de montibus Umbræ.——
Virg. Ecl. I.

: aratra jugo referunt ſuſpenſa juvenci,
eſcentes decedens duplicat umbras.——
Virg. Ecl. II.

l occaſum, cum frigidus aëra Veſper
., & ſaltus reſick jam roſcida Luna,
halcyonem reſonant, & acanthida dumi. ——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

ber reſpexit Phœbo refulſit: equique
ſcendit curruſque declivis Olympi.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

lagit rectos Titan remiſſus ad ignes,
s obtorquet, nec ſi quibus eſſet arbem,

Oppos'd to *Aries*, *Libra*'s Stars appear,
With the like Power to ſway the rolling Year:
It equals Day and Night.——— *Creech.*

EVENING.

AND now the Village Tops at diſtance ſmoke,
And longer Shades from lofty Mountains fall.——
Trap.

Behold the Oxen homewards draw the Plough,
Leſs lab'ring with it's Weight: and now the Sun,
Retiring, doubles the increaſing Shades.—— *Id.*

At the Sun's Setting, *Veſper*'s cooling Breeze
Allays the Fervor of the ſultry Air:
And now the Groves are by the dewy Moon
Refreſh'd: the Shores *Halcyone* reſound: [alter'd.
And the ſweet Goldfinch warbles thro' the Brakes.—*Trap.*

The Labour of the Day now near an End,
From ſteep *Olympus Phœbus*' Steeds deſcend.——
Sewell.

Half hid in Seas deſcending *Phœbus* lay,
And upwards half, half downwards ſhot the Day.——
Rowe.

Bright *Sol* had now his Journey almoſt done,
And to the weſtern Ocean downward run.———

Now o'er the Skies is ſpread that doubtful Light,
Which cannot Day be call'd, nor is it Night.

Now headlong to the Weſt the Sun was fled,
And half in Seas obſcur'd his beamy Head:
Such ſeems the Moon, while, growing yet, ſhe ſhines,
Or waining, from her fuller Orb declines.—— *Id.*

'Twas at that Seaſon when the fainting Light,
Juſt in the Evening's cloſe, brought on the Night.——

EXAMPLE. See EDUCATION.

FUSCINUS, thoſe ill Deeds that ſully Fame,
And lay ſuch *Blots* upon an honeſt Name:
In Blood once tainted, like a Current run,
From the lewd Father, to the lewder Son.

)ſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
parvóque eadem movet arma fritillo.
meliùs cuiquam ſperare propinquo
juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
:ondire, & eodem jure natantes
ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
ıonſtrante Gulâ.———————
licèt admoveas mille inde magiſtros,
dem, cupiet lauto cænare paratu
& à magnâ non degenerare culinâ.

animum, & mores modicis erroribus æquos
atque animos ſervorum, & corpora noſtra
onſtare putat, paribúſque elementis :
: docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
ſtrepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
:?———————
let Juveni lætus ſtridore catenæ,
re afficiunt inſcripta, ergaſtula, carcer?

xpectas, ut non ſit adultera Largæ
æ nunquam maternos dicere Mœchos

If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Maſter quickly learns the Vice,
And ſhakes, in Hanging-Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
Thus, the voluptuous Youth, bred up to dreſs,
For his fat Granſire, ſome delicious Meſs:
In feeding high his Tutor will ſurpaſs,
As Heir-apparent of the Gourmand Race.
And, ſhould a thouſand grave Philoſophers
Be always hollowing Temp'rance in his Ears,
They would at laſt their Loſs of Time lament,
And give him o'er, as Glutton by Deſcent.
Can cruel *Rutilus*, who loves the Noiſe
Of Whips far better than a *Syren*'s Voice,
Set up to teach Humanity, and give
By ſuch Example, Rules for Us to live?
Can he preach up Equality of Birth,
And tell Us how we all began from Earth?
Can he a Son to ſoft Remorſe incite,
Whom Goals, and Chains, and Puniſhments delight?
Who would expect the Daughter ſhould be other
Than common Punk, if *Larga* be the Mother?
Whoſe Lovers Names in order to run o'er,
The Girl took Breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender Minx, began
To hold the Door, but now ſets up for Man:
And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-writing,
Sends *Billets-doux* of the old Bawd's Inditing.
So Nature prompts: ſo ſoon we go aſtray,
When old Experience puts Us in the Way:
Our green Youth copies what grey Sinners act,
When venerable Age commends the Fact.——
Dryden jun. alter'd.

My honour'd Father did his Precepts uſe
By Force of ſtrong Example to infuſe:
'Twas ſo he labour'd to direct my Will,
Point me to Good, or turn me back from Ill.
When ſtudious to inculcate frugal Care,
And make me happy with what ever Share

uti contentus eo, quod mî ipſe paraſſet:
ides, Albî ut malè vivat filius, utque
ps? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
uis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
rreret: Sectani diſſimilis ſis.
rer Mœchas, conceſſa cùm Venere uti
deprenſi non bella eſt fama Trebonî,

Sic me
: puerum dictis: &, ſive jubebat
m quid, Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,
judicibus ſelectis objiciebat:
bat: an hoc inhoneſtum, & inutile factu
, addubites, flagret rumore malo cùm
ue ille?———

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

Of Riches he ſhould leave: Obſerve, ſaid He,
How wretched *Albus'* Son and *Barus* be:
Young Heirs, to ſquander their Eſtates inclin'd,
In their ſad Fate may good Inſtruction find.
When to deter me from the ſhameful Love
Of vile ſeducing Proſtitutes he ſtrove,
Beware, he'd cry: nor like *Sectanus* prove.
That after Others Wives I ſhould not ſtray,
Nor follow Women in a lawleſs Way:
Thereby, quoth he, *Trebonius* is undone;
Caught in the Fact, his Reputation's gone.
——————Thus he
Did in my Non-age wiſely tutor me.
When he propos'd a Duty to be done,
Thou haſt, he'd cry, a fair Example, Son,
Before thine Eyes, for doing of the ſame:
And then ſome Great and Worthy Man he'd Name.
But, if a Vice he caution'd me to fly,
A Man, ſays he, may ſee with half an Eye;
This Action, which Thou'rt now about to do,
Is againſt Honeſty, and Int'reſt too:
For the ſame Thing, there's ſuch and ſuch a One,
With Infamy is branded thro' the Town.——
True Toil and Virtue learn, dear Youth, from Me:
Fortune from Others.——————
Be Thou induſtrious, when mature of Age,
To fix theſe great Examples in thy Mind,
And them revolving, copy out thy Sire
Æneas, and thy Unkle *Hector*'s Fame.—— *Trap.*

EXHORTATION. See REPROACH.

AH! whither fly you? By yourſelves, my Friends!
And your brave Deeds; by King *Evander*'s Name
And Conqueſts gain'd in War: By my own Hopes,
Which burn to emulate my Father's Praiſe;
Truſt not to Flight: A Paſſage thro' the Foes
Muſt with the Sword be hewn: where thickeſt crouds

EXHORTATIO.

s & Pallanta ducem patria alta repoſcit,
nulla premunt: mortali urgemur ab hoſte
s: totidem nobis, animæque manúſque,
naris magno claudit nos obice pontus:
m terra fugæ: pelagus Trojamne petamus?——
Æn. Lib. X.

ano generi tam longo tempore bellum
ir? meritò, Pompeium vincere lentè
s indignum eſt à tranſcurrente ſubactis.
) fervor abit? aut quò fiducia fati?
rs, ingrate, times?——
Lucan. Lib. VII.

——Primo gentes oriente cruenta,

That Globe of Troops: That Way, Yourſelves and Me
Pallas your Chief, our Country's Glory calls.
No Gods oppoſe Us: By a mortal Foe
Mortals Ourſelves are urg'd: As many Lives
And Hands are Ours, as Theirs: Behold the Sea
Confines Us here: No Land remains for Flight:
To *Troy* ſhall We repair? or ſtem the Deep?—— *Trap.*
Shall * *Cæſar* ſtand againſt the World combin'd,
Protract Deſtruction, and embroil Mankind?
What will the vanquiſh'd Nations murm'ring ſay,
Where once thy Conqueſts cut their winged Way,
When they behold thy lazy Virtue now,
And ſee Thee move thus languiſhing and ſlow?
Where are thoſe Fires that warm'd thee to be Great?
That ſtable Soul, and Confidence in Fate?
Canſt thou the Gods ungratefully miſtruſt?—— *Rowe.*
If Men, if Multitudes can make Us ſtrong:
Behold what Tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the *Zodiac* turns it's radiant Round,
Where-ever Earth, or People, can be found,
To Us the Nations iſſue forth in ſwarms,
And in *Rome*'s Cauſe all human Nature Arms.
What then remains, but that our Wings encloſe,
Within their ample Fold, our ſhrinking Foes?
Thouſands, and Thouſands, uſeleſs, may we ſpare,
Yon handful will not half employ our War. *Id.*
If the dear Pledges of connubial Love,
Your Houſhold Gods, and *Rome*, your Souls can move,
Hither by Fate they ſeem together brought,
And for this Prize, to Day, the Battle ſhall be fought.—*Id.*
Think from the Summit of the *Roman* Wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call:
Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they ſue,
And place their laſt, their only Hopes in You.
Imagine kneeling Age before You ſpread,
Each hoary reverend majeſtic Head:
Your Aid, by *Rome* herſelf, believe implor'd,
To ſave her from a proud imperious Lord.

* *Cicero to Pompey.*

ui nunc eſt, populum, populúmque futurum
afferre preces: hæc libera naſci,
turba mori. Si quis poſt pignora tanta
locus eſt, cum prole, & conjuge ſupplex,
lvâ ſi majeſtate liceret,
ante pedes. Magnus, niſi vincitis, exul,
n ſoceri, veſter pudor, ultima fata
ac turpes extremi cardinis annos,
n ſervire ſenex.——————

Lucan. Lib. VII.

erces hodie bellorum, aut pœna paratur.
ſpectate cruces, ſpectate catenas,
hoc poſitum roſtris, effuſáque membra:
a movet: nam me ſecura manebit
ſita manu: ſodientem viſcera cernet
qui nondum victum reſpexerit hoſtem.——

Ibid.

Think how the preſent Age, how that to come,
What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:
On your Succeſs dependent all rely:
Theſe to be born in Freedom, Thoſe to die.
Ah! think, if after what I've nam'd before,
Ought ſtill remains, that can affect you more:
Think you behold (were ſuch a Poſture meet)
Ev'n me, your *Pompey*, proſtrate at your Feet.
Myſelf, my Wife, my Sons, a ſuppliant Band,
From You our Lives, and Liberties demand:
Or conquer You, or I to Exile born,
My laſt diſhonourable Years ſhall mourn,
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn.
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral ſave,
Nor let this hoary Head deſcend to Earth a Slave.— *Id.*
Between Extreams, to Day, our Fortune lies,
The vileſt Puniſhment, and nobleſt Prize.
Conſider well the Captive's loſt Eſtate,
Chains, Racks, and Croſſes for the Vanquiſh'd wait:
My Limbs are each allotted to its Place,
And my pale Head the *Roſtrum*'s Height ſhall grace.
But that's a Thought unworthy *Cæſar*'s Care:—
Much more for you than for myſelf I fear.
On my good Sword ſecurely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am ſure to die.—— *Id.*

EXPERIENCE.

BY various Proofs Experience Art has form'd:
Example being Guide.——————
Let *Stoicks* Ethics haughty Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance:
Yet happy Thoſe, who not ſo learn'd, are thought,
Whom Life inſtructs, tho' by Experience taught.
For *new* to come, from *paſt* Misfortunes, look: [*Creech.*
Nor ſhake the Yoke, which galls the more 'tis ſhook.—
Ev'n from old Age does ſome Advantage riſe,
For in the hoary Head Experience lies.——

The

ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
rat miles vulnera, paſtor oves.——

Propert.

enator, ceris ubi retia tendat:
e, qua frendens valle moretur aper:
noti frutices: qui fuſtinet hamos,
uæ multo piſce natentur aquæ.——

Ovid. Art. Amand. Lib. I.

o magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam
quod minuant mirarier omnes

——— *Lucret.* Lib. II.

m ita quiſquam bene ſubducta ratione ad vitam
ætas, uſus, ſemper aliquid adportet novi, [fuit,
ioneat, ut illa, quæ te ſcire credes, neſcias,
oi putaris prima, in experiundo repudies.——

Teren. Adelp.

GALITAS. Vide GULA. LUXURIA.

cator erat Centronius, & modò curvo
tore Cajetæ, ſummâ nunc Tiburis arce,
aeſtinis in montibus alta parabat

The Seaman beſt can reaſon of the Winds,
Of Oxen none ſo well as lab'ring Hinds:
Battles and Wounds the Soldiers beſt deſcribe,
And what belongs to Sheep the Shepherd Tribe.—
The Fowler and the Huntſman know full well,
The Haunts of Birds, and Beaſts, and where they dwell:
The artful Angler, in the winding Brook,
Knows what the Fiſh, and how to bait his Hook.——

Nothing, at firſt, ſo great, ſo ſtrange appears,
But that the Wonder, by Degrees abates,
And it becomes familiar.————

Ne'er did Man caſt up the Buſineſs of his Life ſo exactly, but ſtill Experience, Years, and Cuſtom, will bring in ſome new Particulars he was not aware of, and ſhew his Ignorance of what he thought he knew, and after Trial make him reject his former Opinions.—*Eachard.*

EXTRAVAGANCE. See GLUTTONY. LUXURY.

CEntronius does high coſtly *Villas* raiſe
With *Grecian* Marble, which the Sight amaze:
Some ſtand upon *Cajeta's* winding Shore;
At *Tyber's* Tow'r, and at *Præneste* more.
The Dome of *Hercules* and *Fortune* ſhow,
To his tall Fabricks, like ſmall Cots below.
In mighty Buildings his Eſtate out-run,
Deſcends diminiſh'd greatly to his Son.
His Son builds on, and cannot be content,
Till the laſt Farthing is in Structure ſpent.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

A coſtly Gem from his *Metella's* Ear,
Æſop's looſe Son diſſolv'd in Vinegar:
And drank it down, and then profuſely laugh'd,
To think he drank a Province at a Draught.
Was't not as mad as to have thrown the Gem,
Into ſome common Shore, or rapid Stream.—— *Creech.*

Many there are of the ſame wretched Kind,
Whom their deſpairing Creditors may find

Lurking

in ſolo vivendi cauſa palato eſt.
cœnat, meliúſque miſerrimus horum,
ſurus jam perlucente ruinâ.
ſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,
animo pretiis obſtantibus: interiùs ſi
magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.

l difficile eſt perituram arceſſere ſummam
oppoſitis, vel matris imagine fractâ,
ngentis nummis condire guloſum

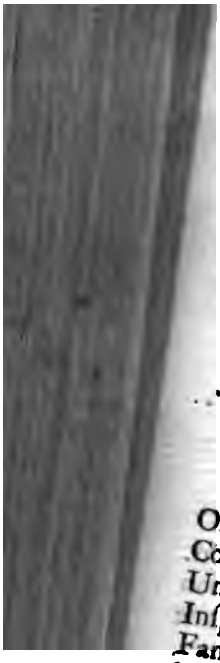
Juv. Sat. XI.

ptis apibus vocem, Damaſippe, locaſti
clamoſum ageres ut phaſma Catulli ——

Lurking in Shambles: where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine:
Such whoſe ſole Bliſs is eating: who can give
But that one brutal Reaſon why they live.
And yet, what's more ridiculous; of theſe
The pooreſt Wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe:
And he whoſe thin tranſparent Rags declare
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
Would ranſack ev'ry Element, for Choice
Of ev'ry Fiſh and Fowl, at any Price:
If brought from far, if very dear it coſt,
It has a Flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater Guſt.
In Riot thus, while Money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new Pledges gives:
Till forc'd of meer Neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh to buy his Meat.
Nothing of Silver or of Gold he ſpares,
Nor what his Mother's ſacred Image bears:
Nor can his earthen Ware eſcape the Sale,
To help defray a dear luxurious Meal.—— *Congreve.*

——————Thou, *Damaſippus*,
Art forc'd to make the Stage thy laſt Retreat,
And pawn thy Voice, the All thou haſt, for Meat:
For now Thou muſt, (ſince thy Eſtate is loſt,)
Or repreſent, or be thyſelf a Ghoſt.—— *Stepny* alter'd.

As I was coming along to Day, I ſtumbled upon one of my own Rank and Quality, who had made a ſhift to guzzle away an Eſtate. Seeing ſuch a rough, naſty, meager Fellow, rigg'd out with Rags and Rheumatiſms, What's the Meaning of this fine Dreſs? (quoth I,) Alas! (ſaid he,) I had an Eſtate once, but play'd the Fool, and cou'd n't keep it, and you ſee what I am brought to: All my Friends and Acquaintance fly me as they wou'd the Plague.—— *Eachard.*



parens, ir
Extremam, ut perhibet
Progenuit: pedibus cele
Monſtrum horrendum,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora
Nocte volat cœli medio,
Stridens, nec dulci declin
Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſum
Turribus aut altis, & ma
Tam ficti, pravíque tenax,

Orbe locus medio eſt inter te
Cœleſtéſque plagas, triplicis
Unde, quod eſt uſquam, quae
Inſpicitur: penetrátque cavas
Fama tenet, ſumm

FAME.

FAME, direful Peſt! in Speed outſtrip'd by none:
That flying grows, and Strength by Motion gains.
Tim'rous at firſt ſhe is, and ſmall thro' Fear,
But, by Degrees grown bold, herſelf in Air
Sublime ſhe rears, and walking on the Ground,
Conceals her tow'ring Head among the Clouds.
Her, the laſt Siſter to *Enceladus*,
And *Cœus*, as 'tis ſaid, the Parent Earth,
Provok'd by Anger of the Gods, brought forth:
Swift with her Feet, and never-weary'd Wings.
A Monſter hideous, vaſt!—As many Plumes
As in her Body ſtick, ſo many Eyes
For ever waking, (wondrous to relate!)
There grow beneath: as many babling Tongues,
And liſt'ning Ears as many.—By Night ſhe flies,
Noiſy, thro' Shades obſcure, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n:
Nor are her Eyes by pleaſing Slumber clos'd.
Watchful, and prying round, by Day, ſhe ſits
On ſome high Palace Top, or lofty Tow'r,
And mighty Towns alarms: not leſs intent
On ſpreading Falſhood, than reporting Truth.—*Trap.* alt.
Amidſt the World, between Earth, Air, and Sea,
A Place there is, the Confine of all three:
Hence Things, how e'er remote, are view'd around;
Here ev'ry Voice is heard, and ev'ry Sound.
FAME's Palace on the Summit ſtands on high,
And Ways thereto innumerable lye;
A thouſand Entrances on every Side,
All without Gates, are ever open wide.
Built all of Braſs, the ringing Walls reſound,
And Tales repeated eccho all around.
No Reſt within, no Silence, yet the Noiſe
Not loud, but like the Whiſpers of a Voice:
Such as from far by rolling Billows ſent,
Or as *Jove*'s fainting Thunder almoſt ſpent.

Hither

Fames.

a tenent. veniunt lege vulgus, eúntque:
rum veris paſſim commenta vagantur
norum: confuſáque verba volutant.
ti vacuas implent ſermonibus auras,
ferunt alio: menſuráque ficti
auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
ilitas, illic temerarius Error,
Lætitia eſt, conſternatíque Timores,
repens, dubióque auctore Sufurri.
in Cœlo rerum, Pelagóque geratur,
videt, totúmque inquirit in orbem.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

Fames.

ocus extremis Scythiæ glacialis in oris,
ſolum, ſterilis, ſine fruge, ſine arbore, tellus:
rs illic habitant, Pallorque, Tremorque,
Fames. ——————

Hither in Crowds the Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumours here fly to and fro:
Lies mixt with Truth, Reports that vary ſtill,
The itching Ears of Folks unguarded fill.
They tell the Tale, the Tale in telling grows,
And each Relater adds to what he knows.
Raſh Error, light Credulity are here,
And cauſeleſs Tranſport, and ill-grounded Fear;
New rais'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſpers blown
By nameleſs Authors, and of Things unknown.
FAME, all that's done in Heav'n, Earth, Ocean, views,
And o'er the World ſtill hunts around for News.——
Theobald alter'd.

FAMINE.

WHere frozen *Scythia*'s utmoſt Bound is plac'd,
A Deſart lies, a melancholy Waſte:
In yellow Crops there Nature never ſmil'd,
No fruitful Tree to ſhade the barren Wild.
There ſluggiſh Cold its icy Station makes,
There Paleneſs, Frights, and aguiſh Trembling ſhakes,
Of pining *Famine* this the fated Seat.——
There in a ſtony Field the Fiend ſhe found,
Herbs knawing, and Roots ſcratching from the Ground.
Her Elfelock Hair in matted Treſſes grew,
Sunk were her Eyes, and pale her ghaſtly Hue,
Wan were her Lips, and foul with clammy Glew:
Her Throat was furr'd: her Guts appear'd within
With ſnaky Curlings thro' her Parchment Skin.
Her jutting Hips ſeem'd ſtarting from their Place,
And for a Belly was a Belly's Space.
Her Dugs hung dangling from her craggy Spine,
Looſe to her Breaſt, and faſten'd to her Chine.
Her Joints protuberant by Leanneſs grown,
Conſumption ſunk the Fleſh, and rais'd the Bone.
Her Knees large Orbits bunch'd to monſtrous Size,
And Ankles to undue Proportion riſe.—— *Vernon.*

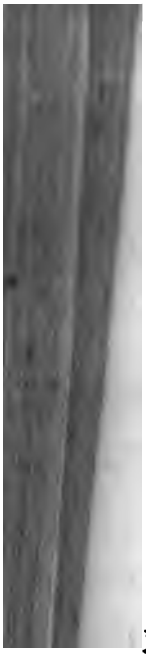
Jamque omnes ſempe
Sæva Fames aderat : n
Miles eget : toto cenſu r
Exiguam Cererem. P
Non deeſt prælato jejunu

Cautus ab incurſu belli,
Expugnat quæ tuta, fame
Paſcendis ſubmittit equis,
Flava Ceres ſegetem : ſpoi
Miles, & attonſo miſeris ja
Caſtrorum ſiocas de cæſpite

In vain the fallow Fields the Peaſant tills,
The Seed, corrupted e'er tis ſown, ſhe kills.
The fruitful Soil, that once ſuch Harveſts bore,
Now mocks the Farmer's Care, and teems no more.
All the rich Grain which fills the furrow'd Glade,
Rots in the Seed, or ſhrivels in the Blade:
Or too much Sun burns up, or too much Rain
Drowns, or black Blights deſtroy the blaſted Plain:
Or greedy Birds the new-ſown Seed devour,
Or Darnel, Thiſtles, and a Crop impure
Of knotted Graſs, along the Acres ſtand, [*Maynwaring.*
And ſpread their thriving Roots thro' all the Land.——
——————————And now,
Her baleful Viſage meager Famine rears:
Seldom alone, ſhe troops among the Fiends,
And ſtill on War and Peſtilence attends.——
Unpreſs'd, unſtraiten'd by beſieging Foes,
All Miſeries of Want the Soldier knows:
Gladly he gives his little Wealth, to eat,
And buys a Morſel with his whole Eſtate.
Curſt Merchandize! where Life it ſelf is ſold,
And Avarice conſents to ſtarve for Gold.—— *Rowe.*
But while the diſtant War no more he fears,
Famine, a worſe, reſiſtleſs Foe appears.
No more the Fields their graſſy Paſture yield,
Nor waving Harveſts crown the yellow Field.
On ev'ry verdant Leaf the hungry feed,
And ſnatch the Forage from the fainting Steed:
Then rav'nous on their Camp's Defence they fall,
And grind with greedy Jaws the turfy Wall.—— *Id.*

FANTOM. See GHOST.

THEN (wondrous to behold!) the Goddeſs arms
A viſionary *Fantom*, light, and vain,
From a thin Cloud, chang'd to *Æneas'* Shape:
Decks it with *Trojan* Darts: his Shield, and Creſt,
And all the Honours of his God-like Head



Expoſitis ſtabat ſcalis & p
Huc ſeſe trepida Æneæ fug
Conjicit in latebras: nec T
Exſuperatque moras, & por
Vix proram attigerat: rump
Avulſumque rapit revoluta p
Tunc levis haud ultra latebra
Sed ſublime volans nubi ſe in

FATUM. Vide Sors. Deus.

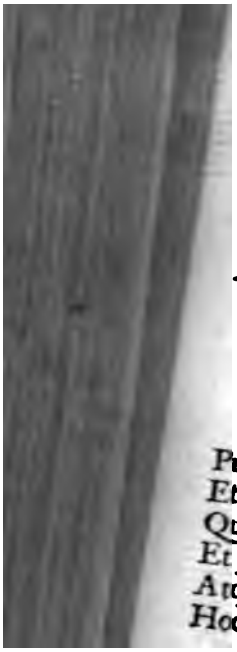
—INſuperabile Fatum,
Nata, movere paras?
Tecta trium: cernes illic molir
Ex ære, & ſolido rerum tabula
Quæ neque concurſum coeli, ne
Nec metuunt ullas tuta, atque

Diſſembles: gives it empty Words, and Sound:
And forms its Steps, and Manner, as it walks.
Such Figures, as tis ſaid, departed Ghoſts
Flutt'ring aſſume: or mimic Dreams by Night.
In the firſt Van th' exulting Shade provokes
The Hero, and with Darts, and Voice defies.
Turnus advances fierce: and hurls from far
A whiſtling Lance: The recreant Spirit flies.
Cloſe to the Covert of a lofty Rock
A Ship by Chance there ſtood, with Ladders hung,
And Bridges laid: To this with haſty Steps,
The trembling Image of *Æneas* flies,
And in its Hatches lurks. With Haſte no leſs
Turnus purſues, all Obſtacles ſurmounts,
And paſſes o'er the Bridges: When the Deck
He ſcarce had reach'd, *Saturnia* burſts the Cords,
And ſpeeds the Veſſel thro' the rolling Deep.
——————And now the mimic Form
No longer lurks conceal'd: but mounts in Air
Aloft, and mingles with a duſky Cloud;
While *Turnus* in mid Ocean wafted ſails.—— *Trap.*

FATE. See Chance. God. Foreknowledge. Providence.

——IN vain, * fair Daughter, you eſſay
To o'er-rule *Deſtiny*'s unconquer'd Sway:
Your Doubts to baniſh, enter *Fate*'s Abode;——
There you ſhall ſee the Records grav'd, in length,
On Ir'n and ſolid Braſs, with mighty Strength:
Which Heav'n's and Earth's Concuſſion ſhall endure:
Mauger all Shocks, eternal, and ſecure:
There, on e'erlaſting Adamant, deſign'd,
The various Fortunes of your Race you'll find,— *Welſted.*
Forbear to hope the *Deſtinies* divine.
Can ever with Intreaties be ſubdu'd.—— *Trap.*
Fix'd ſtands the Date of mortal Lives: the Space
Is ſhort, and irretrievable to All.—— *Id.*

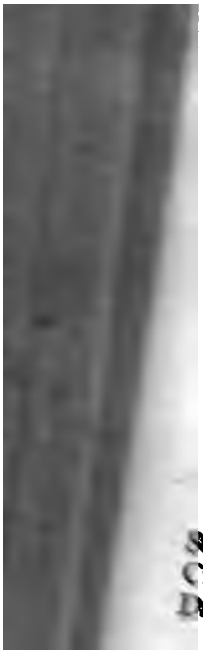
* *Jupiter* to *Venus.*



[illegible] supervacuis vit
Fata regunt orbem : c
Longáque per certos fig
Nascentes morimur : fi
Tunc & opes & regna f
Paupertas, artésque data
Et vitia, & clades, dam
Nemo caret damno : po
Fortunámve suis invitam
Aut fugere instantem : so

Adde etiam Italicas vire
Pugnantum membris : adji
Et Cimbrum in Mario, Ma
Quod Consul totiens, exúlq
Et jacuit Lybicis compar fat
Atque crepidinibus cœpit C
Hoc nisi fata darent, nunqua

reat *Jove* himſelf the equal Ballance holds,
l poiſes in it's Scales the Fates of both:
with Succeſs is charg'd: and one deſcends
ded with Death.———— *Trap.*
Mortals, your Minds of anxious Cares unload,
fruitleſly the Woes of Life bewail:
governs worldly Things: and fixt by *Fate*
ll that haps thro' long revolving Years.
Death's fore-doom'd the Moment We are born,
d the laſt Hour depends upon the firſt.
en, Wealth to ſome, and Kingdoms are decreed;
Poverty to moſt: The Mind to Arts,
Manners, then is turn'd; to Vice, or Virtue.
en too the *Evil* and the *Good* of Life
ll predeſtin'd: for from it's Share of *Evil*
Life's exempt: tho' more than what's fore-doom'd
ne poſſibly can ſuffer.—Prayers nor Vows
Fortune can ſuſpend, nor Flight avoid:
All muſt bear the Hardſhips *Fate* decrees.——
Beſides, th' unnatural Civil Wars of *Rome*,
Proofs of *Fate*'s inevitable Doom.
Marius ride, with *Cimbrian* Lawrels crown'd,
en in the Dungeon, ſtretch'd upon the Ground:
ow *Slave*, now *Conſul*: *Conſul*, *Slave* again:
s *Curule* Chair ſucceeded by a *Chain*.
ow a mean Ruin, on the *Lybian* Sands,
ſpis'd he lies: and now the World commands:
dden, from the *Minturnian* Pools he roſe,
d ſcatter'd Vengeance on his haughty Foes.
anges thus ſtrange, and much for *Chance* too great,
e not th' Effects of *Fortune*, but of *Fate*.——
Who, *Pompey*, could (that ſaw thy conq'ring Fleet
gain the Seas, and Kings beneath thy Feet,
oud *Pontus* yield, fierce Tyrants make thy Train,
nd ſuppliant Monarchs beg thy Leave to reign;
hat ſaw victorious Lawrels crown thy Head,
nd conquer'd Worlds in thy three Triumphs led:



And all that Glory which thy Sword had won
Fixt, and ſupported by as great a Son,)
Have thought that Thou, upon a foreign Sand,
Should'ſt ſteal a Burial from a common Hand:
That ſhatter'd Planks, the Seas diſhoneſt Spoil,
Should hiſs beneath thy Trunk, and be thy *Pile?*
That Thou, the mighty Thou, ſhould'ſt want an Urn?
What Power, but *Fate*, could work ſo ſtrange a Turn?
E'en *Cæſar* ſprung from Heav'n, and now a Star,
Tho' midſt the Dangers of the Civil War
Secure he ſtood———
Yet crown'd with Peace, in all his mighty State,
He fell, a Victim to o'er-ruling Fate:
Not mere Suſpicions, but clear Proofs were brought,
He knew what *Caſſius* ſpoke, and *Brutus* thought:
How far advanc'd, how far they meant to go,
And ſaw the Minute of the fatal Blow;
Yet dark Oblivion did his Reaſon blot,
He all his *Warnings*, and *Himſelf* forgot:
And in the *Senate*, while his Right Hand held
The faithful Paper which the Plot reveal'd,
To prove that *Fate* does all the World controul,
He fell, and with his Blood effac'd the Scroll.—*Creech* alt.
———If *Fate* does ſo ordain,
A ſlight Diſeaſe deſtroys, while greater ſpare,
Good Methods fail, and Men are loſt by Care:
Some, temperate Diet with Diſeaſes fills,
And Poiſon's innocent, when Phyſick kills.——
Succeſsleſs Virtue ſinks, while Vice prevails:
And Folly wins the Prize, when Prudence fails.
He argues ill, that from the Fortune draws,
The Goodneſs, or the Badneſs, of a Cauſe:
Succeſs on Merit does not always wait;
Both Good and Bad are found amongſt the Great.
But ſome Almighty Pow'r's impetuous Force
Marks out the Way, and ſtill directs the Courſe:
The Years that we muſt run; the Length, the Pace,
And all the various Turnings of the Race.——

Beſides,

Quod natura dedit fruge
Sic hominum menti tan
Quod cœlo gaudente ven
Oderimus majus in culpa
Non refert ſcelus unde cad

Hoc placet, ô ſuperi, c
Propoſitum, noſtris errorit
Cladibus irruimus, nocitura

———Ingemuit Rector,
Eſſe dolos, & fata ſuæ cont

———Parcæ———genibus
Admovere manus, quarum f
Omnia, quæ ſeriem

Beſides, were not Events by *Fate* enroll'd,
ow can their certain Order be foretold?
ow can the *Prophets* ſing of future Doom,
d, in the preſent, read the Age to come.——
Nor does this Reaſoning Wickedneſs defend,
rob fair *Virtue* of it's happy End.
ho ever lik'd the more a pois'nous Weed,
auſe 'tis bred from neceſſary Seed?
who loves Corn the leſs, who hates the Vine,
auſe produc'd by Nature, not Deſign?
us virtuous Minds deſerve the greater Love,
ce doom'd to act what Heaven muſt approve:
d we ſhould hate thoſe moſt whom Fate has ſent
mes to commit, and ſuffer Puniſhment:
r Crimes, from whatſoever Cauſe they flow,
e ſtill the ſame:—ſince that they're Crimes We know.—
Creech alter'd.

When You, ye Gods! are pleas'd to plague Mankind,
r own raſh Hands are to the Taſk aſſign'd:
You ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be,
e blindly act the Miſchiefs You decree:
e call the Battle, We the Sword prepare,
id on ourſelves draw on the dreadful War.—— *Rowe.*

Sore ſigh'd the anxious Chief, who well could read
ne dire Deluſion by the Gods decreed:
r ſaw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,
thwart his Purpoſe, and perplex his Mind.— *Idem.*

The Fates embrace his Knees, with Hands that twine
ie Lot of all Things, human, and divine:
id from the Threads on their eternal Reel,
hate'er ſhall hap thro' endleſs Ages deal.— *Hughes* alt.

FAULTS. See DETRACTION.

BUT ſome may cry, have You no Faults at all?
Yes, other Faults, and not perhaps ſo ſmall.——
hen *Mænius* rail'd at *Novius*, how, ſays One,
ſt know thyſelf, or think thy Faults unknown?
o, *pho*, ſays *Mænius*,—I forgive my own.

This

Stultus, & improbus hic amor eſt, dignúſque notari.
Cùm tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quàm aut Aquila, aut Serpens Epidaurius? At tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus & illi.——

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 3.

——Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur: Optimus ille eſt,
Qui minimis urgetur.——————
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Poſtulat: ignoſcat Verrucis illius: æquum eſt,
Peccatis veniam poſcentem, reddere rurſus.——

Ibid.

TIMOR. Vide TERROR. PANICUS TERROR.

OBſtupuit, retróque pedem cum voce repreſſit.
Improviſum aſpris veluti qui ſentibus anguem
Preſſit humi nitens, trepidúſque repente refugit
Attollentem iras, & cœrula colla tumentem.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Nunc omnes terrent auræ, ſonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum.——————
Jamque propinquabam portis, cum creber ad aures
Viſus adeſſe pedum ſonitus: genitórque per umbram
Proſpiciens; Nate, exclamat, fuge, Nate: propinquant:
Ardentes clypeos atque æra micantia cerno.——

Ibid.

At ſociis ſubitâ gelidus formidine ſanguis
Diriguit: cecidere animi: nec jam amplius armis,
Sed votis precibúſque jubent expoſcere pacem.——

Æn. Lib. III.

This is a fooliſh, and a wicked Love,
Such as the keeneſt Satyr ſhould reprove.
While thou art blind and ſenſeleſs to thy own,
How doſt thou find another's Faults ſo ſoon,
That ſcarce a Serpent can ſo quickly ſpy,
Or any Eagle hath ſo ſharp an Eye?
But ſtill go on: purſue thy mean Deſign,
Shew Others Faults,—and they will ſhew thee thine.——
Creech alter'd.

We all our Frailties ſhare, and he's the beſt,
Moſt happy he, who's loaded with the leaſt.
Thoſe then, who would not have their Sores offend,
Ought not to fret the Pimples of a Friend:
And ſurely, 'tis but juſt, that he, who'd claim
A candid Cov'ring where he proves to blame,
Should to an erring Neighbour grant the ſame.— *Anon.*

FEAR. See FRIGHT. PANIC.

——SUrpriz'd with Fear he back
Recoil'd, and with his Speech repreſs'd his Steps.
Like one, who, unawares, in prickly Thorns
Has trod upon a Snake: And ſtarting fled
Him rouſing all his Venom, and with Rage
Heaving his ſpeckled Neck.——— *Trap.*

I take th' Alarm, while Horrors reign around,
At ev'ry Breeze, and ſtart at ev'ry Sound.
Now, to the City Gates approaching near,
* I ſeem the Noiſe of trampling Feet to hear.
My frighted Sire look'd forward thro' the Shade,
And, fly my Son: they come, they come, he ſaid:
Lo! from their Shields I ſee the Splendors ſtream,
And ken diſtinct the Helmet's fiery Gleam.—— *Pitt.*

With Hearts dejected my Companions ſtood,
And ſudden Horrors froze their curdling Blood:
Down drop the Shield and Spear; from Fight we ceaſe,
And humbly ſue by ſuppliant Vows for Peace.—— *Id.*

* *Æneas bearing his Father Anchiſes* upon his Shoulders.

Her

...ntis inops : jam jamqu
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut
Spumantes ſcopulos erectæ in

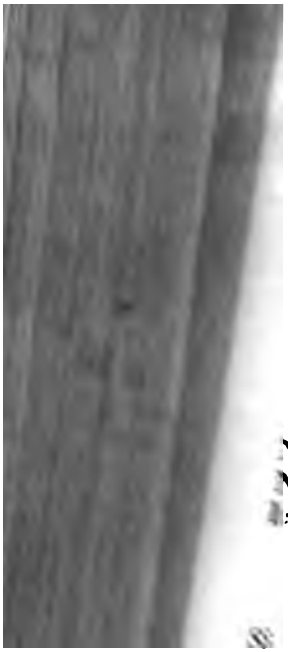
Interea volucer motis conter
Fama volat, ſummíque petit j
Atque hoc Romano attonito fe
Jam claſſes fluitare mari, totáſc
Fervere Germano perfuſas ſan
Arma, cruor, cædes, incendia,
Ante oculos volitant : ergo pu
Pectora per dubias ſcinduntur te
Huic fuga per terras, illi magi
Et Patria eſt Pontus jam tutior
Qui tentata velit : fatiſque jube
Quantum quiſque timet, tantum
Hos inter motus populus, miſera
Quo mens icta jubet, deſerta duc
Gaudet Roma fuga, debellatíque
Rumoris ſonitu mœrentia tecta re
Ille manu trepida natos tenet : il
Occultat gremio, deplor

Her Colour and her Voice forſake the Fair,
And thrice her trembling Feet for Flight prepare:
But ſtill in vain, for Fear had fix'd 'em there.
She ſhook, like Blades of Corn, when Tempeſts blow:
Or ſlender Reeds that in the Marſhes grow.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

So fares a Sailor on the ſtormy Main,
When Clouds conceal *Boötes'* golden Wain:
When not a Star it's friendly Luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the Deeps:
He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Seas, and Skies,
While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him flies.—
Pope.

Mean time on trembling Pinions thro' the Skies,
To Mount * *Palatium* frighted Rumour flew,
And to aſtoniſh'd *Rome* theſe Tidings bore:——
A hoſtile Fleet is riding on the Main;
And o'er the *Alps*, with *German* Conqueſts fluſh'd,
The vengeful Legions pour on guilty *Rome*.
Strait Fire, and Sword, and all the dreadful Train
Of Civil Rage, before their Eyes appear!
Diſtracting Tumults ev'ry Boſom ſway'd,
And Reaſon 'midſt the dubious Fears was loſt.
This flies by Land: That rather truſts the Seas,
As far leſs dang'rous than his native Shores:
Theſe run to Arms: Fate aids the wild Affright,
And each obeys the Guidance of his Fears.
No certain Courſe the giddy Vulgar know,
But thro' the Gates in throng'd Confuſion crowd,
And rival Terror:—*Rome* to Rumour yields,
And weeping *Romans* leave their native Seats.
This in his Hand his trembling Children leads;
And This his Gods within his Boſom hides,
His long-lov'd Threſhold quits with mournful Looks,
And wings his Curſes at the abſent Foe.
There on the Huſband's Breaſt, the Bride complains:
And here, his Father's Age a pious Youth
Supports with filial Care, nor feels his Load,

* One of the ſeven Hills of *Rome*.



Nor fears but for his venerable Charge.
While Theſe, inſenſate! to the Field convey
Their treaſur'd Wealth, and glut the War with Spoil.
As on the deep when ſtormy *Auſter* blows,
And mounts the Billows with tumultuous Rage,
Th' affrighted Seamen ply their Arts in vain:
The Pilots ſtand aghaſt: Theſe laſh their Sails:
While Theſe make Land, and Thoſe avoid the Shores,
And give up all to giddy Fortune's Pow'r.—*Addiſon* jun.

FIDELITY.

HE to the Shrines of *Faith* his Steps addreſs'd.
She, pleas'd with Secrets rolling in her Breaſt,
Far from the World remote, revolv'd on high,
The Cares of Gods, and Counſels of the Sky.
E'er *Jove* was born ſhe grac'd the bright Abodes,
Conſort of *Juſtice*, boaſt of Men and Gods:
Without whoſe heavenly Aid, no Peace below,
The ſtedfaſt Earth, and rolling Ocean, know.— *Addiſon.*

While Earth the Seas ſhall in her Boſom bear,
While Earth herſelf ſhall hang in ambient Air,
While *Phœbus* ſhall his conſtant Taſk renew,
While thro' the *Zodiac* Night ſhall Day purſue;
No Faith, no Truſt, no Friendſhip ſhall be known
Among the jealous Partners of a Throne:
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.——*Rowe.*

If, now, a Friend does not deny his Truſt,
But the old Purſe reſtores with all it's Ruſt,
'Tis a prodigious Faith! and ought in Gold
Among the *Tuſcan* Annals be inroll'd:
And a crown'd Lamb ſhould ſacrificed be
To ſuch a wonderful Integrity.———

FIDELITY Conjugal. See CONSTANCY.

HER Anſwer was, oft as my Suit I preſs'd;
For one, alone, I guard this ſpotleſs Breaſt:

To one, where-e'er he is, from me disjoyn'd,
The Wiſhes of my Soul are all confin'd.——
——————Whoe'er Thou art,
Another holds, ſays * he, my captive Heart.
Long may ſhe there th' unrivall'd Miſtreſs reign,
Nor will I e'er my nuptial Faith prophane,
Or wrong her Love: ſo long as Nature gives
Life to this Frame, and charming *Canens* lives.— *Pope.*

FIRE. See AMAZEMENT. CITY Taken.

FIRE lies in ev'ry thing: in Clouds it forms
The frightful Thunder, and delights in Storms:
It paſſes thro' the Earth, in *Ætna* raves,
And imitates Heav'n's Thunder in it's Caves:
In hollow Vales it boils the riſing Floods:
In Flints 'tis found, and lodges in the Woods;
For toſs'd by Storms, the Trees in Flames expire;—
So warm are Nature's Parts, ſo fill'd with Fire.——*Creech.*
Achates from a Flint ſtruck out the Sparks,
The Fire inclos'd in Leaves, and round it pil'd
Dry Fuel: and blew up the ſudden Flame.—— *Trap.*
Nor in your Vineyards let wild Olives grow:
For oft, by careleſs Swains neglected Fire
Is left: Which firſt beneath the unctious Bark
Lurks unperceiv'd, invades the ſolid Wood,
And, riſing thro' the higher Leaves, to Heav'n
With mighty Noiſe aſcends: Then Victor reigns
Thro' the Top-Branches, and Triumphant rides,
Involving all the Grove in Flames: and throws
A Cloud of pitchy Vapour to the Sky:
Chiefly, if from the North a Tempeſt roars,
And driv'n by Winds the blazing Torrent rolls.— *Id.*
As when the wiſh'd for Winds in Summer riſe,
Thro' the thick Woods the Shepherd ſcatters Fire:
The middle Trees blaze ſudden, and at once
Vulcan's dire Squadrons deluge all the Plains:
He, pleas'd, ſits viewing the triumphant Flames.— *Id.*

* *Picus.*

...certat, verum...

Uror ut indomiti
Fertilis accensa

Hicet ignis edax
Volvatur, exhaurat

———Ferit in
Transtra per, & remos
———Udo sub rob
Stupa, vomens tardum
Est vapor, & toto defe
Nec vires Heroum, inf

———Piceo jubet
Lampadas immitti junctis
Nec piger ignis erat per f
Manantes cerâ tabulas: &
Transtraque nautarum fum
Jam propè femin...

The Clouds diſperſe in Fumes:——
The * High-Lands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing Rays,
Or, clad with Woods, in their own Fuel blaze.
Then o'er the Plains, where ripen'd Harveſts grow,
The running Conflagration ſpreads below:
But theſe are trivial Ills: whole Cities burn,
And peopled Kingdoms into Aſhes turn.——
Addiſon.

I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of Corn,
When by the driving Winds the Flames are born.—*Scroop.*

High, o'er the Dome, the Flames emblaze the Air:
Fierce to devour, the fiery Tempeſt flies,
Swells in the Wind, and thunders to the Skies.—— *Pitt.*

——————With looſen'd Reins
Among the Benches *Vulcan* rages fierce,
Among the Oars, and Decks of painted Fir.
——Beneath the warping Timber lives
The ſmouldring Tow, and vomits lazy Smoke:
A ling'ring Vapour eats the Ships, and o'er
The Fleet's whole Bulk the pitchy Plague deſcends.
Nor does the Labour of the Heroes aught
Avail, nor Rivers pour'd upon the Flames.—— *Trap.*

He then commands, againſt the Ships to aim
Darts, that with Pitch and livid Sulphur flame.
The ſpreading Fire o'er-runs their unctious Sides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the Top-Maſt rides:
Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blaze,
And ſinking Veſſels hiſs amidſt the Seas:
While floating Arms and Men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Deform the Surface of the azure Flood.
Nor does Deſtruction ſeize the Fleet alone,
But, driv'n by Winds invades the neighb'ring Town:
On rapid Wings the rolling Flames they bear,
In wavy Lengths along the red'ning Air:
Not much unlike, the ſhooting Meteors fly,
In gleamy Trails, a-thwart the midnight Sky.——
Rowe alter'd.

* The World ſet on Fire by *Phaëton.*

Mole tenet : ſcopuli n
Saxa fremunt, laterſqu

———Sed nullis i
Fletibus, aut voces ulla
Fata obſtant : placidáſq
Ac veluti annoſo valida
Alpini Boreæ, nunc him
Eruere inter ſe certant :
Conſternunt terram conc
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis : & c
Ætherias, tantum radice
Haud ſecus aſſiduis hinc a
Tunditur, & magno perſ
Mens immota manet, lacł

Ille, velut rupes vaſtum
Obvia ventorum furiis

FIRMNESS. See FORTITUDE.

INfatuate they demand
The impious War, and obſtinately crowd,
Tumult, round the King *Latinus'* Court.
ke a Rock amidſt the Sea, unmov'd,
; oppoſite, reſiſting: like a Rock
ſt the Sea; which, while the roaring Tide
aches, with it's Weight Itſelf ſuſtains
ıg the noiſy Waves: in vain the Cliffs
ing rebellow loud: and all around
ıroken Sea-Weed daſhes on it's Sides.—— *Trap.*
by no Tears is mov'd: untractable,
leaf to all Intreaties: Fate forbids:
Jove, o'er-ruling, ſtops his pitying Ears.
ıen rough *Alpine* Winds, with ſtruggling Guſts,
way, and that, contend t' o'er-turn an Oak
ɔrn with aged Timber: roaring loud
branches bend: the ſtiff Trunk bows: the Leaves
falling ſtrew the Ground: Itſelf faſt clings,
in the Rocks: and high as it uprears
w'ring Head in Air, ſo deep it's Root
; downwards to the Center. With ſuch Force,
eaſeleſs Noiſe, the Hero on all Sides
er'd: and within his manly Breaſt
ıes the Pain he feels: his Mind perſiſts
v'd: and Tears roll down his Cheeks in vain.—*Id.*
like a Rock, which o'er the Ocean wide
prominent, expos'd to Winds and Waves,
ll the Rage of Sea and Sky endures;
fix'd, unmov'd.——.——— *Id.*

FLATTERY. See COURTSHIP.

THESE prudent Folks are full of Flattery:
They make a Wit of their inſipid Friend,
ıbber Lips, and beetle Brows commend:

His long Crane-Neck, and narrow Shoulders praiſe,
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules*.
A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes,
Tho' harſher than a Cock's that treads and crows.— *Dryd.*
'Tis all a Comedy: but laugh, and they
Return it louder than an Aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve: if You weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent Eccho in their Eye,
They cannot mourn like You, but they can cry.
Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloths they take,
Begin but You to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In Froſt and Snow if You complain of Heat,
They rub th' unſweating Brow, and ſwear they ſweat.—
Or Day, or Night, they're like a Looking-Glaſs,
Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face:
Their panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,
Are ſtill prepar'd for fulſome Flattery:
Ev'n Naſtineſs Occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching or well-p---ſs---ng Lord.—— *Id.*
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,
When to his Face the worthleſs Wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile Court-Flatt'ry to a God has rais'd.—— *Duke.*
Deceitful Flatt'ry does the Soul betray,
As hollow Banks by Streams are worn away.
Tell her, her Face is fair, her Hair is ſweet,
Her taper Fingers praiſe, and little Feet:
Such Praiſes ev'n the Chaſte are pleas'd to hear:
Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.
Praiſe the proud Peacock, and he ſpreads his Train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again:
Pleas'd is the Courſer in his rapid Race,
Applaud his running, and he mends his Pace.—*Dryd.* alt.
Thou, who deſir'ſt to keep the fair One's Heart,
To flatter well apply thy utmoſt Art:
With frequent Raptures on her Beauty gaze,
And make her Form the Subject of thy Praiſe.

[illegible] Tyrias, Tyrios laudabis amictus:
[illegible] Dea, Tu dicere pura.
[illegible] nihil in pretiosior auro:
[illegible] mensa, quotiens sumpta proba.—
[illegible] differimus erit, discrimina lauda:
[illegible] quae crassam, tonte capille places.
[illegible] vocem mirare canentis;
[illegible] eloquii, verba quærentis habe.——

Ovid. Art. II.

[illegible] libelle, venitis ad me
[illegible] miserabiles libellis:
[illegible] hominum, desumque non sum:
[illegible] est locus hic in urbe vobis.
[illegible] primus procul ite, quibus
[illegible] humilesque supplicesque
[illegible] sola habitat regum.

Mart. Lib. X. Epig. 72.

[illegible] populo bibulas donaveris aures.
[illegible] non es: mihi tua munera cerdo,
[illegible] & nostra quam in tibi carta supellex.

Pers. Sat. IV.

Purple commend, when ſhe's in Purple dreſs'd:
In Scarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in Scarlet beſt:
Array'd in Gold, her graceful Mein adore,
Vowing thoſe Eyes tranſcend the ſparkling Ore:
If Crape ſhe wears,—What can become her more!
When dreſs'd in Colours, praiſe a colour'd Dreſs,
Her Hair, or curl'd, or comb'd, commend no leſs.
Singing, her Voice, dancing, her Air admire;
Complain when ſhe leaves off, and ſtill deſire.—*Dryd.* alt.

In vain, mean Flatteries, ye try,
To gnaw the Lip, and fall the Eye:
No Man a God or Lord I name:
From *Romans* far be ſuch a Shame!
Go teach the ſupple *Parthian* how
To veil the Bonnet on his Brow:
Or on the Ground, all proſtrate fling
Some *Pict*, before his barbarous King.—— *Addiſon.*

Pleaſe not thy ſelf the flatt'ring Croud to hear,
Tis fulſom Stuff to feed thy itching Ear.
Reject the nauſeous Praiſes of the Times:
Give the baſe Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:— *Dryd.*
Thyſelf conſider well, that Thou may'ſt find
How much there wants to furniſh out thy Mind.——

As hired Mourners, at a Fun'ral, ſpeak,
And act, with more Extravagance of Grief,
Than thoſe, whoſe Hearts a real Sorrow know,
So flatt'ring *Sycophants* more Zeal betray,
Than real Friends.————————

True Friends and faithleſs Flatt'rers differ more,
Than a chaſt Matron and a common Whore.— *Creech.*

There's a Sort of People in the World who ſet up for Wits of the firſt Rate, and yet have no more Brains than Maggots: Now theſe are the Men for my Turn: I laugh at them, and at the ſame Time praiſe their Parts to the Skies. If they ſay any Thing, I cry it up too: if they unſay it, I commend them for that too: what they deny, I deny: what they affirm, I affirm: In ſhort, I've brought myſelf to be of their Mind in every Thing, and by this means I get *many a ſweet* Bit and a ſweet Penny.—*Eachard.*

Fuga.

Ugit ocyor aura
Illa levi: neque ad hæc revocantis verba reſiſtit:
, precor, Peneia, mane: non inſequor hoſtis.
, mane. Sic agna lupum, ſic cerva leonem,
m penna fugiunt trepidante columbæ:
æque ſuos. Amor eſt mihi cauſa ſequendi.
um! ne prona cadas, indignàve lædi
ent ſentes: & ſim tibi cauſa doloris.
qua properas, loca ſunt. Moderatius, oro,
gamque inhibe: moderatius inſequar ipſe.
turum timido Peneia curſu
umque ipſo verba imperfecta reliquit:
que viſa decens. Nudabant corpora venti,
adverſas vibrabant flamina veſtes:
mpexos retro dabat aura capillos:
forma fuga eſt. Sed enim non ſuſtinet ultra
landitias juvenis Deus: utque movebat
or, admiſſo ſequitur veſtigia paſſu.
—Hic ſpe celer, illa timore.
n inſequitur, pennis adjutus Amoris,

Flight.

Swift as the Wind, the * Damſel fled away,
Nor did for theſe alluring Speeches ſtay.—
Stay, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a Foe,
Thus from a Lyon bounds the trembling Doe:
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And, from purſuing Falcons, fearful Doves:
All fly their Foes; but Thou fly'ſt him that loves.
Ah! leſt ſome Thorn ſhould pierce thy tender Foot!
Or Thou ſhould'ſt fall in ſhunning my Purſuit!
To ſharp uneven Ways thy Steps decline;
Abate thy Speed, and I will bate of mine.
She heard not half: ſo furiouſly ſhe flies:
And on her Ear th' imperfect Accent dies.
How lovely was ſhe then! the Wind that blew
Expos'd her Beauties naked to his View:
And, as behind her careleſs Locks it bore,
Flight made her ſtill more charming than before.
Now will the God no more Entreaties loſe,
But urg'd by Love, with all his Force purſues.
She urg'd by Fear, her Feet did ſwiftly move,
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
No Reſt he gives, but cloſe behind her bears, [alter'd.
Pants on her Neck, and breathes upon her Hairs.—*Dryd.*

As trembling Doves from preſſing Danger fly,
When the fierce Hawk comes ſouſing from the Sky;
And as fierce Hawks the trembling Doves purſue,
From him I fled, and after me he flew.— *Maynwaring.*

Away ſhe fled: Not Stags with half ſuch Speed,
Before the prowling Wolf, ſcud o'er the Mead:
Not Ducks, when they the ſafer Flood forſake,
Purſu'd by Hawks, ſo ſwift regain the Lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot Career:
Deſire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.—— *Dryden.*

* *Daphne's* Flight from *Apollo.*

Now

Now, with a Lion's Spoils, beſpread, * I take
My Sire, a pleaſing Burthen, on my Back:
Cloſe clinging to my Hand, and preſſing nigh,
With Steps unequal, trip'd *Iülus* by.
Behind, my dear *Creuſa* took her Way:
Thro' ev'ry lonely dark Receſs we ſtray.
And I, who late th' embattled *Greeks* could dare,
Their flying Darts, and whole embody'd War,
Now take Alarm, while Horrors reign around,
At ev'ry Breeze, and ſtart at ev'ry Sound.
With fancy'd Fears my buſy Thoughts were wild,
For my dear Father, and endanger'd Child.—— *Pitt.*

Cheerleſs, the flying † Chief renew'd his Speed,
And urg'd, with gory Spurs, his fainting Steed.
A thouſand Terrors ſtruggling in his Mind,
He turns where doubtful Paths obſcurely wind.
He ſtarts at ev'ry Ruſtling of the Trees,
And fears the Whiſpers of each murm'ring Breeze:
The Fellows of his Flight increaſe his Dread,
While hard behind their trampling Horſes tread.——
Rowe alter'd.

Now to thoſe Shores the hapleſs *Pompey* came,
Where hoary *Peneus* rolls his ancient Stream:
Red with *Emathian* Slaughter ran his Flood,
And dy'd the Ocean deep in *Roman* Blood.
There a poor Bark, whoſe Keel could ſcarcely glide
Safe down ſome River's ſmooth deſcending Tide,
Receiv'd the mighty Maſter of the Main,
Whoſe ſpreading Navies hide the liquid Plain.
In this, he braves the Winds and ſtormy Sea,
And to the *Leſbian* Iſle directs his Way.—— *Rowe.*

As when the Pilot, from the black'ning Skies,
A gath'ring Storm of wintry Rain deſcries:
His Sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with Wind,
He ſtrives to leave the threat'ning Cloud behind:
Full Speed he fled.—————— *Croxall.*

* *Æneas.* † *Pompey's* Flight from the Battle of *Pharſalia.*

FUGA Furtiva.

UT tempora tandem
Furtivæ placuere fugæ: ne littora clamor
exagitet, neu buccina dividat horas,
præmonitos perducat ad æquora nautas,
sociis. Jam cœperat ultima Virgo
laturas ortu præcedere Chelas,
iti solvere rates. Non anchora voces
dum spissis avellitur uncus arenis:
ga curvantur mali, dúmque ardua pinus
, pavidi classis siluere magistri:
e pendentes deducunt carbasa nautæ,
mant validos, nec sibilet aura, rudentes.
m votis hoc te, Fortuna, precatur,
ninore vetas, liceat sibi perdere saltem
Vix fata sinunt: nam murmure vasto
r nostris ionuit mare, fluctuat unda,
minarum permistis æquora fulcis.
ftes portus, quas omnes solverat urbis
severa fides, muribus receptæ.

FLIGHT Secret.

AT length arriv'd, with the revolving Night,
The choſen Hour appointed for * his Flight:
He bids his Friends prevent the Seamen's Roar,
And ſtill the deaf'ning Clamours on the Shore:
So Trumpets may the Watch by Hours renew,
For ſounding Signals call aboard the Crew.
The † *heav'nly Maid* her Courſe had almoſt run,
And *Libra* waited on the riſing Sun,
When, huſh'd in Silence deep, they leave the Land:
No loud mouth'd Voices call, with hoarſe Command,
To heave the flooky Anchors from the Sand.
Slowly the careful Maſter's Orders paſt,
To brace the Yards, and rear the lofty Maſt:
Silent they ſpread the Sails, the Cables haul,
For to their Mates for Aid, tumultuous, call.
The Chief himſelf to Fortune breath'd a Pray'r,
At length to take him to her kinder Care:
That ſwiftly he might paſs the liquid Deep,
And loſe the Land which ſhe forbad to keep.
Hardly the Boon his niggard Fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murm'ring Seas were plow'd:
The foamy Furrows roar'd beneath his Prow,
And ſounding to the Shore alarm'd the Foe.
Strait thro' the Town their ſwift Purſuit they ſped,
(For wide her Gates the faithleſs City ſpread)
Along the winding Port they took their Way,
And griev'd to find the Fleet had gain'd the Sea.—*Rowe.*

FLOOD. See DELUGE.

—‖ ERidanus ſupreme of Floods
Ruſh'd thro' the Foreſts, tore the lofty Woods,

* *Pompey*'s Flight from *Brunduſium*, when he was in Danger of being ut up by *Cæſar*. † This points out the Time to be in the orning before Sun-riſe, about the Beginning of *September*.
‖ The *Po*.

[illegible] aggeribus ruptis cur
Exiit, oppoſitáſque evicit gurg
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, c
Cum ſtabulis armenta trahit.—
Ac cum mollis aquæ fertur n
Flumine abundanti, quod largis
Montibus ex altis magnus decur
Fragmina conjiciens ſylvarum,
Nec validi poſſunt pontes venie
Vim ſubitam tolerare: ita magi
Molibus incurrens validis cum v
Dat ſonitu magno ſtragem: vo
Grandia ſaxa, ruit quà quicquid fl

Hic ubi jam Zephyri fines, &
Cardo tenet Tethyn, vetitæ tran
Involvere globos: conjeſtúmque
Vix recipit ſpatium, quod ſepera
Jamque polo preſſæ largos denſa
Spiſſatæque fluunt.———
Jámque Pyrenææ, quas nunqu
Evaluit, fluxere nives, fractóque
Saxa gelu [illegible]

And rolling onward with a ſweepy Sway,
Bore Houſes, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.—*Dryden.*

Thus rapid Floods deſcending on the Plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow Ear, deſtroy the Pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peaſant's Gains:
Unroot the Foreſt Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undiſtinguiſh'd Prey.
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and hears from far
The waſteful Ravage of the watry War.—— *Id.*

——————With leſs rapid Force
A foamy River, when th' oppoſing Dams
Are broken down, rolls ruſhing o'er the Plain,
And ſweeping whirls the Cattle with their Folds.—*Trap.*

——————As headlong Rivers flow,
Swoln big with falling Show'rs, or melting Snow:
And Shrubs and Trees o'erturn, and mighty Beams,
And whirl their conquer'd Prey in rapid Streams.
No Bridge can check, no Force the Flood controul,
It grows more wild, and fierce, and beats the Mole:
Ruin and Noiſe attend where-e'er it flows,
It rolls great Stones, and breaks what dares oppoſe.——
Creech.

Where Weſtern Skies the utmoſt Ocean bound,
The watry Treaſures heap the Welkin round:
Thither they croud, and ſcanted in the Space,
Scarce between Heav'n and Earth can find a Place.
Condens'd at length the ſpouting Torrents pour,
Earth ſmokes, and rattles with the guſhing Show'r.
Then firſt the cov'ring Snows began to flow
From off the *Pyrenean*'s hoary Brow:
Huge Hills of Froſt, a thouſand Ages old,
O'er which the Summer Suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, ruſh from every Side amain,
Swell every Brook, and deluge all the Plain.
No Rock, no riſing Mountain rears its Head,
No ſingle River winds along the Mead,
But one vaſt Lake o'er all the Land is ſpread.
No lofty Grove, no Foreſt Haunt is found,
But in *his Den deep lies* the Savage drown'd:

tque ipſas hauſit, ſubitiſque fremenres
contorſit equos, & repulit æſtus
ceani.——— *Lucan.* Lib. IV.

ITAS. Vide BLANDITIÆ. AMOR.

ter felix, ſi pennis lapſa per auras
ſſiaci poſſem cæſtris inſiſtere regis:
me, flammáſque meas, quas dote, rogarem,
i! tantum patrias ne poſceret arces.
eant potius ſperata cubilia, quam ſim
: potens.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

um, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
t, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
s, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
amas oro, verum ut amare ſinas.

Ovid. Epiſt. Sapph. Phaon.

a ſi non ſum, placuit Cephcis Perſeo

With headlong Rage, reſiſtleſs in its Courſe,
The rapid Torrent whirls the ſnorting Horſe:
High o'er the Sea the foamy Treſſes ride,
While backward *Tethys* turns her yielding Tide.— *Rowe.*

FONDNESS. See COURTSHIP. LOVE.

OH! had *I Wings to glide along the Air,
To his dear Tent I'd fly, and ſettle there:
There tell my Quality, confeſs my Flame,
And grant him any Dow'ry that he'd name.
All, all I'd give: only my native Land,
My deareſt Country ſhould excepted ſtand;
For, periſh Love, and all expected Joys,
E'er with ſo baſe a Thought, my Soul complies.—*Croxall.*

By Charms like thine, which all my Soul have won,
Who might not—Ah!—who wou'd not be undone?
Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race!
Come to theſe Arms, and melt in this Embrace!
The Vows thou never wilt return, receive:
And take at leaſt the Love thou wilt not give.— *Pope.*

Brown as I am, an *Ethiopian* Dame
Inſpir'd young *Perſeus* with a gen'rous Flame.
Turtles and Doves of diff'ring Hues unite,
And gloſſy Jet is pair'd with ſhining White.
If to no Charms Thou wilt thy Heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Thyſelf alone muſt by Thyſelf be lov'd.—— *Id.*

FORE-KNOWLEDGE. See FORTUNE-TELLING.

GReat *Jove!* who doſt in Heav'n ſupremely reign,
Theſe direful *Omens* why doſt Thou ordain,
And give us Preſcience to increaſe our Pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting Doom,
And feel our Miſeries before they come.

* *Scylla* in Love with *Minos*.

s rerum cùm primùm informia regna,
que rudem flammâ cedente recepit,
eternum cauſas, quâ cuncta coërcet,
lege tenens, & ſecula juſſa ferentem
mmoto diviſit limine mundum:
poſitum eſt, ſed fors incerta vagatur,
eſértque vices, & habent mortalia caſum:
, quodcunque paras: ſit cæca futuri
inum fati: liceat ſperare timenti.——

Lucan. Lib. II.

quæſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
dederint, Leuconoë: nec Babylonios
umeros, ut meliùs, quicquid erit, pati:
hiemes, ſeu tribuit Jupiter ultimam.
Sapias:——& ſpatio brevi
gam reſeces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
rpe diem, quàm minimùm credula poſtero.—

Hor. Lib. I. Od. 11.

ier the great creating Parent Soul,
firſt from Chaos rude he form'd the Whole,
'd Futurity with certain Hand,
ad the neceſſary Cauſes ſtand:
One Decree for ever to remain,
ound himſelf in Fate's eternal Chain:
ether fickle Fortune leads the Dance,
ng is fix'd, but all Things come by Chance:
'er Thou ſhalt ordain, Eternal Pow'r!
own, and ſudden, be the dreadful Hour.
Iortals to their future Fate be blind,
Hope relieve the miſerable Mind.—— *Rowe.*
s ill: attempt not to foreſee
End's ordain'd for You and Me:
to *Fortune-Tellers* run,
arn the Fate you cannot ſhun:
her more Winters you may taſte,
is Year's Snow deſcends your laſt:
ot the God's Decrees to know,
iſely uſe what they beſtow.
lengthen'd Cares, from fruitleſs Striſe,
tch this little Blaze of Life!
Age is poſting on to Death,
waſtes with ev'ry waſting Breath:
t To-day, for Time's a Thief,
lend the Morrow no Belief.—— *Anon.*
ortals, in vain's your Curioſity,
arn the Hour, and Way that you muſt dye:
re better Fate ſhould ſtrike a ſudden Blow,
that you long ſhould what you dread foreknow.—
r' Eternal Being has, in Shades of Night,
eal'd Futurity from human Sight:
laughs, when he beholds a tim'rous Aſs,
ible at what ſhall never come to paſs!——

FORTITUDE. See FIRMNESS.

HEN, on his winged Courſer born away,
Great Pompey quits the Fight, and yields the Day.

FORTUNA.

animos extrema in fata ferentem.
non fletus erat, salvàque verendus
ior, qualem te, Magne, decebat
ferre malis: non impare vultu
chiam: nec te videre superbum
erum, nec fractum adversa videbunt.——
Lucan. Lib. VII.

FORTUNA.

manas ordine nullo
regit, sparsique mana
a, passa fovens.—— *Sen. Hyp.* III.

humanis divina potentia rebus,
nulla vis habet hora fidem.
s divinas, &c. quæ tibi læta videntur,
nis, non tristia posse puta.—*Ovid.* IV. *Pont.* 3.
& quodcumque libet Fortuna, rapítque:
ubilo, qui mundi Cæsus erat. ——
Idem. III. *Trist.* 7.
gus Romam, nullibi error.

Fearleſs of Danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring Soul ſupports his loſt Eſtate.
Nor groans thy Breaſt, brave Chief! nor flow thy Tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtic Form appears.
An awful Grief ſits decent in thy Face,
Such as becomes thy Loſs, and *Rome*'s Diſgrace.
Thy Mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant Frame,
In Greatneſs and Misfortune ſtill the ſame.
And Fortune, who thy Triumphs once beheld,
Sees Thee unchanging leave *Pharſalia*'s Field.—*Rowe* alt.

FORTUNE.

BLIND Fortune o'er the World's Affairs preſides,
And all by Accident, not Council, guides:
At random, here or there, her Gifts beſtows,
And often on the Worſt her choiceſt Favours throws.—
All human Things are under Fortune's Pow'r:
There's no Dependance on the preſent Hour.
Be not ſecure, tho' high thy Pleaſures flow,
One Moment more may change them all to Woe.——
For, as ſhe pleaſes, Fortune gives and takes:
Beggars of Kings, or Kings of Beggars makes.——

Uncertain whither, Fortune rambles on,
Stays in no Place, but hurries to be gone.
Now pleas'd, now angry, without Cauſe is She,
And only conſtant to Inconſtancy.——
Fortune revere, and her capricious Pow'r,
Who often ruins thoſe ſhe rais'd before.——
'Tis Fortune flings the Dice, and as ſhe flings,
Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.—*Dryden.*
——————How goes the Mob?——
They follow Fortune, and the common Cry,
Is ſtill againſt the Rogue condemn'd to die.—— *Id.*
Rare is that Virtue Fortune cannot ſway,
Which remains fixt, tho' ſhe be fled away.——

Good

Good unexpected, Evils unforeſeen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down a-main;
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.— *Dryden.*

Some Fortune raiſes to an high Degree,
To make their Fall the greater.—Moſt ſecure
An humble Station is, moſt likely to endure.——

From Place to Place ſwift Fortune wings away,
And always changing, no where makes a Stay:
Monarchs, ſometimes, ſhe tumbles Headlong down.
And ſometimes places Beggars on the Throne.——

Fortune with malicious Joy,
Her Pow'r does wantonly employ:
From ſome ſhe takes, to others flings
Honours thoſe uncertain Things:
Now on me the Gipſy ſmiles,
Now ſome other ſhe beguiles.
I like her Preſence, but if ſhe won't ſtay,
Whate'er ſhe gave e'en let her take away:
Wrapt up in my own Virtue, I'm ſecure,
And Honeſty eſpouſe; altho' in Rags and poor.

This Paſſage of *HORACE* is finely paraphraſed by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Fortune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
That common Jade that has not common Senſe:
But fond of Buſineſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoils the World's Affairs.
She, ſhuffling up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a Fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to wooe her:
While ſhe ſtays with me I'll be civil to her:
But if ſhe offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw Things,
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious ſtand,
Then if *the Bitch* ſtill bow'd at my Command:
I'll marry Honeſty, tho' e'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind Whore.

& lunæ quondam fulgore nitebar,
ulli antevenias ante secunda meas.
non parvis quondam munitus amicis,
flavi: velis ante secunda meis.——

Ovid de Pont.

Tanta est rerum discordia in ævo,
ere malis bona sunt, lachrymæque sequuntur
e in cunctis fervet Fortuna tenorem:
ho permixta fuit, nec permanet usquam:
ur fidem variando cunctis per omnes.
is animi, non mentes mentibus usque
unt: sequit ipse dies, aliumque relinquit.
nus alii similis producitur horæ.——

Manil. Lib. III.

——Superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur:
vocat, veramus iter.——

Æn. Lib. V.

doctum hominum consilia sola hæc devincit Dea
atque hoc verum est, proinde ut quisque Fortunam
ellet, atque eandem fingere eum omnes dicimus.
pere consilium dicimus accidisse, hominem eatum

I liv'd the darling Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
he golden Idol of th' adoring Throng:
uarded with Friends, while Fortune's balmy Gales
anton'd auſpicious in my ſwelling Sails.——
Addiſon.

In one continued Stream no Fortune flows,
ıd chequers Good, and Joys are mixt with Woes:
ıconſtancy in every Part appears,
Vhich Wiſdom never truſts, and Folly Fears.
'hus Years from Years, and (as they roll the Round)
'hus Months from Months, and Days from Days are found
'o differ: no returning Hours reſtore
'hat ſort of Fortune which they brought before.——
Creech alter'd.

——Since Fortune all o'erpow'rs,
Ier let Us follow, and where-e'er ſhe calls,
)irect our Courſe.—— *Trap.*

This Goddeſs Fortune can baffle an hundred of your arned Men with all their Wiſdom: and thus I prove it:—very body is ſuppos'd to excel, according as Fortune favours him; that's the Standard by which we calculate is Underſtanding. Now, if his Undertakings ſucceed ell, we cry him up for a ſhrewd clever Fellow: but if ney turn out unluckily, we ſay, the Man's a Fool.

FORTUNE-TELLING. See FOREKNOWLEDGE.

A Gypſy *Jeweſs* whiſpers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms: an High-Prieſt's Daughter
Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity; [She,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady Tree.
Farthings, and ſome ſmall Matters, are her Fees:
Yet ſhe interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' Eſtate, when the rich Unkle dies,
And Sweet-hearts in a Pigeon's Intrails ſpies.— *Dryden.*

Full Credit to th' *Aſtrologer* is given:
What he foretells is deem'd the Voice of Heav'n.

From

ctericæ lento de funere matris,
ien de te, Tanaquil tua: quando ſororem
& patruos: an ſit victurus adulter
n: quid enim majus dare numina poſſunt?——
Ibid.

ccurſus etiam vitare memento,
nanibus, ceu pinguia ſuccina, tritas
hemeridas: quæ nullum conſulit, & jam
: quæ caſtra viro, patriámque petente,
pariter, numeris revocata Thraſylli.
m lapidem vectari cùm placet, hora
x libro: ſi prurit frictus ocelli
inſpectâ geneſi collyria poſcit.
t jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
ora cibo, niſi quam dederit Petoſiris.——
Ibid.

iocris erit—frontémque manumque
vati crebrum poppyſma roganti.

From him your Wife enquires the Planet's Will,
When the *Black Jaundice* ſhall her Mother kill;
Her Siſter's and her Unkle's End would know:
But, firſt, conſults his Art, when You ſhall go:
And, what's the greateſt Gift that Heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' Adulterer ſhall live.—— *Idem.*

But above all, beware how Her You meet,
Who in theſe Studies is herſelf compleat:
By whom a greaſy Almanack is born,
With often handling, like fat Amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the Twelve Houſes, and their Lords, is free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at Home, but let's her Huſband go.
If but a Mile ſhe travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky Moment: If her Eye but akes,
Or itches, it's Decumbiture ſhe takes.
No Nouriſhment receives in her Diſeaſe,
But what the Stars, and *Ptolemy* ſhall pleaſe.—*Dryd.* alt.

The poorer Sort who have not much to ſpare,
To *Chiromancers'* cheaper Art repair,
Who clap the pretty Palm to make the Lines more fair.
But the rich Matrons who have more to give,
Their Anſwers from the *Brachman* will receive.
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely ſtands,
Points forth the Stars, and meaſures out the Lands.— *Id.*

I value not a Ruſh your *Marſian* Augurs:
Your Village, Market-hunting Fortune-Tellers;
Aſtrologers, divining Prieſts of *Iſis*,
Or Dream Expounders: for they are not Men
Inſpir'd by Heav'n, or of ſuperior Knowledge:
But ſuperſtitious, impudent Pretenders,
Vile, lazy Slaves, Madmen, or needy Varlets,
Whoſe counterfeit Predictions ſpring from Want:
And while for Guides to Others they ſet up,
Know not the Way themſelves: A Groat they beg
Of thoſe to whom they promiſe Heaps of Gold:
One *ſingle Groat of all* your future Wealth
Will them content, the reſt they leave to You.—— *An*

Fons. Lacus.

erat illimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
neque Paſtores, neque paſtæ monte capellæ
nt, aliùdve pecus: quem nulla volucris,
urbarat, nec lapſus ab arbore ramus.
at circa, quod proximus humor alebat:
ſole lacum paſſura tepeſcere nullo.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

—Videt hic ſtagnum lucentis ad imum
m lymphæ. Non illic canna paluſtris,
es ulvæ, nec acuta cuſpide junci.
liquor erat. Stagni tamen ultima vivo
nguntur, ſemperque virentibus herbis.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

procul inde Lacus —— ——
& nemorum frondoſo margine cinctus
lleſcit aquis. admittit in altum
oculos, & latè pervius humor

ıg there was, whoſe ſilver Waters ſhow,
:hryſtal clear, the Bottom fair below:
ither Man, nor tame, nor ſavage Beaſt,
ring Fowls, nor falling Leaves moleſt.
und with Graſs by it's kind Moiſture fed,
Trees, which yield a conſtant Shade:
the Sun can never penetrate,
the Waters with it's fierceſt Heat.——
ntain here he found, ſo lovely bright,
the Bottom in a fairer Light,
a Sand conceal'd from human Sight.
m produc'd nor ſhiny Ooze, nor Weeds,
Ruſhes, nor the ſpiky Reeds;
enriching Moiſture all around,
ul Sides with chearful Verdure crown'd,
the Spring eternal on the Ground.— *Addiſon.*
from hence a ſpreading Lake there lay,
ıe ſhaded Margin tow'ring ſtood
Shelter of a verdant Wood.
id Pool, tranſparent to the Sight,
: Bottom ev'ry Eye admit,
the pure and chryſtal Water ſhow
ıg Pebbles, and the Sand below.—*Hughes* alter'd.
ng there is, whoſe ſilver Waters ſhow,
Glaſs, the ſhining Sands below:
Lotos ſpread it's Arms above,
the Banks, and ſeems itſelf a Grove.
reens the moſſy Margin grace,
oy the Sylvan *Genius* of the Place.—— *Pope.*
nna's Walls a ſpacious Lake is ſpread,
r the ſweetly ſinging Swans it bred:
it's Name: And, never more
rd, or ſweeter, on *Cayſter*'s Shore.
own the Lake: and *Phœbus* ne'er invades
l Fences, or offends the Shades.

Pugna.

a dant rami, Tyrios humus humida flores.
uum ver eſt. ——————

Ovid. Met. Lib.

enio ſine vortice aquas, ſine murmure euntes,
cuas imo: per quas numerabilis altè
us omnis erat: quas tu vix ire putares.
alicta dabant, nutritáque populus unda
e ſua natas ripis declivibus umbras. ——

Pugna.

rvus erat forma præſtanti & cornibus ingens:
Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
pant. —— ——————
um imperiis ſoror omni Sylvia curâ
bus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis,
páque ferum, puróque in fonte lavabat.
anum patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili

Freſh fragant Breezes fan the verdant Bow'rs,
And the moiſt Ground ſmiles with enamel'd Flow'rs:
Which always in their Beauty's Prime appear,
For the mild Spring continues all the Year.—*Manw.* alt.

I, walking on, a ſilent Current found,
Which gently glided o'er the Gravel-Ground.
The chryſtal Water was ſo ſmooth and clear,
That to the Eye each Pebble did appear:
So ſoft it's Motion, one could ſcarce perceive
The running Stream, or that it ran believe.
The hoary Willow, and the Poplar made
Along it's ſhelving Bank a grateful Shade.— *Id.* alter'd.

FRAY.

A Stag there was, of comely Shape, and tall
With branching Horns: whom raviſh'd from his Dam
The Sons of *Tyrrheus* nouriſh'd.———
This Beaſt, accuſtom'd to their gentle Rule,
Their Siſter *Sylvia* with uncommon Care
Adorn'd, and with ſoft Wreaths his Antlers crown'd,
And comb'd, and waſh'd him in the limpid Stream.
He, patient of the Hand, his Maſter's Board
Attended: wander'd in the Woods: at Night,
Tho' late, ſpontaneous to his Home return'd.

Him, at a Diſtance ſtraying, in the Chace,
The eager Dogs of young *Jülus* rous'd:
As gliding down the Stream by Chance he ſwam,
And on the graſſy Bank allay'd the Heat.
Aſcanius' ſelf, inflam'd with Thirſt of Praiſe,
Levell'd an Arrow from his bended Bow.

——The Shaft, with hiſſing Sound,
Driv'n thro' the hollow Flank and Entrails flew.
To his lov'd Home the wounded Beaſt repairs:
Bloody, and groaning, enters his known Stall,
Like One imploring: and with plaintive Noiſe
Fills all the Houſe. Their Siſter *Sylvia* firſt,
Shrieking with loud Laments, her Boſom beats,

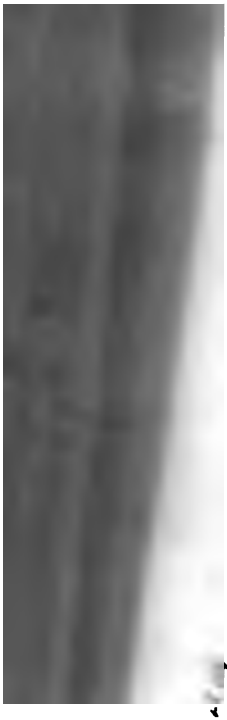
[illegible] agrestes.
[illegible] obusto,
[illegible] repertum
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] fignum
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

And calls the ſturdy Peaſants to her Aid.
They, ſtartled, at the Summons ſtrait appear:
One with a Firebrand, with a knotty Stake
Another arm'd: whate'er they find at Hand
Rage makes a Weapon.——————
And now *Alecto*, Fury come from Hell,
This Juncture fit for Miſchief having gain'd,
Aſcends the Stall; and on it's Summit ſounds
The ruſtick Charge, and thro' the crooked Horn
Swells her *Tartarean* Voice.——————
Swift to the Sound, where-e'er the ſhrill Horn gave
The direful Signal, ſnatching up their Arms,
From ev'ry Part the hardy Peaſants run:
And, from their open Tents, the *Trojan* Youth
Pour out their Forces to *Aſcanius'* Aid.
They form their Ranks: nor now in ruſtick Fray
With knotty Clubs, or ſharpen'd Stakes they fight,
But with the two-edg'd Steel: And all around
Riſes a horrid Crop of Swords unſheath'd:
Their Arms againſt the Sun reflected Shine,
And to the Clouds flaſh back a brighter Ray.—— *Trap.*
He ſaid: and running forwards hurl'd a Dart
Amidſt the Throng of Foes: the well aim'd Aſh
Flies on direct, and hiſſing cuts the Air.
A thund'ring Shout ſucceeds: Then all the Ranks
Tumultuous take th' Alarm, and burn with Rage.
Some draw their Swords, ſome ſnatch the miſſive Steel,
And blind ruſh on: 'Gainſt them th' *Auſonian* Troops,
Reſiſting, croud: To Theſe again oppos'd
A Tide of *Trojans*, by th' *Arcadians* join'd
With painted Arms, and all *Agylla's* Youth:
All with like Ardor fir'd to end the Strife
By open War: They hurl the Altars down:
An Iron Tempeſt, and a Storm of Darts
Hovers aloft, and blackens all the Sky.
The ſacred Hearths and Goblets They o'er-turn:
Latinus' ſelf, the League now broken, flies,
And carries back his diſappointed Gods.



Some rein their Chariots, or with active Bound
Leap on their Steeds, and with drawn Weapons run.—*Id.*
Within the Palace Walls was heard aloud,
The roaring Clamour of the noiſy Crowd:
Not like the Songs which chearful Friends prepare
For nuptial Days, but Sounds that threaten War:
And all the Pleaſures of this happy Feaſt,
To tumult turn'd, in wild Diſorder ceas'd.
Thus, when the Seas are calm, we often find
A ſudden Storm rais'd by ſome furious Wind.—*Maynw.*
To Arms, to Arms they call: A Medly-Flight
Of Bowls, and Jars, at firſt ſupply the Fight,
Once Inſtruments of Feaſts, but now of Fate:
Wine animates their Rage, and Arms their Hate.—*Dryd.*

FRIENDSHIP. See Fidelity. Race.

FRiendſhip's fair Name, while Int'reſt ſerves, may ſtand:
Like Draughtſmen guided by the Gameſter's Hand.
While Fortune ſerves, thy ſmiling Friends will ſtay:
But if ſhe turns, they too will haſte away.
The World's a Comedy: one acts a Lord,
This a grave Father, and his Son a third:
But ſoon as e'er the Curtain is let down,
All quit theſe borrow'd Shapes, and take their own.——
Nature, within the Soul of Man has form'd,
Nothing more noble, or more rare than Friendſhip.
Thro' all it's Ages, the whole World pretends
To boaſt but one poor ſingle Pair of Friends:
Do but *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* name,
And You have all the Inſtances of Fame.
Once Death was ſtrove for; 'twas a gen'rous Strife:
Not who ſhould keep, but who ſhould loſe a Life
Was their Diſpute, contending to deny
Each other the great Privilege to die.
The *Surety* fear'd his guilty *Friend*'s return;
The guilty *Friend* did his own Abſence mourn.

mque reus timuit ne ſolveret ipſum.——
Manil. Lib. II.

erat portæ cuſtos, acerrimus armis,
comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter
Æneadum, Trojana nec induit arma:
primâ ſignans intonſa juventâ.
or unus erat, paritérque in bella ruebant:
oque communi portam ſtatione tenebant.

ait: Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
? an ſua cuique Deus ſit dira Cupido?
gnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
gitat mihi: nec placidâ contenta quiete eſt.

upuit magno laudum perculſus amore
s: ſimul his ardentem affatur amicum:
gitur ſocium: ſummis adjungere rebus,
agis? ſolum te in tanta pericula mittam?
eſt animus lucis contemptor: & iſtum
bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.

And ran to Danger: here they diſagreed,
One hop'd to free, One fear'd to be ſo freed.—*Creech* alt.
To guard the Gate brave *Niſus* ſtood in Arms,
And by his Side *Euryalus:* than whom
Was none more beauteous, clad in *Trojan* Arms:
The firſt ſoft Down of Youth had juſt begun
To bloom upon his Cheeks: One was their Love:
One common Hazard in the War they ſhar'd,
And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.
Then *Niſus:* do the Gods, my Friend, infuſe
This Ardor of the Soul? or make we Gods
Of our own ſtrong Deſires? My Mind, long ſince
Eager of Action prompts me to engage
Or in the Fight, or in ſome great Attempt:
Nor this dull Reſt endures.———
Struck with Surprize, and fir'd with Thirſt of Fame,
Thus ſudden to his ardent Friend reply'd
Euryalus. And wouldſt Thou then refuſe
To add me, *Niſus*, to the brave Deſign?
And ſhall I ſuffer Thee to go expos'd
To ſuch a perilous Attempt alone?
Here too, here dwells a Soul, that with Contempt
Regards this vital Air: and thinks with Life
That Fame well bought to which thy Soul aſpires.
Niſus to this: No ſuch injurious Thought
Of Thee, no ſuch Suſpicion, in my Breaſt
Was ever harbour'd: No: as this is Truth,
So may great *Jove*, or whate'er God regards
Theſe Things with equal Eyes, reſtore me crown'd
With Conqueſt to thy Arms.—But if ſome Chance
(As many in ſuch hazardous Attempts
Thou ſeeſt) if any Chance or Power divine
Snatch me from Earth: Thee I would leave behind:—
Thy Age can ſhew a better Claim to Life.
Let there ſurvive, who may with ſolemn Rites
Inurn my Body, reſcu'd from the Foe
In Battle, or redeem by Ranſom paid:
Or (That if Fate forbid) an empty Tomb
May build, and grace my *Manes* with a Grave.

Nor to thy wretched Mother let me cauſe
So great a Grief: thy Mother, who, alone
Of all the *Trojan* Dames, for Thee, dear Youth,
Follows our Camp.——————
Then He: Thy empty Reaſons urg'd in vain
Thou doſt alledge: nor is my Purpoſe chang'd:
Haſte we, he ſaid: Then wakes the Sentries: They
Succeed, and mount the Guard: the friendly Pair,
Quitting their Station, ſeek the General's Tent.——
Volſcens impatient foams, and burns with Rage:
And, with his Sword unſheath'd, advanc'd direct
Againſt *Euryalus*.—Then *Niſus*, wild
With Terror and Amaze, cries out aloud,
Nor longer in the Covert of the Grove
Could hide himſelf, nor ſuch a Sight endure.
Me, Me: I did it: on me turn your Steel,
Ye *Rutuli*: 'Twas all my Fraud: He nought
Nor could, nor durſt: This Heav'n and conſcious Stars
I call to witneſs: All his Crime, poor Youth,
Was loving his unhappy Friend too well.
Thus far he ſpoke: but driv'n with forceful Swing
The Sword had pierc'd *Euryalus*, and bor'd
His ſnowy Breaſt: He ſtaggering rolls in Death:
The trickling Blood runs down his beauteous Limbs,
And on his Shoulder lies his Neck reclin'd.
So languiſhes, and dies a purple Flower,
Cut by the pointed Share: So Poppies droop,
O'er-charg'd with Rain and hang their ſickly Heads.
Then *Niſus*, ruſhing, darts into the Midſt:
Volſcens alone he ſeeks, at *Volſcens* drives:
The preſſing Foes throng round, and bear him back
With tilted Spears: He not the leſs ſprings on,
And whirls his flaſhing Sword: till in the Mouth,
Full oppoſite, of *Volſcens* clam'ring loud
He plung'd it deep, and dying ſtabb'd his Foe:
Then on his breathleſs Friend his Body flung,
And there at laſt in pleaſing Death repos'd.—— *Trap.*

No

——Venerande Puer, jam pectore toto
Accipio, & comitem caſus complector in omnes.
Nulla meis ſine te quæretur gloria rebus:
Seu pacem, ſeu bella geram: tibi maxima rerum
Verborúmque fides.————————

Ibid.

————————Amatorem Amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc
Delectant.————————
Vellem in Amicitia ſic erraremus: & iſti
Errori nomen Virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
At, pater ut gnati, ſic nos debemus amici,
Si quod ſit vitium, non faſtidire.—Strabonem
Appellat pætum pater: & pullum, malè parvus
Si cui filius eſt: hunc varum, diſtortis cruribus.——

Parciùs hic vivit? frugi dicatur. Ineptus,
Et jaculantior hic paulò eſt? concinnus amicis
Poſtulat ut videatur. At eſt truculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber? ſimplex, fortiſque habeatur.
Caldior eſt? acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
Hæc res & jungit, junctos & ſervat amicos.—*Hor.* L.I.Sat.3.

Tuta frequénſque via eſt, per amici fallere nomen:
Tuta frequénſq; licet ſit via, crimen habet.--*Ov. Ar. Am.* L.I.
En ego non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura ſecunda meis:
Ut fera nimboſo tumuerunt æquora vento,
In mediis lacera puppe relinquor aquis.—*Ovid. de Triſt.*

TERROR. Vide TIMOR.

——ÆDibus in mediis, nudóque ſub ætheris axe
Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus,

Incumbe

No Fate my vow'd Affection ſhall divide,
From Thee, heroic Youth; be wholly mine:
Take full Poſſeſſion: all my Soul is thine:
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate ſhall both attend,
My Life's Companion, and my Boſom Friend:
My Peace ſhall be committed to thy Care,
And to thy Conduct, my Concerns in War.—— *Dryd.*

True Lovers, in their fav'rite charming She,
Can find no Faults, or love thoſe Faults they ſee.
Oh! that this Error in our Friendſhip reign'd,
And had the Credit of a Virtue gain'd!
As ſome fond Parent, with a partial Eye,
His Darling's Faults beholds, and paſſes by:
So ſhould we treat the Failings of a Friend,
And find Excuſes, when we can't commend.

If the poor Boy is born with ſquinting Eyes,
See, *what a pretty Caſt!* the Father cries:
The dwarfiſh ill-ſhap'd Thing, that's ever ſick,
It's Father fondly calls, his *little Chick:*
Or if its *bandy Legs* by Chance he ſhows,
Smiling he cries, *the Boy turns in his Toes.*

Thus among Friends: One's cloſe,—that Prudence call:
Another's vain, and brags,—that's Frankneſs all:
One's proud and haughty,—he'll be no Man's Slave:
Another ſtruts and bluſters,—He is brave.
In my Opinion, this would Friends procure,
And knit the Bands of ſacred Friendſhip ſure.—*Anon.* alt.

'Tis common to deceive thro' Friendſhip's Name;
But common tho' it be, 'tis ſtill to blame.—— *Dryden.*

With num'rous Friends was I encompaſs'd round,
While favourable Gales my Veſſel crown'd:
But when the Ocean was tempeſtuous grown,
My ſhatter'd Bark and I were left alone.——

FRIGHT. See FEAR.

JUST in the Center of the Court, beneath
The open Sky a ſpacious Altar ſtood:
Near it an ancient Lawrel, hanging o'er

Incumbens aræ, atque umbrâ complexa Penates.
Hic Hecuba, & natæ nequicquam altaria circum,
Præcipites atrâ ceu tempeſtate columbæ,
Condenſæ, & Divûm amplexæ ſimulacra tenebant.——
Æn. II.

————Mihi frigidus Horror
Membra quatit, gelidúſq; coit formidine ſanguis.—*Æn.* III.

————Æneas aſpectu obtumuit amens:
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit.——
Virg. Æn. IV.

——Oranti ſubitus tremor occupat artus,
Diriguere oculi.———— *Æn.* Lib. VII.

Illi membra novus ſolvit formidine torpor:
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit.——
Virg. Æn. XII.

——Tremebunda videt pulſare cruentum
Membra ſolum: retroque pedem tulit: oraque buxo
Pallidiora gerens, exhorruit æquoris inſtar,
Quod fremit, exigua cum ſummum ſtringitur aura.
Sed poſtquam remorata ſuos cognovit amores,
Percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos:
Et laniata comas: amplexaque corpus amatum,
Vulnera ſupplevit lachrymis.————
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

————Gelidos nutricis in artus
Oſſaque——penetrat tremor: albáque toto
Vertice canities rigidis ſtetit hirta capillis.—*Ov. Met.* Lib. X.

GELU. Vide HYEMS.

SIC ſtat iners Scythicas aſtringens Boſphorus undas,
Cùm glacie retinente fretum non impulit Iſter,
Immenſúmque gelu tegitur mare, comprimit unda,
Deprendit quaſcunque rates: nec pervia velis
Æquora frangit eques, fluctûque latente ſonantem

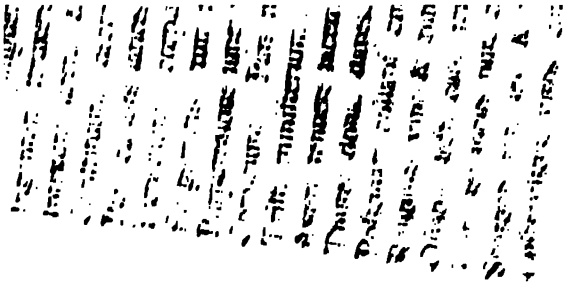
Orbis

The ſacred Hearth, and cov'ring with its Shade
The Houſehold Gods. Here *Hecuba* and All
Her Daughters, like a Flock of trembling Doves
Driv'n by a Tempeſt, vainly round the Shrines
Clinging, embrac'd the Statues of the Gods.—— *Trap.*
Amaz'd, I ſhook with Horror and Affright,
My Blood all curdled at the dreadful Sight.—— *Pitt.*
Confounded, and amaz'd, *Æneas* ſtood:
Up roſe his Hair erect: and to his Mouth
His Speech with Horror cleav'd.—— *Trap.*
Him, while he ſpoke, a ſudden Trembling ſeiz'd
O'er all his Limbs: Fix'd ſtood his haggard Eyes.— *Id.*
———— Him unuſual Fear
Stiff'ning benumbs: Up roſe his Hair erect,
And to his Mouth his Speech with Horror cleav'd.— *Id.*
———— * Her Eyes a Body found,
Quiv'ring in Death, and gaſping on the Ground.
She ſtarted back, the Red her Cheeks forſook,
And ev'ry Nerve with thrilling Horror ſhook.
So trembles the ſmooth Surface of the Seas,
When bruſh'd o'er gently with a riſing Breeze.
But when her View her bleeding Love confeſs'd,
She ſhriek'd, ſhe tore her Hair, ſhe beat her Breaſt.
She rais'd the Body, and embrac'd it round, [*Euſden.*
And bath'd with Tears unfeign'd the gaping Wound.—
———The good old Woman ſhook:
Her Blood ran cold, and ghaſtly was her Look:
Her hoary Hair upright with Horror ſtood.— *Dryd.* alt.

FROST. See WINTER.

AS when the Winter's freezing Breath conſtrains
The *Scythian Euxine* in her icy Chains:
No more the *Boſphori* their Streams maintain,
Nor ruſhing *Iſter* heaves the languid Main:
Hem'd in with Ice, each Keel forgets its Courſe;
Whilſt o'er the new made Champian bounds the Horſe.

* *Thiſbe* finding the Body of her beloved *Pyramus*, who had ſlain himſelf upon *ſuppoſing her killed* by a Lion.

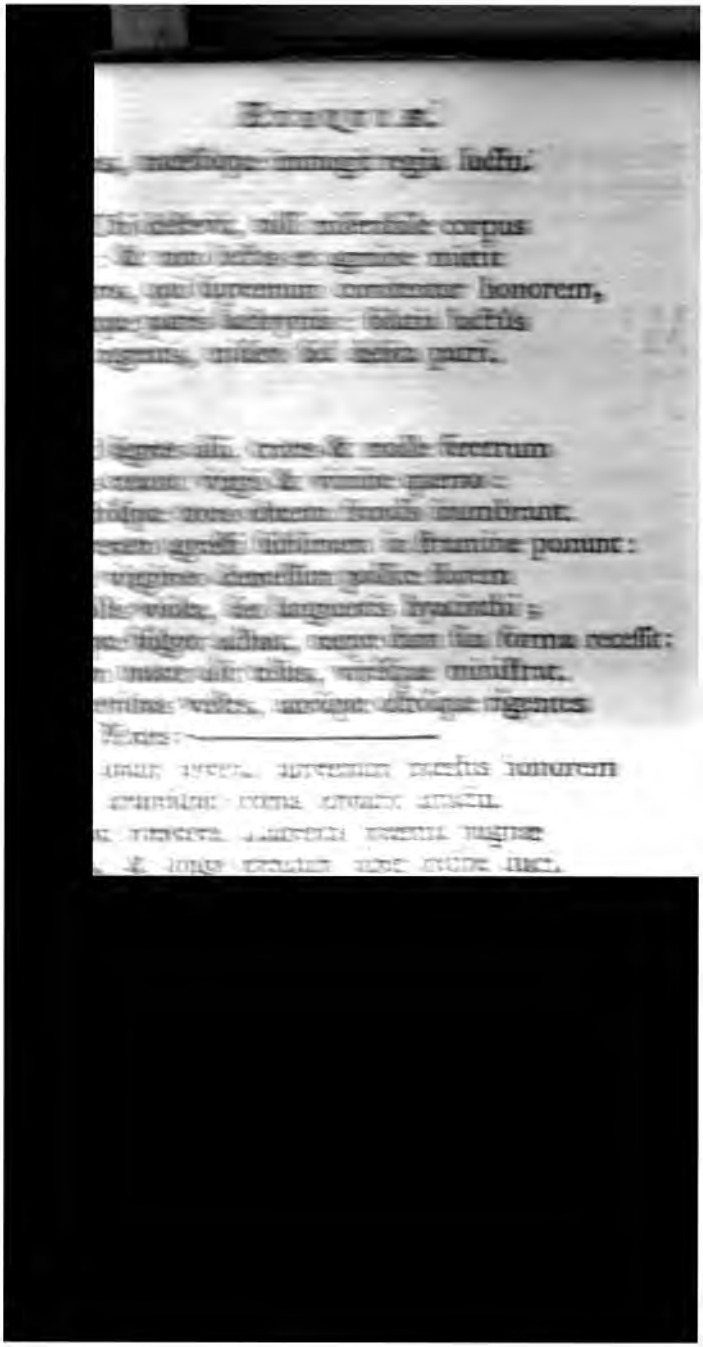


ld roam the *Thracians* on the chryſtal Plains,
id print the ſtable Tide with ſounding Wains.—*Rowe* alt.

FUNERALS.

MEAN time, the *Trojan* Troops with weeping Eyes,
To dead *Miſenus* pay his Obſequies.
rſt, from the Ground a lofty Pile they rear,
Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctious Fir:
ie Fabrick's Front with Cypreſs Twigs they ſtrew,
id ſtick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yew.
ie topmoſt Part his glitt'ring Arms adorn:
arm Waters, then, in brazen Cauldrons born,
re pour'd to waſh his Body, Joint by Joint,
id fragrant Oils the ſtiff'ned Limbs anoint.
ith Groans and Cries *Miſenus* they deplore:
ien on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,
ie breathleſs Body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
id fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away:
ich rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.)
ire Oyl, and Incenſe, on the Fire they throw,
id Fat of Victims, which his Friends beſtow.
heſe Gifts, the greedy Flames to Duſt devour,
ien, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour:
id laſt, the Relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
hich in a brazen Urn the Prieſts incloſe.
ld *Chorineus* compaſs'd thrice the Crew,
id dip'd an Olive Branch in holy Dew,
hich thrice he ſprinkled round; and thrice aloud
vok'd the Dead, and then diſmiſs'd the Crowd.—*Dryden.*

——— *Æneas* took his Way,
o where the breathleſs Corps of *Pallas* lay,
old *Acætes* watch'd.———
ll his Attendants, and with them a Crowd
f *Trojans* ſtand around: the *Trojan* Dames
s is their Cuſtom) ſcatter'd looſe their Hair,
oaning. But when below the lofty Roof
neas enter'd, to the Stars they raiſe



A gen'ral Groan aloud, and beat their Breaſts:
And all with Shrieks the high Pavilion rings.
Weeping a while, he bids them bear away,
The cold lamented Coarſe: and from his Troops
Aſſembled all, a thouſand Men ſelects,
On the laſt mournful Honours to attend,
And with his Father's Tears to join their own:
Small Conſolation for ſuch mighty Woe,
Yet due, in Juſtice to the helpleſs Sire.
Others a ſoft light Bier, (with quick Diſpatch,)
Of oaken Twigs, and twiſted Oſiers weave,
And cover with an Arch of bending Boughs
The high-rais'd Bed. There the dear Youth they lay
Sublime on verdant Leaves: Like ſome fair Flow'r,
Soft Violet, or languid Hyacinth,
Crop'd by a Virgin's Hand: whoſe beauteous Gloſs
Still blooms unfaded, tho' the Parent Earth,
Moiſt Nouriſhment and Strength, no more ſupplies.
Two 'broider'd purple Veſts *Æneas* brings:
In one of theſe he wraps the breathleſs Youth,
(The laſt ſad Honour!) with the Other veils
His muffled Hair, devoted to the Flames.
Then copious Spoils, the rich Rewards of War,
Gain'd in *Laurentian* Fields, he piles on Heaps,
And in long Order bids the Pillage move:
Adds Steeds, and Darts, from Foes in Battle won,
And Victims, with cramp'd Hands behind them bound,
Doom'd with their Blood the *Manes* to appeaſe,
And tinge the fun'ral Fires. The Chiefs themſelves,
Commanded, bear the Trunks with hoſtile Arms
All cover'd, and with hoſtile Names inſcrib'd.
Acætes, with the Load of Age, and Grief,
Bending, moves ſlow, ſupported on each Side:
Now beats his Breaſt, now tares his wither'd Cheeks,
And faint, and proſtrate, grovels on the Ground.
The Chariots in Proceſſion follow next,
Smear'd with *Rutulian* Blood: Behind them, ſtripp'd
Of his rich Trappings, goes the Warrior Steed,

It lachrymans, guttíſque humectat grandibus ora.
Haſtam alii galeámque ferunt, nam cætera Turnus
Victor habet. Tum mœſta phalanx Teucríque ſequuntur,
Tyrrheníque duces, & verſis Arcadis armis.
Poſtquam omnis longe comitum proceſſerat ordo,
Subſtitit Æneas, gemitúque hæc addidit alto:
——Salve æternum mihi, maxime Palla,
Æternúmque vale.——————

Arcades ad portas ruere, & de more vetuſto
Funereas rapuere faces: lucet via longo
Ordine flammarum, & late diſcriminat agros.
Contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia jungit
Agmina. Quæ poſtquam matres ſuccedere tectis
Viderunt, mœſtam incendunt clamoribus urbem.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. XI.

ÆXEQUIÆ OCCISORUM.

BIS ſenos pepigêre dies, & pace ſequeſtrâ
Per ſylvas Teucri, mixtíque impune Latini
Erravere jugis. Ferro ſonat alta bipenni
Fraxinus: evertunt actas ad ſidera pinus:
Robora nec cuneis, & olentem ſcindere cedrum,
Nec plauſtris ceſſant vectare gementibus ornos.

Jam pater Æneas, jam curvo in litore Tarchon
Conſtituere pyras: huc corpora quiſque ſuorum
More tulere patrum: ſubjectíſque ignibus atris
Conditur in tenebras altum caligine cœlum.
Ter circum accenſos cincti fulgentibus armis

Decurrêr

Æthon: and big round Drops roll down his Face.
Some bear his Lance, and Helmet: (for the reſt
Turnus, proud Victor, keeps:) The mourning Troop
Succeeds: the *Trojan* and the *Tyrrhene* Chiefs,
And with inverted Spears, th' *Arcadian* Train.
When all the ſolemn Pomp had paſs'd along,
Æneas ſtood, and thus, deep groaning cry'd:
Eternally Farewell, illuſtrious Prince!
Great *Pallas!* ever honour'd, ever mourn'd:
Hail, and Farewell.——————
——————Thronging to the Gates
Th' *Arcadians* ruſh, and by th' accuſtom'd Rite
Snatch fun'ral Torches. In long Order rang'd,
A Train of Flames illumines all the Road,
And far and wide diſcriminates the Fields.
To meet that ſad Proceſſion, ſlow advance
The *Trojan* Troops, and join their wailing Friends.
Them when th' *Arcadian* Matrons ſaw arriv'd
Within the Walls, with Shrieks and loud Laments,
Repeated, all the frantic City rings.—— *Trap.*

FUNERALS of the SLAIN.

——FOR twelve Days they fix the Truce:
Under its holy Sanction, through the Woods
The *Trojans* and the *Latins* mingled rove
In Safety: On the Hills the lofty Aſh
With Axes ſounds; and Pines which reach the Stars
They roll from Mountains: nor with Wedges ceaſe
Hard Oak, and ſmelling Cedar to divide,
Nor Firs on groaning Waggons to convey.
——————On the winding Shore,
By Prince *Æneas* and by *Tarchon* rais'd,
The fun'ral Piles ſtand thick. By ancient Rite
All hither bring the Bodies of their Friends,
And lay them on the Fires: whoſe ſmould'ring Smoke
Aſcends in Wreaths, and darkens all the Sky.
Thrice the tall blazing Piles, and duſky Flames

They round encompaſs: Thoſe on Foot, and Theſe
High on their Steeds, all clad in ſhining Arms:
And loud Laments, and piercing Clamours raiſe.
The trickling Tears bedew the Earth below,
And down their Armour run: To Heav'n aſcend
The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Cries of Men.
Some fling the Spoils, from ſlaughter'd *Latins* torn,
Into the Flames: Helmets, and burniſh'd Swords,
And Reins, and fervid Wheels: Some add to theſe
Gifts better known, which by the Dead themſelves
Were worn, their Shields, and not ſucceſsful Darts.
Then num'rous Oxen, briſtly Swine, and Sheep,
Choice Victims, ſnatch'd from all the Fields around,
They ſacrifice, and ſtab them on the Fires.
O'er all the Shore they watch their burning Friends,
Nor from the ſmoking Duſt can be withdrawn,
Till dewy Night inverts the Hemiſphere,
And ſpangles o'er the Face of Heav'n with Stars.
Nor leſs, in diff'rent Parts, unnumber'd Piles
The wretched *Latins* build: Some Corps in Earth
(And many Thoſe) of their dead Friends they hide:
Some to the neighb'ring Coaſts, and Towns, they ſend.
The reſt, a huge promiſcuous Heap of Slain,
Unhonour'd, undiſtinguiſh'd, they conſume:
The blazing Fires illumine all the Fields.
Now had the third returning Moon diſpell'd
The dewy Shades of Night: the mingled Bones
From the high Aſhes, mourning, they collect,
And load them with a Mount of ſmoking Mould.—*Trap.*
Pompey, thy Favourite once, O Fortune! now
Demands no Heaps of * Frankincenſe to riſe,
No Eaſtern Odours to perfume the Skies:
No *Roman* Necks his patriot Coarſe to bear;
No rev'rend Train of Statues to appear:

* This Detail of what was wanting at *Pompey's* Funeral, ſhews in what Manner the Funerals of great Men among the *Romans* uſed to be performed.

Furiæ.

[illegible] triumphos,
[illegible] ignem
[illegible] arma:
[illegible]
[illegible] ignes:
[illegible] ultor.——

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

Vide Infernal Tisiphone.

[illegible] Diræ:
[illegible] Magnam,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] regis
[illegible]
[illegible] Deum nec
[illegible]——

Stat. Lib. XII.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

No pageant Shows his Glories to record,
And tell the Triumphs of his conq'ring Sword:
No Inſtruments in plaintive Notes to ſound,
No Legions ſad to march in ſolemn Round:
A Bier, no better than the Vulgar need,
A little Wood the kindling Flame to feed,
With ſome poor Hand to tend the homely Fire,
Is all great *Pompey*'s Relicks now require.—— *Rowe.*

FURIES. See HELL. TISSIPHONE.

TWO Peſts there are, the *Diræ* call'd: Whom Night
At the ſame Birth with black *Megæra* bore,
Tartarian Fury: with ſuch twiſting Spires
Of Serpents bound, and added noiſy Wings.
Theſe at the Throne of *Jove* and in the Court
Of Heav'n's dread Monarch wait, to ſtrike with Fear
Unhappy Mortals: When the King of Gods
Sits meditating vengeful Death, or Plagues:
Or terrifies the guilty World with War.—— *Trap.*
She from the Siſter *Diræ*'s black Abodes,
And Shades Nocturnal, fierce *Alecto* calls,
That baleful Fury, who delights in War,
In Rage, and Treachery, and noxious Crimes.
Ev'n *Pluto* and her Siſters hate the Fiend:
Such horrid Shapes the helliſh Monſter takes,
And teems with ſuch Variety of Snakes.—— *Id.*
——————She to *Alecto* cries,
Thou canſt agreeing Brothers rouſe to War,
Engender Hate in Families, and toſs
Within their Walls thy Whips, and fun'ral Brands:
Thou haſt a thouſand Forms, a thouſand Arts
Of Miſchief: Ranſack all thy fertile Breaſt:
Confound their Meaſures of concerted Peace:
Sow deep the Seeds of Diſcord: Let the Youth
At once deſire, demand, and ſnatch their Arms.——*Id.*
Infected with *Gorgonian* poys'nous Blood,
The Fiend to *Latium*, and the lofty Walls

Or

Celſa petit, tacitúmque obſedit limen Amatæ.
Huic Dea cœruleis unum de crinibus anguem
Conjicit, inque ſinum præcordia ad intima ſubdit:
Quo furibunda domum monſtro permiſceat omnem.
Ille inter veſtes & levia pectora lapſus
Volvitur attactu nullo, fallítque furentem:
Vipeream inſpirans animam: fit tortile collo
Aurum ingens coluber, fit longæ tænia vittæ,
Innectítque comas, & membris lubricus errat.
Ac dum prima lues udo ſublapſa veneno
Pertentant ſenſus, atque oſſibus implicat ignem,
Necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,
Mollius, & ſolito matrum de more, locuta eſt.

——Ubi——penitus in viſcera lapſum
Serpentis furiale malum, totámque pererrat.
Tum vero infelix, ingentibus excita monſtris,
Immenſam ſine more furit lymphata per urbem:
Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent. Illa actus habena
Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia turba,
Impubèſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ. Non curſu ſegnior illo
Per medias urbes agitur, populóſque feroces.—— *Ibid.*

——————Tum flammea torquens
Lumina,——geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberáque inſonuit, rabidóque hæc addidit ore.
——————Adſum dirarum ab ſede ſororum:
Bella manu, letúmque gero.
Sic effata facem juveni conjecit, & atro

Lumine

Of King *Latinus*, ſwift directs her Flight,
And ſilent at the Queen's Apartment waits.
——————————To Her
The Fury from her griſly Treſſes flings
One of her Snakes, and to her inmoſt Breaſt
Diſpatches him; That, by the Monſter urg'd
To Madneſs, all the Court ſhe might embroil.
The bloated Serpent, ſliding 'twixt her Robes
And ſmooth ſleek Boſom, rolls without a Touch,
And, unperceiv'd, his vip'rous Breath inſpires:
Hangs, as a Chain of Gold, about her Neck:
As a long twining Fillet, interweaves
Her Hair: and ſlipp'ry wanders o'er her Limbs.
While the firſt Plague, the pois'nous Juice beneath
Sliding, invades her Senſes, and with Fire
Her Vitals blends; nor has as yet the Flame
Seiz'd all her Soul, more ſoftly ſhe complains,
And with a Mother's wonted Fondneſs ſpeaks.
But when thro' all her Blood the ſnaky Plague
Had ſpread itſelf, and her whole Mind poſſeſs'd;
Then ſtung, unhappy, by the Monſter dire,
O'er the vaſt City, with unbounded Rage,
She roves diſtracted. Like a whirling Top,
Urg'd by the twiſted Thong, which Boys, intent
Upon their Sport, the empty Cloiſters round,
In a wide Circuit exerciſe: the Wood,
Driv'n by the Scourge, in Spiral Eddies flies;
The ſtripling Throng in Ignorance admires
The Spinning Box: the Laſhes give it Life,
Acted with ſuch Rapidity ſhe runs
Thro' the mid City, and the madding Crouds.
Then, fiercely rolling round her fiery Orbs,
Dreadful *Alecto* on her Hair erect
Uprears two Serpents, clangs her ſounding Whip,
And rapid Thus with hideous Accents ſpeaks.
See! from th' Infernal Siſters Seats I come:
War in my Hand, and Death I bear.——
So ſaying, to the Youth ſhe hurls a Brand;

ıd Torches ſmoking with a ſmouldring Light
xes beneath his Breaſt. With Horror rous'd
e ſtarts from Sleep: o'er all his Body Sweat
dews his ſhudd'ring Limbs: For Arms he raves,
iſtracted: Arms, upon his Bed, demands,
nd o'er the Palace: madding with the Love
f Battles, and the barb'rous Rage of War.
s when, with mighty Noiſe, the ſputt'ring Flame
f Wood, ſurrounds the boiling Cauldron's Sides,
he dancing Liquor bubbles with the Heat:
s aqueous Fury roars, and ſmokes within,
ıuberant, and foaming: Nor does now
he Water's bounding Tide itſelf contain:
he pitchy Vapour flying mounts in Air.—— *Id.*

GAIN.

'CARCE have I known, in *Saturn*'s ancient Reign,
A Man whoſe Boſom was not pleas'd with Gain.
he Love of Gain, which now ſupreme we ſee,
rengthen'd by Time is grown to that Degree,
'er All it rules, and ſcarce can greater be.——
In hopes of Gain the Clown with early Toil,
iis Oxen yokes, and turns the rugged Soil.
board the bounding Bark, in ſearch of Gain,
he Sailor braves the Dangers of the Main:
or Winds, nor Rocks, nor tow'ring Waves he fears,
ıt by known Stars his reeling Veſſel ſteers.——
No Faith, no Honour can the Herd reſtrain,
hat follow Camps, and fight for ſordid Gain:
ike Ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the Cauſe enquire,
hat's the juſt Side, which gives the largeſt Hire.—*Rowe.*

GALATEA. See INVITATION.

FAIR * *Galatea!* fairer Thou by far
Then the white Leaves of blooming Lillies are:

* *The Gyant Polyphemus* thus addreſſes his Miſtreſs Galatea, who re- s him with *Diſdain.*

Ga

Splendidior vitro: tenero lascivior hœdo:
Lævior assiduo detritis æquore conchis:
Solibus hibernis, æstiva gratior umbra:
Nobilior pomis: platano conspectio alta:
Lucidior glacie: matura dulcior uva:
Mollior & cygni plumis, & lacte coacto:
Et, si, non fugias, riguo formosior horto.

Sævior indomitis eadem, Galatea, juvencis:
Durior annosa quercu: fallacior undis:
Lentior & salicis virgis, & vitibus albis:
His immobilior scopulis: violentior amne:
Laudato pavone superbior: acrior igni:
Asperior tribulis: fœta truculentior ursa:
Surdior æquoribus: calcato immitior hydro:
Et, quod præcipue vellem tibi demere possem,
Non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
Verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI

LUDI.

——QUando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ.
Prælia quanta illis dispensatore videbis
Armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
Perdere, & horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?——
Juv. Sat

——Effs

Gay as the flow'ry Meads: as Chriſtal bright:
Tall as the Alder's juſt proportion'd Height:
Sportive as Kids: more ſmooth and poliſh'd o'er,
Than ſhining Shells, oft waſh'd upon the Shore:
Pleaſing as Winter Suns, or Summer Shade:
Glorious as Apples when the Boughs they lade:
It's Head leſs graceful does the Plane uprear:
And Ice in Clearneſs can't with Thee compare:
Not Grapes full ripe delight the Taſte ſo much:
Leſs ſoft new Curds, or Swan's-Down, to the Touch:
More charming much Thou art, would'ſt Thou but ſtay,
Than beauteous Gardens where cool Fountains play.
But, *Galatea*, wild as Bulls unbroke
Thou art, and ſtubborn as an ancient Oak:
More changeful than the Waves in thy Intent:
Eaſier than Vines, or Willows, to be bent:
More fixt than Rocks; more furious than the Flood:
More than a Peacock, when commended, proud:
Thiſtles leſs ſharp, and Fires leſs raging are:
Leſs cruel 'midſt her Cubs the ſavage Bear:
Leſs fierce a trodden Snake: leſs deaf the Seas:
And, what to me is worſe than all of Theſe,
Thy Swiftneſs far outſtrips the hunted Hind,
The haſty Tempeſt, or the winged Wind.——

GAMING.

WHAT Age ſo large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?
When were the Dice with more Profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
But Gameſters for whole Patrimonies play:
The Steward brings the Deeds which muſt convey
The loſt Eſtate:—What more than Madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort Sitting many hundreds drains:
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?—— *Dryden.*

——————Effigies quo
Tot bellatorum, ſi luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos? ſi dormire incipis ortu
Luciferi, quo ſigna duces, & caſtra movebant.——
Juv. Sat. VIII.

——————Poſtquam illi juſta Chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro ſe tolleret, atque
Mitteret in pyrgum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit.—————— *Hor.* Lib. II. Sat. 7.

Tunc ſumus incauti, ſtudióque aperimur ab ipſo,
Nudaque per Luſus pectora noſtra patent.
Ira ſubit deforme malum, lucríque cupido,
Jurgiaque, & rixæ ſollicitúſque dolor.
Crimina dicuntur, reſonat clamoribus æther,
Invocat iratos & ſibi quiſque Deos.———
Ovid. de Art. III.

DUX.

IPſe manu ſua pila gerens præcedit anheli
Militis ora pedes: monſtrat tolerare labores,
Non jubet: & nullâ vehitur cervice ſupinus,
Carpentóve ſedens. Somni parciſſimus ipſe eſt,
Ultimus hauſtor aquæ: cùm tandem fonte reperto
Indiga cogatur latices potare juventus,
Stat, dum lixa bibat.——————
Lucan. Lib. IX.

Arent ora ſiti: conſpecta eſt parva malignâ
Unda procul venâ: quam vix è pulvere miles.

Subtilis

'Tis mere Burleſque, that to our Gen'rals Praiſe,
Their Progeny immortal Statues raiſe,
Yet, (thoughtleſs of their Anceſtors,) delight,
To game before their Images all Night:
And ſteal to Bed at the Approach of Day,
The Hour when Theſe their Enſigns did diſplay.—*Stepney.*

For he, when the juſt Gout had lam'd his Hands,
A Servant hir'd, (ſo much he lov'd the Vice,)
To take up for him, and to throw the Dice.—— *Creech.*

By Play our Tempers are unguarded made,
And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd:
Then baſe Deſire of Gain, then Rage appears,
Quarrels and Brawls ariſe, and anxious Fears:
Then Clamours and Revilings reach the Sky,
While loſing Gameſters all the Gods defy:
Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Caſt:
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.—
Congreve.

GENERAL.

FOremoſt, on Foot, * he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand:
Scorning Another's weary Neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Eaſe:
The panting Soldier to his Toil ſucceeds,
Where no Command, but great Example leads.
Sparing of Sleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the Fountain, laſt, his Thirſt he ſlakes:
Whene'er, by Chance, ſome living Stream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling Draughts go round:
Stays till the laſt and meaneſt Drudge be paſt,
And till his Slaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.— *Rowe.*

——————Panting with Drought,
Amidſt the Deſart, deſolate, and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to ſpy:

* *Cato* in his March thro' the Deſarts of *Lybia.*

Suſtulit, & galeæ convexum infudit in orbem,
Porrexítque duci. Squalebant pulvere fauces
Cunctorum: minimúmque tenens dux ipſe liquoris
Invidioſus erat: Méne, inquit, degener, unum,
Miles, in hâc turbâ vacuum virtute putâſti?
Uſque adeò mollis primúſque caloribus impar
Sum viſus? quanto pœnâ tu dignior iſtâ,
Qui populo ſitiente bibas? ſic concitus irâ
Excuſſit galeam, ſufficítque omnibus unda.—— *Ibid.*

——Inventus mediis fons unus arenis
Largus aquæ, ſed quem Serpentum turba tenebat
Vix capiente loco. Stabant in margine ſiccæ
Aſpides, in mediis ſitiebant Dipſades undis.——

Ductor, ut aſpexit perituros fonte relicto,
Alloquitur: Vanâ ſpecie conterrite leti,
Ne dubita, miles, tutos haurire liquores:
Morſu virus habent, & fatum in dente minantur:
Pocula morte carent. Dixit: dubiúmque venenum
Hauſit: & in tota Libyes fons unus arenâ
Ille fuit, de quo primus ſibi poſceret undam.——
Ibid.

Corip.

Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the ſcanty Store,
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore.
Around in Crowds, the thirſty Legions ſtood,
Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Duſt beſtrew'd,
And all with wiſhful Eyes the liquid Treaſure view'd.
The gallant Chief the tempting Preſent took,
And, with a Frown, the Giver thus beſpoke:
Doſt Thou then think, of all this *Roman* Hoſt,
That I'm the meaneſt, and want Virtue moſt?
Am I the firſt ſoft Coward that complains:
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious Pains?
Am I in Eaſe and Infamy the firſt?——
Rather be thou, Baſe as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt drink, when all beſide thee thirſt.
He * ſaid: and wrathful ſtretching forth his Hand,
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
This little Water the whole Hoſt ſupply'd.—*Rowe* alter'd.

Thirſty, for Springs they ſearch the Deſart round,
And, only one, amidſt the Sands, they found.
Well ſtor'd it was, but all Acceſs was barr'd:
The Stream ten thouſand noxious Serpents guard:
Dry *Aſpicks* on the fatal Margin ſtood,
And *Dipſa*'s thirſted in the middle Flood.

Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,
Tho' parch'd, and languiſhing for Drink he dies.
The Chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy Draughts abſtain,
My Soldiers, drink, and dread not Death, or Pain.
When, urg'd to Rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,
And Venom with our vital Juices mix,
The Peſt infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,
Infects the Maſs, and Death is in the Wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no Poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid: and firſt the doubtful Draught eſſay'd.
Thro' *Lybia*'s toilſome March, and burning Thirſt,
'Twas at this Spring alone he call'd for Water firſt.—*Rowe.*

* This is ſomewhat like the Story of *David*, 1 *Chron.* xi. 15.

UMBRA.

Cogit tantos tolerare labores
ducis Virtus, qui nudâ fulus arenâ
, atque omni fortunam provocat horâ.
s unus adeft fatis: quocunque vocatus
, atque ingens meritum, majúíque falute
in letum vires: puduítque gementem
mori.——— *Ibi.*

RA. Vide ANIMARUM PURGATIO.

Ormáque fub illa
Luridus, exangui fimilis, fine veftibus ullis
ante torum miferæ ftetit. Uda videtur
ri, madidíque gravis fluere unda capillis.

ıdlike Virtues of their matchleſs Chief,
ır Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief:
with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
re Sands expos'd the *Hero* lies:
'lace alike, in ev'ry Hour,
ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.
l ſtill, his common Care attends
Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
y Haſte at each ſad Call he flies,
: than Health, or Life itſelf, ſupplies:
ue's nobleſt Precepts arms their Souls,
their Sorrows like his own controuls:
r he comes no Signs of Grief are ſhewn:
unmanly Weakneſs, they diſown,
to Sigh, or breath one parting Groan.— *Id.*

GHOST. See PURGATORY.

HE * flitting Shade
All pale, as Death, deſpoil'd of his Array,
Vife's Apartment takes his Way,
s before the Bed, at Dawn of Day:
his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears;
ling vain, but ſeeming real Tears;
Water dripping from his Hairs.
ng on her with a ghaſtly Look,
ır Voice, he thus his Wife beſpoke.
'hou not me?—not yet?—unhappy Wife!
ıy Features periſh'd with my Life?
: again, and for thy Huſband loſt,
t's left of him, thy Huſband's Ghoſt!
; for my Return were all in vain,
y South o'ertook Us in the Main,
ſhalt Thou ſee thy living Lord again.
:ched Widow! riſe: nor undeplor'd
r Soul to paſs the *Stygian* Ford:
epar'd, in Black, to mourn thy periſh'd Lord.

ing drowned at Sea, *Juno* ſends the Viſion here deſcribed, *Halcyone*, to apprize her of his Death.

ni, & teftis urbis fine fine furenti,
nulierum atque ipfius Urbis Conjux
i ante oculos, & non major imago.
i, fletuque comas, & vox fanctibus haft.
effari, & curas his demere dictis:
num infano juvat indulgere dolori,
conjux! non hæc fine numine Divûm
:———————

vale, & nati ferva communis amorem.
dicta dedit, lachrymantem & multa volentem
ifcere, tenuifque recefit in auras.
ens ibi collo dare brachia circum:
ra comprenfa manus effugit imago,
ns ventis, volucrique fimillima fomno.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

ox ora pofcunt hoſpes introvocta rogabat:
unc oculo facies detecta pudorem
. fubito non effundere voces:
ihi vitâ quondam, dum vita manebat,

Thus as I ſearch'd impatient o'er the Town,
With endleſs Labour: to my Eyes appear'd
Her penſive Ghoſt, my dear *Creüſa*'s Shade,
A Form enlarg'd, and bigger than the Life.
Aghaſt I ſtood: uproſe my Hair erect:
And to my Mouth my Speech with Horror cleav'd.
At length ſhe ſpoke, and thus reliev'd my Cares:
Why, my dear Lord, do You ſo far indulge
Your reſtleſs Toil? Without the Powers divine
Theſe Things are not diſpos'd.———
———Farewell: and love
Your Son, our common Care.—Thus having ſpoke,
Me weeping, and a thouſand Things to ſay
Deſiring, ſhe forſook, and vaniſh'd ſwift
Into the yielding Air.——I thrice eſſay'd
About her Neck to throw my folding Arms:
Thrice, vainly graſp'd at, from their Circle flew
Th' unbodied Fantom, light as fleeting Winds,
And like a ſlipp'ry Dream.——— *Trap.*
——The Night now driving on her ſable Car,
Poſſeſs'd the Pole: When ſuddenly the Form
Of old *Anchiſes* ſeem'd to ſlide from Heav'n:
And from his awful Mouth theſe Accents fell:
My Son, more dear to me than Life, while Life
Remain'd.———
Hither I come, diſpatch'd by Sovereign *Jove*;
———For Me the impious Gloom
Of *Tartarus* accurs'd, and dreary Shades
Do not detain: But in th' *Elyſian* Fields,
And happy Regions of the Bleſt I dwell.
———But now, adieu:
The dewy Night rolls on her middle Courſe:
And with his panting Steeds the riſing Sun
Severe has breath'd upon me. Thus he ſaid,
And flew, like Smoke, into the fleeting Air.—— *Id.*
Among the reſt, freſh reeking from her Wound,
In the vaſt Grove *Phœnician Dido* roams:
Soon as the *Trojan* Hero near her ſtood,

And

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

knew her thro' the duſky Shade, as when
he firſt op'ning of the Month one ſees,
hinks one ſees, thro' Clouds the riſing Moon:
s he let fall: and thus with Fondneſs ſpeaks.
appy *Dido!*———————
r Death, alas! I caus'd: but by the Stars,
by the Gods, I ſwear, by all the Faith
ath the Earth, if any ſuch there be,
illingly, O Queen! I left your Coaſts.
s Her, with Indignation frowning ſtern,
h Tears and Blandiſhments *Æneas* ſooth'd.—— *Id.*
ne bends her Eyes averſe upon the Ground,
l by his Speech begun is mov'd no more
n the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar:
whirls away, to ſhun his hateful Sight,
in the Foreſt and the Shades of Night.
ne pious Tears the pitying Hero paid,
l follow'd with his Eyes the flitting Shade.—*Dryd.*alt.
he thronging Ghoſts ſtand round on either Side:
ne raiſe a feeble Cry, with trembling Notes:
the weak Voice deceives their gaſping Throats.
e *Priam*'s Son, *Deiphobus*, he found,
oſe Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound:
noneſt, with lopp'd Arms, the Youth appears,
il'd of his Noſe, and ſhortned of his Ears.
ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
blotted Form, and bluſhing to be known.— *Id.*
————So ſaying, he bedew'd
Face with flowing Tears: and thrice aſſay'd
ut his Neck to throw his folding Arms:
ice, vainly graſp'd at, from their Circle flew
unbody'd Fantom: light as fleeting Winds,
l like a ſlipp'ry Dream.———— *Trap.*
————Behold, ſhe cries,
in the cruel Fates remand * me back:
l now Farewell: with Darkneſs round inclos'd
et away, and vainly ſtretch to Thee
h! now no longer thine) Theſe helpleſs Hands.

* *Eurydice.*

oculis subito, seu fumus in auras
enues, fugit diversa: neque illum
nequicquam umbras, & multa volentem
erea vidit. ——— *Virg. Georg.* Lib. IV.

GLORIA.

pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime,
oro me
inique finis pro laude pacifici. ——
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

——Vitium feretur
ni: non sum quod, Tigride victo,
phato sucrim provincia Parthi,
velius Iratis capitolia Dacis:
quod mihi erat. ———
Claud. 4. Cons. Hon.

——Excelsi Gloria fidei,
——Et decus omne
varios tribuendo regnat honores:
& species, augur omnis Gloria vulgi.
ove componet lapides orbem.
aus externa tunget genus.
ia: cognita extollet nomen. —*Manil.* Lib. II.

She ſaid: and from his Sight like Smoke diſpers'd
Thro' the thin Air, flew diverſe: Nor by Him,
Graſping at Shades in vain, and thouſand Things
To ſay deſiring, was e'er after ſeen. *Id.*

GLORY.

——WHatever Care for me
You have conceiv'd, diſmiſs it, beſt of Kings,
For Me, at my Requeſt: and let me ſtake
My Life for Glory.—————— *Trap.*

Thy Glory, *Trajan*, ſhall for ever live:
Not that thy Arms the *Tigris* mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary *Parthia* bow'd to *Rome*,
Not that the *Capitol* receiv'd thy Train,
With Shouts of Triumph for the *Daci* ſlain:
But for thy Mildneſs to thy Country ſhown.— *Addiſon.*

There *Glory* ſits in all her Pomp and State:
Thence Places, Dignities, Preferments flow,
And all that Men admire, and wiſh below:
High Honours, Offices, in Suits Succeſs,
Right to make Laws, and bid the World have Peace:
Thence Sceptres, and ſupreme Command accrue,
And Power to give them where Rewards are due.—*Creech* [alt.

GLUTTONY. See EXTRAVAGANCE. LUXURY.

WHether it be in little Things or great,
Suit thy Expences ſtill to thy Eſtate;
And if thy Purſe a Turbot can't afford,
Sit down, and be content with humble Cod.
For what muſt be thy miſerable End,
If Gluttony and Want at once attend,
When thy voracious Throat has ſwallow'd all,
Cattle, and Land, Int'reſt, and Principal?—*Congreve* alt.

Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious Men,
Will chuſe a Pheaſant ſtill before a Hen:

And

men quamvis differ nihil hæc magis illa.
——Num vellaris istà,
udas, plumi?—Laudas, insane, trilibrem
in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est,
species, video. Quò pertinet ergo
odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.——
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 2.

——— Mala copia quando
sollicitat stomachum, cùm rapula plenus,
cidas mavult inulas. Nec dum omnis abacta
epulis regum. Nam villibus ovis
est olerì hodie locus.———

erat Rhombus, unoque Gaetulia nido,
ne author discult Pretocius.——

——— Vides ut pallidus omnis
fugat dubia. Quin corpus onustum
hesternum quoque peregravat una,
figit humo divinæ particulam auræ.——

And yet a Hen is full as good I hold,
Except you eat the Feathers green and gold.

Of Carps and Mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in Pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch Eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.—— *Pope.*

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
He'll find no Reliſh in the ſweeteſt Meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich Feaſt concludes extreamly poor:
Cheap Eggs, and Herbs, and Olives ſtill we ſee,
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!——
The *Robin-red-Breaſt* till of late had reſt,
And Children ſacred held a *Martin*'s Neſt,
Till *Becca-ficos* ſold ſo dev'liſh dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.— *Id.*
Obſerve how pale, how ſickly, ev'ry Gueſt,
Reels from the Surfeit of a ſumptuous Feaſt:
The Body overloaded with Exceſs,
Is ſunk itſelf, and does the Mind oppreſs:
Nor can the Soul, altho' of heav'nly Birth,
Shake off the Load that fixes it to Earth.—— *Pope alt.*
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a Pother
About one Vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a Mean,
Plain, but not ſordid: tho' not ſplendid, clean.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle State,
And neither leans on this Side, nor on that.—— *Pope.*

GOATS.

'TIS my Direction, that with verdant Leaves
Of *Arbutus* the Goats may be ſupply'd,
And with freſh Springs: And that their Stalls from Winds
Be ſhelter'd, to the Winter Sun oppos'd,
And *pointing to the* South, when now with Cold,
And Rain, Aquarius ſetting, ſhuts the Year.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Theſe breed more fruitful: Theſe in Milk abound:
And ev'n the more they fill the frothing Pails
From their preſs'd Dugs more plenteous Rivers flow.
For Food they brouze the Thickets, and the Top
Of bleak *Lycæus*, prickly Thorns in Brakes,
And Buſhes which high Rocks and Mountains love.
Themſelves, ſpontaneous, to their Homes return,
Bringing their Young: and, with their ſtrutting Dugs,
Laborious, o'er th'oppoſing Threſhold climb.
Therefore their Want of Care and Guard to ſhun
The Ills of Life, by thine muſt be ſupply'd.
From them with all thy Diligence avert
The Froſt, and Winds, and Snow: With lib'ral Hand
Indulge them Food, and leafy Browze: nor ſhut,
While Winter laſts, thy Magazines of Hay.—— *Trap.*

GOD. See CHANCE. PROVIDENCE.

KNow firſt, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the ſtarry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights one common * Soul
Inſpires: and feeds and animates the Whole:
This active Mind infus'd thro' all the Space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty Maſs.
Hence Men and Beaſts the Breath of Life obtain,
And Birds of Air, and Monſters of the Main.— *Dryden.*
For GOD the whole created Maſs inſpires:
Through Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean's Depth he throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beaſts, and Fowls
With Breath are quicken'd, and attract their Souls:
Hence take the Forms his Preſcience did ordain,
And into him, at length, reſolve again.
No Room is left for Death: they mount the Sky,
And to their own congenial Planets fly.—— *Id.*

* The Opinion of *Pythagoras.*

[illegible] conditum corpore mundi,
[illegible] condita formâ
[illegible] pelagique jacentis
[illegible] atroque meatu
[illegible] ratione gubernat. ——
Manil. Lib. I.

[illegible] mili commissa metallo
[illegible] & pectora gaudet. ——
Stat. Theb. Lib. XII.

[illegible] dedit ipse sibimet
Manil. Lib. IV.

[illegible] atque mundum
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] secundum. — *Hor.* L. I. Od. 12.

[illegible] Divina natura necesse 'st
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] — *Luc.* Lib. II.

This Frame immenſe, in which four Parts conſpire,
Of diff'rent Form, Air, Water, Earth, and Fire,
GOD, Power divine, the World's *Almighty Soul*,
By ſecret Methods rules, and guides the Whole:
By unſeen Paſſes he himſelf conveys
Thro' all the Maſs, and ev'ry Part obeys.—— *Creech.*
The Face, the Image of the Deity,
Can on no Metal repreſented be:
Within the human Soul he likes to dwell,
And our own Boſom what he is can tell.——
It is enough that GOD is barely ſhown,
Rich in himſelf he ſhines, and great alone.——
That Power ſupreme, whom Gods and Men obey,
Who Time commands, and rules the Earth and Sea;
Who claims o'er All the firſt and higheſt Place,
Whom none is like, to whom none ſecond is.——
For every * Deity muſt live at Eaſe,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting Peace,
From Grief exempt, from Fear and Danger free;
Sufficient to its own Felicity.
Nought here below, Nought in our Pow'r it needs:
Nor ſmiles at good, nor frowns at wicked Deeds.—*Creech.*
'Tis neceſſary that there ſhould be Gods,
Nor let us doubt there are:———
Before their ancient Altars let's adore,
And Incenſe burn, and Wine devoutly pour.
Nor madly think that on celeſtial Thrones,
And half aſleep, they loll, like lazy Drones.
The Gods are ev'ry where, above, below, [know.
Both Heav'n and Earth they fill, and ev'ry Thing they
Then innocently live: the Pledge reſtore:
Nor dare to violate the Oath you ſwore:
All Fraud deteſt of whate'er kind it be;
And from all Murder let your Hands be free.——
Has GOD a Place? In Earth, in Seas, in Air,
In Heav'n, in Virtue, he will ſure appear:
Why ſeek we farther then?———

* The Opinion of *Epicurus*.

, quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.——
Lucan. Lib. IX.
ecto Deus, qui, quæ nos gerimus, auditque,
t videt.—— *Plaut. Cap.*
s eſt, qui non mutatur in ævo.—*Man.* 1. *Aſtro.*
—Magni conditor Orbis
x alto cuncta tuenti
cerræ mole refiſtunt:
nox atris nubibus obſtat:
nentis cernit in ictu
ſint, quæ fuerint, veniantque.—*Boëth.* V. Met. 2.
ume ſcelerum cauſſæ mortalibus ægris,
ceſſive Deûm.—— *Silius.* Lib. IV.

DEORUM. Vide VIA LACTEA.

, cœlicolæ, medio Jove, ſedibus altis
ia gravitate ſedent. Sua quemque Deorum
cies. Jovis eſt regalis imago.
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

s imperio rapuit ſuper æthera cœli
ilio fluvium convenerat ordo

Where-e'er we turn, where-e'er we look, or move,
All, all, is Him, and ev'ry where is *Jove*.——
There is a GOD moſt certainly, who hears
Whate'er we ſay, and ſees whate'er we do.——
There is a GOD, whom Time can never change.——
————The great Creator of the Univerſe
All Things beholds from his exalted Throne:
Nor the Earth's Bulk, nor Night's black Shades impede
His penetrating Sight; which at one Glance
Diſcerns what is, what was, and what ſhall be.——

————Alas! their Ignorance of GOD
Is the chief Cauſe of wretched Mortals' Crimes.——

GODS (Council of.) See MILKY WAY.

ON lofty Thrones twice ſix Celeſtials ſate,
Jove in the midſt, and held their grave Debate:
Each God by proper Features was expreſt,
But *Jove*'s majeſtic Mein excell'd the reſt.—— *Croxall.*
And now th' Almighty Father of the Gods,
Convenes a Council in the bleſt Abodes.
Far in the bright Receſſes of the Skies,
High o'er the rowling Heav'ns, a Manſion lies:
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The Realms of riſing, and declining Day,
And all th' extended Space of Earth, and Air, and Sea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The Majeſty of Heav'n ſuperior ſhone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an aweful Nod,
And all the trembling Spheres confeſs'd the God.
At *Jove*'s Aſſent, the Deities around
In ſolemn State the Conſiſtory crown'd:
Next a long Order of inferior Pow'rs
Aſcend from Hills, and Plains, and ſhady Bow'rs:
Thoſe from whoſe Urns the rolling Rivers flow,
And thoſe that give the wandring Winds to blow.
Here all their Rage, and e'en their Murmurs ceaſe,
And *ſacred Silence* reigns, and univerſal Peace.

Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, & arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluítque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: grave & immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, & vocem fata ſequuntur.——
Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Mixtura Boni & Mali.

EST æquale nihil: terrenos aſpice tractus
Et maris, & notis fugientia flumina ripis:
Crimen ubique frequens, & laudi noctia juncta eſt,
Sic ſterilis terris lætis intervenit annus,
Ac ſubitos rumpit parvo diſcrimine fœtus:
Et modo portus erat pelagi jam facta Charybdis,
Laudatíque cadit poſt paulum gratia ponti.
Et nunc per ſcopulos, nunc campos labitur amnis,
Aut faciens iter, aut quærens.——— *Manil.* Lib. IV.

Satin' parva res eſt voluptatum in vita,
Atque in ætate agunda,
Præ quam quod moleſtum eſt: ita quoique comparatum
Eſt in ætate hominum,
Ita Dis placitum, voluptati ut mœror comes conſequatur:
Quin incommodi plus malique illico aſſit, boni ſi obtigit quid. *Plaut. Amph.*

Potentia. Vide Ambitio. Rex.

AUDE aliquid brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis eſſe aliquid; probitas laudatur & alget.
Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, menſas,
Argentum vetus.———————

Juv. Sat. I.

Quid, ſi vidiſſet Prætorem in curribus altis
Extantem, & medio ſublimem in pulvere circi,

ning Synod of majeſtic Gods
with new Luſter the divine Abodes,
'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior Ray
the bright Arch reflects a double Day.
Almighty then his ſolemn Silence broke,
till Creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
ſacred Accent bears eternal Weight,
each irrevocable Word is Fate.—— *Pope.*

GOOD and EVIL Mix'd.

Behold the Earth, the gliding Streams, or Flood,
Faults are on all Sides, Bad is mixt with Good.
barren Seaſons midſt the beſt appear,
a ſmall Turn blaſts all the blooming Year.
ort turns Shelf, and the inglorious Sand
its that Praiſe which once its Safety gain'd.
Streams thro' Plains in ſmooth *Meanders* play,
force thro' Rocks, and roaring roll away.——
Creech alter'd.
ow ſhort, how trifling are the Joys of Life,
ith the Evils that it brings compar'd!
is the Fate of Man, by Heav'n decreed;
all his Pleaſure ſhall be mix'd with Pain,
laſting Woe ſucceed each ſhort Delight!——

EATNESS. See AMBITION. KING.

WOuld'ſt Thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime,
ch Dungeons, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves:
Virtue is but dryly prais'd, and ſtarves.
t Men, to great Crimes, owe their Plate emboſs'd,
ir Palaces, their Furniture of Coſt,
high Commands;—a ſneaking Sin is loſt.—*Dryd.*
What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Prætor ſeated, in mock Majeſty:
Chariot rolling o'er the duſty Place,
ile with dumb Pride, and a ſet formal Face,

Jovis, & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
ris aulea togæ, magnæque coronæ
orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?
rem fudans hanc publicus, & (tibi Consul
at) curru fervus portatur eodem.
& volucrem, sceptro quæ surgit eburno,
nicines, hinc præcedentia longi
officia, & niveos ad frena Quirites,
n loculis quas sportula fecit amicos. ——

Juv. Sat. X.

He moves in the dull ceremonial Track,
With *Jove*'s embroider'd Coat upon his Back?
A Suit of Hangings had not more oppreſs'd
His Shoulders, than that long laborious Veſt.
A heavy Gewgaw, (call'd a Crown,) that ſpread
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head,
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy Freight,
But that a ſweating Slave ſuſtain'd the Weight:
A Slave in the ſame Chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty Madman's Pride.
Add now th' Imperial Eagle rais'd on high,
With golden Beak, the Mark of Majeſty:
Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in white:
In their own Nature falſe and flatt'ring Tribes,
But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.—— *Id.*

If golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the coſtly Suppers, and the Balls:
If the proud Palace ſhines not with the State
Of burniſh'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate:
If well-tun'd Harps, nor the more pleaſing Sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound:
Yet, on the Graſs, beneath a Poplar Shade,
By the cool Stream, our careleſs Limbs are laid:
With cheaper Pleaſures innocently bleſs'd,
When the warm Spring with gawdy Flow'rs is dreſs'd.

Nor will the raging Fever's Fire abate,
With golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as ſoon be found,
On the hard Mattreſs, or the Mother-Ground.

Then, ſince our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy Store,
'Tis plain theſe uſeleſs Toys of ev'ry kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring Mind:
Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful Sight
Of marſhall'd Legions moving to the Fight,
Could, with their Sound and terrible Array,
Expel our Fears, and drive the Thoughts of Death away.

But, ſince the Suppoſition vain appears;
Since clinging Cares, and Trains of inbred Fears,

Nec metuunt ſonitus armorum, nec fera tela:
Audacterque inter Reges, rerumque potenteis
Verſantur: neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro,
Nec clarum veſtis ſplendorem purpureaï:
Quid dubitas, quin omne ſit hoc rationis egeſtas?——
Lucret. Lib. II.

O ſi pateant pectora Ditum:
Quantos intus ſublimis agit
Fortuna metus! Brutia Coro
Pulſante fretum mitior unda eſt.— *Senec. Hor. Oct.*

Felix alius, magnúſque volet:
Me nulla vocet turba potentem.
Stringat tenuis littora puppis.
Nec magna meos aura phaſelos
Jubeat medium ſcindere pontum.—— *Ibid.*

——————Exeat Aula
Qui vult eſſe pius.———— *Lucret.*

Qui cadit in plano, (vix hoc tamen evenit ipſum)
Si cadit, ut tacta ſurgere poſſit humo.
At miſer Elpenor tecto delapſus ab alto,
Occurrit Regi flebilis umbra ſuo.——
Ovid. Lib. III. *Triſt.* 4.
Vive ſine invidia, molléſque inglorius annos
Exige, amicitias & tibi junge pares.—— *Ibid.*

DOLOR. Vide Lamentatio. In Morte lucta.

INterea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem
Nuncia Fama ruit, matríſque adlabitur aures
Euryali: at ſubitus miſeræ calor oſſa reliquit:
Excuſſi manibus radii, revolutáque penſa:
Evolat infelix, & fœmineo ululatu,
Sciſſa comam, muros amens atque agmina curſu
Prima petit: non illa virûm, non illa pericli,
*Telorû*mque memor; cœlum dehinc queſtibus implet.—
Virg. Æn. Lib. V

Are not with Sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of Pomp purſue the Prince:
Not aw'd by Arms, but in the Preſence bold,
Without Reſpect to Purple, or to Gold:
Why ſhould not we theſe Pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe Worth but in our want of Reaſon lies?——*Dryd.*

Oh! were the Minds of Courtiers ſeen;
What Cares tempeſtuous rage within,
And ſcourge their Souls! the *Brutian* Sea
Toſs'd by wild Storms more calm than They.
Let Others, inſolent, and great,
Enjoy the treach'rous Smiles of Fate:
To Courts, Ah! never let me roam!
Bleſt with Content, and Peace at Home.
May my ſmall Bark in Safety Sail,
Ne'er tempted by a proſp'rous Gale,
Roving to leave the Sight of Shore,
And dang'rous, diſtant Deeps explore.—— *Ward.*

Let him who would be Good from Courts retire.——

On level Ground whoever haps to fall,
(Tho' that's a Thing which rarely haps at all,)
The Hurt ſo gentle, and ſo ſlight the Pain,
No ſooner is he down than up again:
But when *Elpenor* from the Turret fell,
His Soul went weeping to the Gates of Hell.——
Thoughtleſs of Glory paſs thy downy Hours,
Unknown, unenvy'd, in Obſcurity:
And chuſe Companions of thy own Degree.——

GRIEF. See Lamentation. Mourning for the Dead.

SOON haſty Fame, thro' the ſad City bears
The mournful Tidings, to the Mother's Ears:
An icy Cold benumbs her Limbs: She ſhakes:
Her Cheeks the Blood, her Hand the Web forſakes.
She runs the Rampires round amidſt the War,
Nor fears the flying Darts: ſhe rends her Hair,
And with her Lamentations fills the Air.——

Dryden. All

——————Et ſub Jove nocte diéque
Sedit humo nuda nudis incomta capillis.
Perque novem luces expers undæque cibíque
Rore mero, lachrymíſque ſuis jejunia pavit :——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Obſervans, nido implumes, detraxit : at illa
Flet noctem, ramóque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. IV.

———Squalidus, Cereris ſine munere ſedit :
Cura, dolórque animi, lachrymæque alimenta fuere.
Eſſe Deos Erebi crudeles queſtus.——————
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

Plura dolor prohibet : verbóque intervenit omni
Plangor : & attonito gemitus è corde trahuntur.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

——————Obmutuit illa dolore :
Et pariter vocem, lachrymáſque introrſus obortas
Devorat ipſe dolor : duróque ſimillima ſaxo
Torpet : & adverſa figet modo lumina terra :
Interdum torvos ſuſtollit ad æthera vultus :
Nunc poſiti ſpectat vultum, nunc vulnera, nati :
Vulnera præcipue.—————— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. XIII.

Jam nunc te per inane chaos, per Tartara, Conjux,
Si ſunt ulla, ſequar : quàm longo tradita leto
Incertum eſt : pœnas animæ vivacis ab ipsâ
Antè feram : potuit cernens tua vulnera, Magne,

Non

All Day, all Night, in trackleſs Wilds, alone
She pin'd, and taught the liſt'ning Rocks her Moan.
On the bare Earth ſhe lies, her Boſom bare,
Looſe her Attire, diſhevell'd is her Hair.
Nine times the Moon unbarr'd the Gates of Light,
As oft were ſpread th' alternate Shades of Night:
So long no Suſtenance the Mourner knew,
But what her Tears ſupply, or what the falling Dew.——
Euſden.

As when, complaining, in melodious Groans,
Sweet *Philomel*, beneath a Poplar Shade,
Mourns her loſt Young: which ſome rough Village Hind
Obſerving, from their Neſt, unfledg'd, has ſtole:
She weeps all Night: and, perch'd upon a Bough,
With plaintive Notes repeated fills the Grove.—— *Trap.*

Defil'd with Filth * his Robe, with Tears his Cheeks,
No Suſtenance but Grief and Care he ſeeks:
Of rigid Fate inceſſant he complains,
And Hell's inexorable Gods arraigns.—— *Congreve.*

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
For Sighs come ruſhing in betwixt her Words,
And ſtop'd her Tongue: but what her Tongue deny'd,
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints ſupply'd—
Dryden.

——Her † big ſwoln Grief ſurpaſs'd
The Power of Utterance: She ſtood aghaſt:
Nor had ſhe Speech, nor Tears, to give Relief:
Exceſs of Woe ſuppreſs'd the riſing Grief.
Stupid as Stone, on Earth ſhe fix'd her Eyes,
And then look'd up to Heav'n with wild Surprize:
Now ſhe contemplates o'er, with ſad Delight,
Her Son's pale Viſage: then her aking Sight
Dwells on his Wounds.—— *Stanyan.*

——Dear Huſband, whereſoe'er
Thou'rt gone, thro' Hell, if any Hell there be,
Or empty Chaos, I will follow Thee:
How long my Life's decreed I do not know:
If long, I'll *puniſh it* for laſting ſo.——

* *Spoken of Orpheus.* † *Hecuba.*

Perfruitur lachrymis

Conſedit, & fraſſas
Hæſerunt lachrymæ:
Redditur, atque imis

At Clymene poſtquã
In tantis dicenda malis
Et laniata ſinus, totum
Examinéſque arma pri
Repperit oſſa tamen pe
Incubuítque loco: nom
Perfudit lachrymis, &
Nec minus Heliades flen
Munera, dant lacrymas:
Non auditurum miſeras
Nocte di

She who could bear to ſee thy Wounds, and live,
New Proofs of Love and fatal Grief ſhall give:
Nor need ſhe fly for Succour to the Sword,
The ſteepy Precipice, or deadly Cord:
She from herſelf ſhall find her own Relief,
And ſcorn to die of any Death but Grief.
.. So ſaid the Matron, and about her Head
Her Veil ſhe draws, her mournful Eyes to ſhade:
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt Shades her Woe,
She ſeeks the Ship's deep darkſome Hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain:
Still with freſh Tears the living Grief would feed,
And fondly loves it in her Huſband's ſtead.—— *Rowe.*

Her flowing Garments mournfully ſhe tares,
And rends the Chaplet with her yellow Hairs:
Her Tears congeal, her Voice is now no more:
And a deep trembling ſeizes her all o'er.——

But * *Clymenè*, enrag'd with Grief, laments,
And as her Grief inſpires, her Paſſion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her Woes,
With Hair diſhevell'd round the World ſhe goes,
To ſeek where-e'er his Body might be caſt:
Till, on the Borders of the *Po*, at laſt
The Name inſcrib'd on the new Tomb appears.
The dear dear Name ſhe bathes in flowing Tears,
Hangs o'er the Tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the Marble to her throbbing Heart.
Her Daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs Tribute to their Brother's Urn)
And beat their naked Boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaëton* in vain:
All the long Night their mournful Watch they keep,
And all the Day ſtand round the Tomb and weep.—*Addiſ.*

When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That You were fled, and all my Joys with You:

* The Mother of *Phaëton*.

Like

iæ deerant oculis, & lingua palato:
im gelido frigore pectus erat.
ſe dolor imminuit, mea pectora planxi,
luit ruptis exululare comis.
quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
d extructos corpus inane rogos.——
Ovid. Epiſt. XXI.

t, & tremulo deduxit vertice canos,
ue genas, oculis nec defuit imber.
rapitur per valles improbus amnis
læ periere nives, & languidus Auſter
ur glaciem reſoluta vivere terra.
: pleno facies manavit, & alto
emitu turbatum murmure pectus.——
Petron. Arb.

ANTRUM.

erat piceis, & acuta denſa cupreſſu,
——Succinctæ ſacra Dianæ:

Like ſome ſad Statue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my Breaſt, and ſtop'd my freezing Blood:
No Sigh, to riſe, no Tear had Pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid Lethargy of Woe.
But when it's Way th' impetuous Paſſion found,
I rend my Treſſes, and my Breaſts I wound:
I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain,
Now ſwell to Rage, now melt in Tears again.
Nor fiercer Pangs diſtract the mournful Dame,
Whoſe firſt-born Infant feeds the fun'ral Flame.——*Pope.*

Trembling ſhe ſpoke, and raging with Deſpair,
She wounds her Cheeks, and rends her Silver Hair.
In copious Streams faſt rolls the briny Show'r,
As down the Hills the rapid Torrents pour,
When *Auſter* with indulgent Softneſs blows,
Diſſolves the Froſt, and melts the Mountain Snows:
Thus in a Flood of Tears her Eyes were drown'd, [jun.
And from her inmoſt Breaſt deep Sighs reſound.—*Addiſon*

GROTTO.

DOWN in a Vale, of Pine and Cypreſs made,
Extended wide a venerable Shade:
The chaſt *Diana*'s private Haunt, where ſtood,
Full in the Center of the darkſome Wood,
A ſpacious *Grotto:* all around o'er-grown
With hoary Moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-Stone.
From out it's rocky Clefts the Waters flow,
And, trickling, ſwell into a Lake below.
Nature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her Part,
That ev'ry where ſhe ſeem'd to vye with Art.
Here the bright Goddeſs, toil'd and chaff'd with Heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool Retreat.— *Addiſon.*

Aweful, and tow'ring o'er the Plain, there ſtood,
By Axes ne'er profan'd, an ancient Wood.
Amidſt of which the mouldring Rocks had made
An humble Grot, that Thorns and Brambles ſhade.
Cool chryſtal Streams guſh plenteous from its Sides,
And all around the purling Water glides.——

[illegible] tophis
[illegible] Molli cubilis erat humida musco:
[illegible] aeternoque murice conchae.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

[illegible] Vatis Mens Conscia Mali.

[illegible]
[illegible] Virgo
[illegible] —Haec adito nemus est, & conscia Sylva.
[illegible] ut rediremus, posse est oblita pharetram
[illegible] cubilia, &, quem suspenderat, arcum.
[illegible] dubitavit, crimen non prodere vultu!
[illegible] humilis humo: nec, ut ante solebat,
[illegible] lateri, nec non est agmine prima,
[illegible] & tela, dat signa rubore pudoris.
[illegible] Virgo est, poterat fenire Diana
[illegible] culpam. Nymphae fensisse ferentur.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

[illegible]

The Grot he enter'd: Pumice built the Hall,
And Tophi made the Ruſtic of the Wall:
The Floor ſoft Moſs, an humid Carpet ſpread,
And various Shells the chequer'd Roof inlaid.——*Vernon.*

GUILT. See CONSCIENCE Evil.

THE lovely * Huntreſs, riſing from the Graſs,
With down-caſt Eyes, and with a bluſhing Face,
By Shame confounded, and by Fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the Covert of the conſcious Shade;
And (ſuch the wild Confuſion of her Mind,)
Had almoſt left her Bow and Shafts behind.
How plainly in the Look doth Guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the Rear:
Nor lightly trip'd, nor by the Goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the Train.
Her Cheeks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her Mein,
That ſure the Virgin Goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a Virgin) muſt the Guilt have ſeen.
The Nymphs, 'tis ſaid, perceiv'd it.——*Addiſon* alter'd.

The wretched † Maid rejoyc'd the News to hear,
But clog'd with Guilt, her Joy was unſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the Mind,
That in our Will a diff'rent Will we find.
Thus far her Courage held, but here forſakes:
Her faint Knees knock at every Step ſhe makes.
The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorſe and Horror of her Sin:
Repents too late her criminal Deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.—— *Dryden.*

——The Matrons, on the Shore,
Fly diverſe, ſtruck with Fear: and ſkulking ſeek
The Woods, and Caves: Their Enterprize they loath,
And conſcious ſhun the Light.—— *Trap.*

* *Calliſto*, one of *Diana*'s Nymphs, after her Affair with *Jupiter*.
† *Myrrha* in love with her own Father, was brought to his Bed in Diſguiſe, by the Contrivance of her old Nurſe.

Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedepides, longáque animam ſub morte trahebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos cœlo, radiiſque Penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, ſcelerúmque in pectore Diræ.——
Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

——Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem portu vergens proſpectat Ibero?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madìdive tepentes
Igne Noti?—— *Ibid.*

GYGAS. CYCLOPS.

——CYclops, nempe ille immitis, & ipſis
Horrendus ſylvis, & viſus ab hoſpite nullo
Impune, & magni cum Dis contemptor Olympi:
Quid ſit Amor ſentit: noſtríque cupidine captus
Uritur: oblitus pecorum antrorúmque ſuorum.
Jamque tibi formæ, jamque eſt tibi cura placendi:
Jam rigidos pectis raſtris, Polypheme, capillos:
Jam libet hirſutam tibi falce recidere barbam:
Et ſpectare feros in aqua, & componere vultus.
Cædis Amor, feritáſque, ſitíſque immenſa cruoris
Ceſſant: & tutæ veniunt abeúntque carinæ.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

—Reſedit

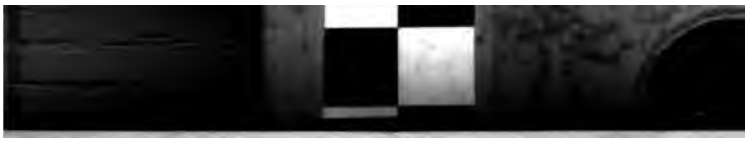
Now wretched *Œdipus* *, depriv'd of Sight,
Led a long Death in everlaſting Night:
But tho' he dwells where not a chearful Ray
Can pierce the Darkneſs, and abhors the Day,
The clear, reflecting Mind, preſents his Sin,
In frightful Views, and makes it Day within:
Returning Thoughts in endleſs Circles roll,
And thouſand Furies haunt his guilty Soul.—— *Pope.*

Not all bright *Phœbus* views in early Morn,
Or when his Ev'ning Beams the Weſt adorn,
When the South glows with his Meridian Ray,
And the cold North receives a fainter Day:
For Crimes like theſe, not all thoſe Realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe Realms the guilty Victor's Prize!—— *Id.*

GYANT. CYCLOPS.

THE † *Cyclops*, who defy'd th' Etherial Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own:
The Terror of the Woods, and wilder far,
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Foreſts are:
Th' inhuman Hoſt, who made his bloody Feaſts
On mangled Members of his butcher'd Gueſts;
Yet felt the Force of Love, and fierce Deſire,
And burnt for ‖ me with unrelenting Fire:
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,
Aſſum'd the Softneſs of a Lover's Air,
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair.
Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
Now, in the Chryſtal Stream he looks, to try
His ſofteſt Looks, and lay his Fierceneſs by.
His Cruelty and Thirſt of Blood are loſt,
And Ships ſecurely come or leave the Coaſt.—— *Dryden.*

* *Oedipus* having killed his Father *Laius*, and married his Mother *Jocaſta*, was ſo tormented in Mind that he tore out his own Eyes.
† *Polyphemus.* ‖ *Galatea.* See *Polyphemus*'s Addreſs to Galatea, p. 413.



———He ſat; his Flocks, unled,
Their Shepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A Pine ſo burly, and of Length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing Ships requir'd it for a Maſt,
He weilded for a Staff, his Steps to guide:
But laid it by, his Whiſtle while he try'd:
A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious Growth,
Scarce made a Pipe proportion'd to his Mouth:
Which, when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,
And watry Plains, the dreadful Hiſs reſound.—— *Id.*

———My frighted Friends,
Unmindful, left * me in the *Cyclop*'s Cave.
Dark is th' interior Grot, and vaſt: the Walls
On all Sides furr'd with mouldy Damps, and hung
With Clots of ropy Gore, and human Limbs,
His dire Repaſt. Himſelf of mighty Height,
Erects his Head, and ſtalking ſtrikes the Stars.
Dire to the Sight, by no Addreſs, or Speech
To be accoſted. On the Fleſh he feeds
Of mortal Men, and ſwills the vital Blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid Graſp,
As in his Den, and ſtretch'd at Length he lay,
Two of our Number, in each Hand a Man:
I ſaw him, when with huge tempeſtuous Sway,
He daſh'd, and broke them on the Groundſil Edge:
The Pavement ſwam in Blood: the Walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with Brains. I ſaw him chew
The Gobbets, dropping with black ropy Gore,
Still warm with Life, and trembling in his Teeth,
As ſenſible of Pain.———

The Giant gorg'd with Fleſh, and Wine, and Blood,
With Neck reclin'd, lay, ſnoring in his Den:
Belching raw Gobbets from his Maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple Wine, and cruddled Gore confus'd.
We, having firſt invok'd the mighty Gods,
And taking each his Poſt allotted, round
Incloſe him All: and to the ſingle Eye,

* *Achæmenides.*

ur, & nilo lumen tendebamus amico
quod torva ſolum ſub fronte micabat,
clypei aut Phœbeæ lampadis inſtar.

———Qualis quantuſque
alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Cyclopes, & altis montibus errant.
ſatus erat, ſummo cum monte videmus
nter pecudes vaſta ſe mole moventem
n Polyphemum, & litora nota petentem:
m horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen a-
manum pinus regit, & veſtigia firmat. (demptum:
æ comitantur oves.———
m altos tetigit fluctus, & ad æquora venit:
s effoſſi fluidum lavit inde cruorem:
s infrendens gemitu: graditurque per æquor
edium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

ocul inde fugam trepidi celerare.——
———Tacitique incidere funem:
s & proni certantibus æquora remis.
& ad ſonitum vocis veſtigia torſit.

That in his frowning griſly Forehead glar'd,
Wide as a *Grecian* Shield, or *Phœbus'* Lamp,
A forky Staff we dextrouſly apply'd:
Which, in the ſpacious Socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round Jelly from it's Orb.——
————Such, and as huge,
An hundred *Cyclops* more theſe winding Coaſts
Inhabit round, and o'er the Mountains rove.
He ſcarce had ſpoke: when on the Mountains Top
Himſelf we ſaw, th' enormous *Polypheme*,
Shepherd among his Flocks, with Bulk immenſe
Moving along, and ſeeking the known Shores.
An Eyeleſs Monſter, hideous, vaſt, deform!
A Pine's huge Trunk directs his Hand, and firms
His Steps: his woolly Sheep attend his Walk.
Soon as he reach'd the Ocean's Waves profound,
He rins'd his empty Socket from the Blood,
Gnaſhing his Teeth with Groans: then ſtalk'd along
Thro' the mid Ocean, while the topmoſt Wave
Scarce reaches his tall Sides.—We trembling ſpeed our [Flight
And ſilent cut the Cords, and ſweep the Sea,
With ſtruggling Oars: He heard Us in our Courſe,
And with his outſtretch'd Arms around him grop'd:
But finding Nought within his Reach, He rais'd
Such hideous Yells, that all the Ocean ſhook.
Ev'n *Italy* tho' many a League remote
In diſtant Ecchoes anſwer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Thro' all it's inmoſt winding Caverns roar'd.
Rous'd by the Noiſe, the whole *Cyclopean* Race
Ruſh from the Woods, and Mountains, to the Port,
And fill the Shore.—We ſee th' *Ætnean* Brood
(Dreadful Aſſembly!) ſtand, and ſternly roll
Their Eyes in vain, and rear their tow'ring Heads
To Heav'n: as when upon a Mountain's Top
Aërial Oaks, or Cypreſs Cones ſtand high,
The Thicket of *Diana*, or of *Jove*.—— *Trap. Addiſon.*

GIGANTOMACHIA.

Conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres,
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum:
et exstructos dejecit fulmine Montes.——

Virg. Georg. I.

——centum ex humeris totidem
que manus, quinquagena ardua igneæ
que ariete: Jovis cum fulmina contra
bus stroperet Gygas, ac fulgure fidus.——

Æn. I.

[illegible] terris fecundior [illegible] arbor:
[illegible] regnum cœlo: Gygantes
[illegible] tentasse ait, [illegible] montes.
[illegible] [illegible]: nulli pertingit Olympum
[illegible] & excutit [illegible] Pelio Ossam.

GYANT'S WAR.

—THE Rebel Brethren riſe,
In deſp'rate League combin'd, to ſtorm the Skies:
On *Pelion*, thrice, to heave they all eſſay'd
Oſſa, and thrice on *Oſſa*'s tow'ring Head
To roll *Olympus* up with all its Shade.
Thrice hurl'd th' Omnipotent his Thunder round,
And daſh'd the pil'd up Mountains to the Ground.—*Dryd.*

——*Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in Arms to mighty *Jove*:
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar.
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
And Flaſh for Flaſh returns, and Fires for Fires:
In his Right Hand as many Swords he wields,
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields.— *Id.*

Nor in leſs Danger were the Realms above:
To ſeize the Throne of *Jove* the *Gyants* move:
Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains Mountains lie,
And form their mad Approaches to the Sky.
Then He, th' Almighty Father, with a Frown,
Hurl'd the red Bolt, and ſmote *Olympus* down:
The Structure totter'd at the mighty Stroke,
And *Oſſa*'s lofty Top from *Pelion* broke:
They too, who durſt attempt to ſtorm the Sky, [alt.
Struck down, with all their ruin'd Mountains, lie.—*Dryd.*

She ſings, from Earth's dark Womb how *Typhon* roſe,
And ſtruck with mortal Fear his heav'nly Foes.
How the *Gods* fled to *Egypt*'s ſlimy Soil,
And hid their Heads beneath the Banks of *Nile*:
How *Typhon*, from the conquer'd Skies, purſu'd
Their routed Godheads to the ſeven-mouth'd Flood:
Forc'd ev'ry God, his Fury to eſcape,
Some beaſtly Form to take, or earthly Shape.
Jove, (ſo ſhe ſung,) was chang'd into a Ram,
From whence the Horns of *Lybian Ammon* came:

Bacchus

...ereas auſum
Nititur ille quide
Dextra ſub Auſo
Læva, Pachyne,
Degravat Ætna ca
Ejectat, flammám
Sæpe remoliri luct
Oppidaque & magn
Inde tremit tellus. —

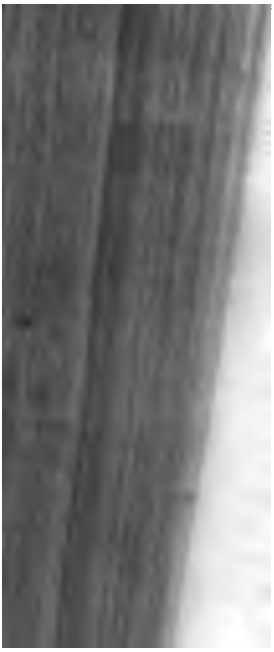
——— Veſtos c
In cœlum furibunda t
Quæſivere Deos, dub
Quod poterat non poſſ
Cerneret, & verti natu
Montibus, atque alios a
Et tam vicinos fugientia
Arma importantes, & r
Diſcordes vultu, permix

Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, the Wife of *Jove* a Cow,
Whoſe Hue was whiter than the falling Snow.
Venus a Fiſh became, and *Mercury*
Conceal'd within an *Ibis'* Form did lie.—— *Maynwaring.*

Huge limb'd *Typhœus*, whoſe gigantic Pride
Attack'd the Skies, and ev'ry God defy'd,
Now, with *Sicilia*'s dreadful Weight oppreſt,
Moves, but with mighty Pains, his heaving Breaſt:
He ſtruggles oft, and oft attempts to riſe,
But on his right Arm vaſt *Pelorus* lies:
On's left *Pachinus: Lilibæum*'s ſpread
O'er his huge Thighs, and *Ætna* keeps his Head.
On his broad Back he there extended lies,
And vomits Flames and Aſhes to the Skies.
Oft, with ſtrong Throws the Monſter ſtrives t' abate
His Load of Towns, and the vaſt Mountain's Weight:
Then the Earth ſhakes.—— *Hughes* alter'd.

Sprung from the Earth, and Heaven's moſt furious Foes,
To ſtorm the Skies when mighty Gyants roſe,
And proudly ſought the Gods that durſt oppoſe:
Jove doubted his own Power, as from a-far,
He view'd the dreadful Order of the War:
When Nature's Frame inverted he beheld,
That Earth roſe upward, and that All rebell'd:
That Hills on Hills up-rais'd their threat'ning Head,
And frighted Stars approaching Mountains fled:
When impious Armies, at a monſtrous Birth,
Broke thro' the Bowels of the teeming Earth,
Tremendous Race! with diſagreeing Forms,
Of all that's horrid mixt.—— *Creech* alter'd.

Typho the Earth produc'd, what Time ſhe ſtrove
To conquer Heaven, and ſhake the Throne of *Jove:*
When the fierce Gyants, to their Mother Earth
In Bigneſs equal, at a wondrous Birth
Burſt from her Womb.—But Thunder ſtop'd their Courſe,
And tumbling Mountains overwhelm'd their Force.
Typhœus fell: Earth was too weak to ſave,
And War and He lay bury'd in one Grave.—— Id.

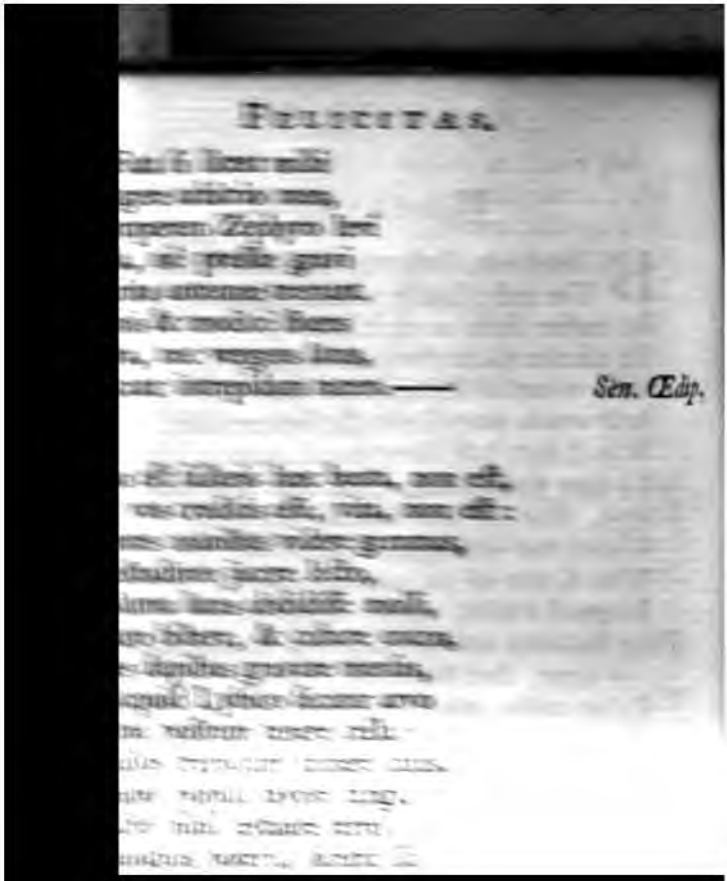


Hic cum [illegible]

HAPPINESS.

BElieve not thoſe who much poſſeſs
The only Lords of Happineſs:
But rather ſuch as rightly know
To uſe the Gifts the Gods beſtow:
Who wantful Poverty can bear
And worſe than Death Diſhonour fear,
Who Life's laſt Drop would freely ſpend,
To ſave their Country, or their Friend.——
Happy, like the firſt Mortals happy he,
Whom the indulgent Gods allow,
With Oxen of his own to plow
Paternal Fields, exempt and free
From Buſineſs and the Gripes of Uſury.——
Virtue, that ſcorns the People's Teſt,
Ne'er ranks among the truly Bleſt,
Phraates fix'd in *Cyrus'* Throne,
Ador'd like *Perſia*'s riſing Sun:
From Cheats of Words, the Crowd ſhe brings,
To form a real Eſtimate of Things:
To Him ſhe gives, to Him alone,
The Laurel, and the laſting Throne,
Whoſe Eyes can unconcern'd behold,
The dazling Heaps of ſhining Gold.
Whoſe Mind does never Wealth purſue, [alter'd.
Nor backward turn to take a ſecond View.—*Creech*
Secure and free from Buſineſs of the State,
And more ſecure of what the Vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts: nor care
What Rots for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare;
Survey the neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.
To ſee a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow:
Nor envious at the Sight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer.—*Dryd.*

My



FELICITAS.

Sen. Œdip.

My Fortune might I form at Will,
My Canvas Zephyrs ſoft ſhould fill
With gentle Breath, leſt ruder Gales
Crack the Main-Yard, or burſt the Sails.
By Winds that temperately blow,
The Bark ſhould paſs ſecure and ſlow:
Nor ſcare me, leaning on her Side,
But ſmoothly cleave th' unruffled Tide.— *Addiſon.*
You're wrong, my Friend, the Life you gueſs
To be ſo, is not *Happineſs.*
With Gems to ſee your Fingers ſhine;
On Beds of Tortoiſe-ſhell, ſo fine,
Your Limbs to lay; in Down to ſink:
And out of golden Veſſels drink:
To loll on Chairs of *Tyrian* Dye,
And feaſt on rich Variety:
To think your Granaries abound,
With Harveſts reap'd from *Lybian* Ground:
My Friend, you're wrong, if you believe
Such Things true *Happineſs* can give.
But, if the Soul, deſpiſing Fear,
Can all Events, unruffled, bear:
If it is neither vain, nor proud,
Nor courts the Favour of the Crowd:
If Paſſion Reaſon can aſſwage,
Nor ever riſes into Rage:
Whoe'er attains this happy State,
Fortune commands, and ſmiles at Fate.——
Pleaſanteſt Companion, this,
This in Life is Happineſs:
Early an Eſtate to gain,
Left, not purchas'd by your Pain:
Grounds that pay the Tiller's Hire:
Hearths with ever during Fire:
Safe from Law t' enjoy your own:
Seldom view the buſy Town:
Health, with mod'rate Vigour joyn'd:
True well grounded Peace of Mind:

Musica.

ens ſimplicitas, pares amici,
victus facilis, ſine arte menſa:
non ebria, ſed ſoluta curis:
triſtis torus, attamen pudicus:
nus, qui faciat breves tenebras:
d ſis, eſſe velis, nihilque malis:
mum nec metuas diem, nec optes.——

Mart. X. 47.

——Dicique beatus
um nemo, ſupremâque funera debet.—*Ov. Met.* III.

Musica.

dicentem, nervoſque ad verba moventem,
ſungues flebant animæ. Nec Tantalus undam
refugam: ſtupuiſque Ixiônis orbis:
ſere jecur volucres: urniſque vacarunt
inque tuo ſedifti, Siſyphe, ſaxo.
mûm lachrymis victarum carmine fama eſt
ſum madviſſe genus.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

Friends your Equals in Degree:
Prudent plain Simplicity:
Eaſy Converſe Mirth afford:
Artleſs Plenty fill the Board:
Temp'rate Joy your Ev'nings bleſs,
Free from Care and from Exceſs:
Short the Night by Sleep be made:
Chaſte, not cheerleſs be the Bed:
Chuſe to be but what you are:
Dying neither wiſh nor fear.—— *Anon.*

——None happy ſhould we call,
Before his Death, and cloſing Funeral.—— *Addiſon.*

HARMONY.

WHile to his Lyre he tunes his * vocal Strains,
The very bloodleſs Ghoſts Attention keep,
And ſilent, ſeem compaſſionate to weep:
Ev'n *Tantalus*, the Flood, unthirſty, views,
Nor flies the Stream, nor he the Stream purſues;
Ixion's wond'ring *Wheel* its Whirl ſuſpends,
And the voracious *Vultur*, charm'd, attends:
No more the *Belides* their Toil bemoan,
And *Siſiphus* ſits liſt'ning on his Stone.
Then firſt, 'tis ſaid, by Harmony ſubdu'd,
The Furies felt their Cheeks with Tears bedew'd.—*Congreve.*

A Hill there was, and on that Hill a Mead,
With Verdure thick, but deſtitute of Shade:
Where, now, the *Muſe*'s Son no ſooner ſings,
No ſooner ſtrikes his ſweet reſounding Strings,
But diſtant Groves the flying Sounds receive,
And liſt'ning Trees their rooted Stations leave:
Themſelves tranſplanting, all around they grow,
And various Shades their various Kinds beſtow.
Here, tall *Chaônian Oaks* their Branches ſpread,
While weeping *Poplars* there erect their Head;

* *Orpheus*, when he went to Hell to ſeek his Wife *Eurydice*.

ur Heliadum, non frondibus efcalus altis,
molles, nec fragus, & immitis ilicis.
fragiles, & fraxinus utilis hastis,
abies, curvaique glandibus ilex,
us genialis, aëreque columbus impar,
eque fimul falices, & aquatica lotos,
que virens buxus, tenuisque myrica,
r myrtus, & baccis cærula tinus:
que flexipedes nolens verrilis, & una
e vites, & amictæ vitibus ulmi:
& picea, pomisque onerata rubentia
& lenta victoris præmia palmæ,
ucta comas, hirtisque verbice pinus. ——

[illegible]

The tow'ring *Eſculus* here ſhoots his Leaves,
That Spot the *Lime-tree*, this the *Beach* receives:
Here, brittle *Hazels*, *Lawrels* here advance,
And there tough *Aſh*, to form the Hero's Lance:
Here ſilver *Firs*, with knotleſs Trunks aſcend,
There, ſcarlet *Oaks* beneath their Acorns bend.
That Turf admits the hoſpitable *Plane*,
On this the *Maple* grows with clouded Grain.
Here watry *Willows* are with *Lotus* ſeen,
There *Tamariſk*, and *Box* for ever green.
With twofold Hue here *Myrtles* grace the Ground,
And *Laureſtines* with purple Berries crown'd.
Here wanton *Ivy*'s pliant Branches wind;
Vines yonder riſe, and *Elms* with *Vines* entwin'd.
Wild *Ornus* now, the *Pitch Tree* now takes Root,
And *Arbutus*, adorn'd with bluſhing Fruit.
Then eaſy bending *Palms*, the Victor's Prize,
And *Pines* erect with briſtly Tops, ariſe.—— *Congreve.*

Thus the ſweet Artiſt in a wondrous Shade
Of verdant Trees, which Harmony had made,
Encircled ſat, with his own Triumphs crown'd,
Of liſt'ning Birds, and ſavage Beaſts around.
Again, the trembling Strings he dextrous tries,
Again from Diſcord charmful Sounds ariſe.—— *Croxall.*

Sooth'd by his Songs, from *Erebus* profound
Th' unbody'd Fantoms, and thin Spectres roſe:
Unnumber'd, as the Birds which flock in Woods,
Driv'n from the Hills by Ev'ning, or a Storm.
Ev'n Death's dread Realms, the deep Receſs of Hell,
In ſilent Wonder liſten'd to his Song,
And with blew curling Snakes the Furies wreath'd:
Grim *Cerb'rus*, yawning, his three Mouths repreſs'd:
And with the Wind *Ixion*'s Orb ſtood ſtill.—— *Trap.*

HAVEN.

——WIthin a hollow Mountain's Side
Eaten by Age, there is a ſpacious Cave:

Whither much Sea, driv'n by the Wind, retires,
And cuts itſelf into a crooked Bay:
A Station apt for Sailors caught in Storms.—— *Trap.*
Far in a deep Receſs, her jutting Sides
An Iſle projects, to break the rolling Tides;
And forms a Port, where, curling from the Sea,
The Waves ſteal back, and wind into a Bay.
On either Side, ſublime in Air, ariſe
Two tow'ring Rocks, whoſe Summits brave the Skies:
Low at their Feet, the ſleeping Ocean lies.
Crown'd with a gloomy Shade of waving Woods,
Their aweful Brows hang nodding o'er the Floods.
Oppos'd to theſe a ſecret Grotto ſtands,
The Haunt of *Naids*, fram'd by Nature's Hands,
Where poliſh'd Seats appear of living Stone,
And limpid Rills, that tinkle as they run.
No Cable binds the harraſs'd Veſſels here,
Nor bearded Anchor, for no Storms they fear.——*Pitt.*
Where from the raging Eaſt the Surges flow,
The Land, indented, bends an ample Bow:
The Port conceal'd within the winding Shore,
Daſh'd on the fronting Cliffs the Billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring Rocks extended wide,
With out-ſtretch'd Arms embrace the murm'ring Tide.—*Id.*

HEIR.

——FROM thy growing Store
Lend thy Aſſiſtance, and relieve the Poor.
Come, do a noble Act of Charity:
A Pittance of thy Land will ſet him free.
Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will ſay,
'Tis mine, that Wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away:
What is't to thee, if he neglects thy Urn,
Or without Spices lets thy Body burn?
If Odours to thy Aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys bad Caſſia, that's not fit to uſe?
For what haſt Thou to fear beyond the Grave?——

——————At tu, meus Hæres,
Quiſquis eris, paulùm à turbâ ſeductior, audi.
O bone, num ignoras? miſſa eſt à Cæſare laurus
Inſignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, & aris
Frigidus excutitur cinis.——————

Dîs igitur, Genioque ducis centum paria, ob res
Egregiè geſtas, induco: quis vetat? aude.
Væ! niſi connives. Oleum, artocreaſque popello
Largior: an prohibes? dic clare. Non adeò, inquis,
Exoſſatus ager juxtà eſt.——————

——————Age: ſi mihi nulla
Jam reliqua eſt amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
Nulla manet: patrui ſterilis matertera vixit,
Deque aviâ nihilum ſupereſt:——————
——————Præſto eſt mihi Manius Hæres.——
Perſ. Sat. VI.

———An renuis? vin' tu gaudere relictis?
Deeſt aliquid ſummæ. minui mihi: ſed tibi totum eſt,
Quicquid id eſt. Ubi ſit fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
Legârat Tadius: neu dicta repone paterna:
Fœnoris accedat merces: hinc exime ſumptus.
Quid reliquum eſt? reliquum? nunc, nunc impenſiùs unge,

Unge

And thou who gap'ſt for my Eſtate, draw near,
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy Ear.
Hear'ſt thou the News, my Friend? Th' Expreſs is come
With laurel'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome:*
Our Emperor ſalutes the Senate thus:
My Arms are on the *Rhine* victorious,
From mourning Altars ſweep the Duſt away,
Ceaſe Faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving Day.
Now to the gracious Gods for theſe high Matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators,
And mean to crown a Bowl to *Cæſar*'s Health.—
Say, would'ſt Thou hinder me from this Expence?
I diſinherit, if Thou tak'ſt Offence.
Yet more, a public Largeſs I deſign,
Of Oil and Pyes to make the People dine.
Doſt Thou think much of this? ſpeak freely out:
Your poor Eſtate, Thou cry'ſt, *deſerves not all this Rout.*
Well: on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir?—
If Thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my Care.
Were none of all my Father's Siſters left,
Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft,
None by a Mother's or a Grandame's Side,
Yet I could ſoon ſome other Heir provide.—— *Dryden.*
What of my Fortune's left wilt Thou receive?
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave:
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What when Thou haſt embezzled all thy Store?
Where's all thy Father left?—'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd to ſupply my Want:
The Legacies of *Tadius* too are flown,
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame Errand gone.
How little then to my poor Share will fall?
Little, indeed: but yet that Little's all:
Nor tell me in a dying Father's Tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main Chance, my Son:
Put out the Principal in truſty Hands:
Live on the Uſe: and never dip thy Lands.
But, pray what's left for me?—What's left! my Friend:
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.

uer, cautes. Mihi festâ luce coquatur
ic ubi tumultum fineiput aure,
ite Nepos olim fatur anseris extis,
rovia vago singultiet inguine vena,
immeau vulvae? mihi trauma figuræ
ut illi tremat omento popa venter?—

Id.

it ex medico, quantum res poscet, acervo
res metuam, quid de me judicet Hæres,
on prima dies intervenit.———

Hor. Lib. II. Ep. 2

non fortuna, si non conceditur uti?

Hor. Lib. I. Ep.

Not my Fortune at my own Command?
But Oyl, and pour it with a plenteous Hand
Upon my Sallads, Boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden Nettles, and a ſing'd Sow's Head?
This Holiday: provide me better Cheer:
'Tis Holiday: and ſhall be round the Year.
Shall I my Houſhold Gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
That he may loll at eaſe, and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on Giblet Pye?
And when his throbbing Luſt extends the Vein,
Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?
Shall I be ſtarv'd to Skin and Bone, that He
A Paunch in Triumph may before him ſee?—— *Id.*

When Nature's Wants require, I will be free,
Nor care what my bold Heir will think of me:
I'll uſe my little Heap, tho' He be griev'd,
Becauſe I leave no more than I receiv'd.—— *Creech.*

What is my Wealth, if I muſt always ſpare?
He that lives poor, to leave a wealthy Heir,
Is near a-kin to mad. I'll drink, and play,
Enjoy my ſelf, and fling my Gold away.—— *Id.*

HELL. See ELYSIAN-FIELDS.

JUST in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares and ſullen Sorrows dwell:
And pale Diſeaſes, and repining Age:
Want, Fear, and Famine's unreſiſted Rage.
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's Half-Brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to View, their Centry keep:
The anxious Pleaſures of a guilty Mind,
And juſt againſt them deathful War they find,
The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing Treſſes, and unfolds her Snakes.

Full in the midſt of this infernal Road,
An Elm diſplays her duſky Arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are ſpread.

...que praeterea variarum monstra ferarum,
... in foribus habitant, Scyllaeque biformes,
...ginaeque Briareus, ac belua Lernae
...um frendens, flammisque armata Chimaera:
...e, Harpyiaeque & forma tricorporis umbrae.

...vu Tartarei ruit ter Acheruntis ad undas.
...ic caeno vastisque voragine gurges
...aque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam.
...or has horrendas aquas & flumina servat
...ionator Charon: cui plurima mento
...ntum incult, flant lumina flamma,
...ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.
...em cymbo fuligo, velisque ministrat,
...que invectat corpora cymbâ,
...or: sed cruda Deo viridique senectus.

Of various Forms, unnumber'd Spectres more,
Centaurs, and double Shapes, beſiege the Door.
Before the Paſſage horrid *Hydra* ſtands,
And fierce *Briareus* with his hundred Hands:
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame:
And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.
Hence to deep *Acheron* * they take their Way,
Whoſe troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* loſt:
There *Charon* ſtands, who rules the dreary Coaſt:
A ſordid God: down from his hoary Chin
A Length of Beard deſcends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His Eyes like hollow Furnaces on Fire:
A Girdle, foul with Greaſe, binds his obſcene Attire.
He ſpreads his Canvas: with his Pole he ſteers
And Freights of flitting Ghoſts in his thin Bottom bears.
He look'd in Years: yet in his Years were ſeen
A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green.
An airy Crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
And fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood:
Huſbands, and Wives, Boys, and unmarry'd Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majeſtic Shades,
And Youths, intomb'd before their Father's Eyes;
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries.
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn ſtrow the Woods,
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forſake the Floods,
And wing their haſty Flight to happier Lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhiv'ring Army ſtands,
And preſs for Paſſage with extended Hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly Boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to Diſtance from the Shore.
——————In his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound,
Grim *Cerberus*; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted Snakes, and arm'd his briſtled Hair.
The prudent *Sybil* had before prepar'd
A Sop, in Honey ſteep'd, to charm the Guard:

* *Æneas and the Sybil.*

Which

Objicit: ille fame rabidâ tria guttura pandens,
Corripit objectam, atque immania terga reſolvit
Fuſus humi, totóque ingens extenditur antro.
Occupat Æneas aditum, cuſtode ſepulto,
Evadítque celer ripam irremeabilis undæ.

Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
Infantúmque animæ flentes in limine primo,
Quos dulcis vitæ exſortes, & ab ubere raptos
Abſtulit atra dies, & funere merſit acerbo.
Hos juxta falſo damnati crimine mortis.
Nec verò hæ ſine ſorte datæ, ſine Judice ſedes.
Quæſitor Minos urnam movet; ille ſilentum
Conciliúmque vocat, vitáſque & crimina diſcit.

Proxima deinde tenent mœſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperêre manu, lucémque peroſi
Projecêre animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem & duros perferre labores!
Fata obſtant, triſtíque palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, & novies Styx interfuſa coërcet.

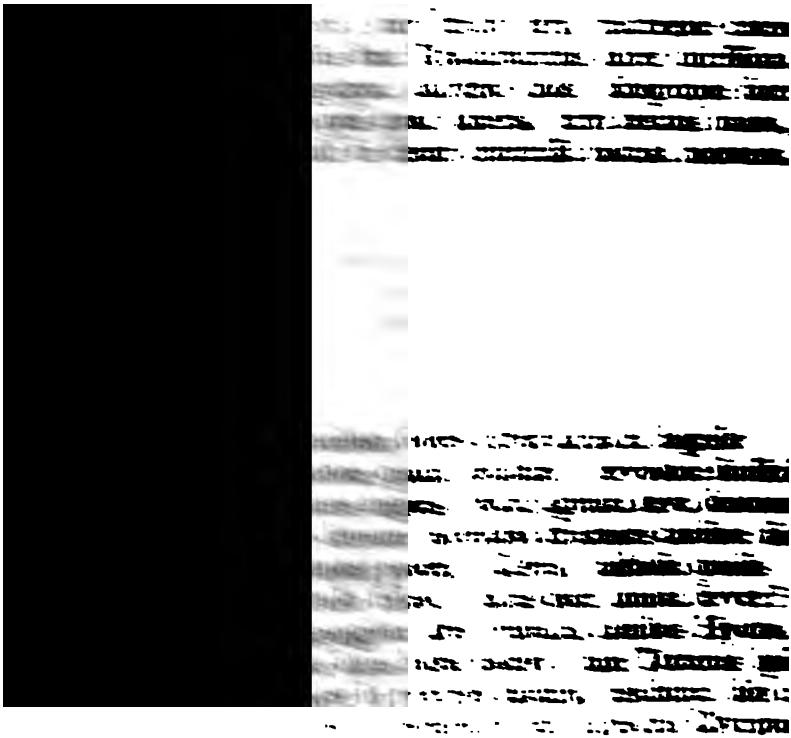
- Nec procul hinc partem fuſi monſtranter in omnem
Lugentes campi: ſic illos nomine dicunt.
Hîc quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, & myrtea circum
Sylva tegit: curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt.

Reſpicit Æneas ſubitò, & ſub rupe ſiniſtra
Mœnia lata videt, triplici circundata muro:

Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy grinning Jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous Mouths he gapes: and ſtraight,
With hunger preſs'd, devours the pleaſing Bait.
Long Draughts of Sleep his monſtrous Limbs enſlave:
He reels, and falling, fills the ſpacious Cave.
The Keeper charm'd, the Chief without Delay,
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable Way.
Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Aſſault his Ears: then thoſe whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to die, when Traytors judg'd their Cauſe.
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new.
Minos *, the ſtrict Inquiſitor, appears:
And Lives, and Crimes, with his Aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his Urn, the blended Balls he rolls:
Abſolves the Juſt, and dooms the guilty Souls.
The next in Place and Puniſhment are they
Who prodigally throw their Souls away.
Fools, who repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious Life, ſuborn'd their Fate.
With late Repentance, now they would retrieve
The Bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live;
Their Pains and Poverty deſire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air.
But Fate forbids: the Stygian Floods oppoſe:
And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls incloſe.
Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear:
So call'd from *Lovers* that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endleſs Moan, ſtill pining with Deſire:
The Pains of Love not e'en with Life expire.
Æneas, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty Tow'r, and ſtrong on ev'ry Side

* *Minos* and his Office.

With



With treble Walls; which *Phlegethon* ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds;
And, preſs'd between the Rocks, the bellowing Noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,
With adamantine Columns threats the Sky:
Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'n's as vain,
To cruſh the Pillars which this Pile ſuſtain.
Sublime, on theſe, a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,
And dire *Tiſiphone* there keeps the Guard,
Girt in her ſanguine Robe, by Night and Day
Obſervant of the Souls that paſs the downward Way.
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghoſts, the Pains
Of ſounding Laſhes, and of dragging Chains.
Theſe are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
And aweful *Rhadamanthus* rules the State.
He hears and judges each committed Crime,
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time:
The conſcious Wretch muſt all his Acts reveal,
Loth to confeſs, unable to conceal,
From the firſt Moment of his vital Breath,
To his laſt Hour of unrepenting Death.
Straight, o'er the guilty Ghoſt, the Fury ſhakes
The ſounding Whip, and brandiſhes her Snakes:
And, the pale Sinner, with her Siſters takes.
Then of itſelf, unfolds th' eternal Door:
With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar.
You ſee before the Gate, what ſtalking Ghoſt
Commands the Guard, what Sentries keep the Poſt.
More formidable *Hydra* ſtands within,
Whoſe fifty gaping Mouths, horrific, grin.
Here *Tartarus*, low to the Center lies,
And twice as deep as Earth is diſtant from the Skies.
The Rivals of the Gods, the *Titan* Race,
Here, ſtruck with Light'ning, roll within th' unfathom'd [Space:
Here lie th' *Alæan* Twins, (I ſaw them both,)
Enormous Bodies of gigantic Growth;
Who dar'd in Fight the Thunderer to defy,
Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.

Vidi & crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,
Dum flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatur Olympi.

Quattuor hic invectus equis, & lampade quaſſans,
Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem,
Ibat ovans, Divûmque ſibi poſcebat honorem:
Demens! qui nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Ære, & cornipedum curſu ſimulârat equorum.

At pater omnipotens denſa inter nubila telum
Contorſit, (non ille faces, nec fumea tedis
Lumina,) præcipitémque immani turbine adegit.
Nec non & Tityon, terræ omniparentis alumnum,
Cernere erat: per tota novem qui jugera corpus
Porrigitur: roſtróque immanis vultur abunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundáque pœnis
Viſcera, rimatúrque epulis, habitátque ſub alto
Pectore: nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.

—— Quid memorem Ixiona, Pirithoümque?
Quos ſuper atra ſilex jam jam lapſura, cadentíque
Imminet aſſimilis. Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere menſas,
Exſurgítque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

Hîc quibus inviſi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulſatûſve parens, & fraus innexa clienti:

Salmoneus, ſuff'ring cruel Pains, I found,
For emulating *Jove*, the rattling Sound
Of mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightning, and it's forky Rays.
Thro' *Elis* and the *Grecian* Towns he flew,
Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Courſers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought Godlike Worſhip from a ſervile Train.
Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow Arches of reſounding Braſs,
To rival Thunder in it's rapid Courſe,
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, Heav'n's King, amidſt thick Clouds on high,
Bar'd his red Arm, and lanching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not ſhaking empty Smoke,
Down to the deep Abyſs the flaming Felon ſtruck.
There *Tityus* one might ſee, who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his nurſing from the foodful Earth.
Here, his gigantic Limbs, with large embrace,
Stretch o'er nine Acres of infernal Space.
A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd Side,
Her crooked Beak, and cruel Talons try'd:
Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breaſt,
The growing Liver ſtill ſupply'd the Feaſt:
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains,
Th' immortal Hunger laſts, th' immortal Food remains.
Ixion and *Pirithous* need I name?—
High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a Fall, and ſhakes at ev'ry Blaſt.
They lie below, on golden Beds diſplay'd,
And genial Feaſts, with regal Pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their Side is ſet,
And ſnatches from their Mouths th' untaſted Meat:
Which, if they touch, her hiſſing Snakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Then they, who Brother's juſter Claim diſown,
Expel their Parents, and uſurp the Throne,
Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre ſold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold:

Aut qui divitiis ſoli incubuêre repertis,
Nec partem poſuêre ſuis : quæ maxima turba eſt:
Quique ob adulterium cæſi, quique arma ſecuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Incluſi pœnam exſpectant.———

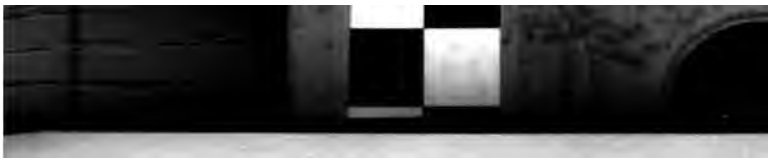
Saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiiſque rotarum
Diſtricti pendent.

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Impoſuit: fixit Leges pretio, atque refixit.
Hic thalamum invaſit natæ, vetitóſque Hymenæos.
Auſi omnes immane nefas, ausóque potiti.

Non, mihi ſi linguæ centum ſint, oráque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes ſcelerum comprendere formas,
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina poſſim.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Noctes atque dies patet atra janua Ditis:
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperáſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Juppiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti potuere. Tenent media omnia Sylvæ,
Cocytuſque ſinu lambens circumfluit atro.——
Ibid.

Tum jacet in ſpatium ſine corpore pigra vorago,
Limoſiqúe lacus late exundantibus urit
Ripas ſævus aquis Phlegethon, & turbine anhelo
Flammarum reſonans ſaxoſa incendia torquet.
Parte alia torrens Cocytus ſanguinis atri
Vorticibus furit, & ſpumanti gurgite fertur.



Who dare not give, and ev'n refuſe to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend.
Vaſt is the Throng of theſe: nor leſs the Train
Of luſtful Youths, for foul Adult'ry ſlain.
Hoſts of Deſerters, who their Honour ſold,
And baſely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.
All theſe within the Dungeon's Depth remain,
Deſpairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.
Some roll a weighty Stone, ſome laid along [hung.
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are
To Tyrants others have their Country ſold,
Impoſing foreign Lords, for foreign Gold:
Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made:
Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.
With Inceſt ſome their Daughters Beds prophan'd.
All dar'd the worſt of Ills, and what they dar'd attain'd.
Had I an hundred Mouths, an hundred Tongues,
And Throats of Braſs, inſpir'd with Iron Lungs,
I could not half thoſe horrid Crimes repeat,
Nor half the dreadful Puniſhments they meet.——*Dryden.*
The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;
Smooth the Deſcent, and eaſy is the Way:
But to return and view the chearful Skies,
In this the Taſk, the mighty Labour lies.
To few great *Jupiter* imparts this Grace;
And thoſe of ſhining Worth, and heav'nly Race.
Betwixt thoſe Regions and our upper Light,
Deep Foreſts, and impenetrable Night,
Poſſeſs the middle Space: th' infernal Bounds,
Cocytus, with it's ſable Waves ſurrounds.—— *Id.*
Wide, in the Void, extends a ſtanding Lake,
Whoſe miry Banks the Waters of fierce *Phlegethon*
Far-over-flowing burn: with dreadful Roar,
Between the glowing Rocks, it's fiery Stream
Winds out a Way, Flames burſting out by Fits
Thro' Clouds of Smoke. Raging on t'other Side
Cocytus rapid Stream, a Stream of Gore!
In whirling Eddies, frothing foams away.

There too, by which the Gods and *Jove* himſelf
Vouchſafes to ſwear, the *Styx* it's horrid Tide
Smoaking with Pitch, and Mud, and Sulphur, rolls.
Sad *Acheron*'s moſt melancholy Stream,
Putrid Corruption and rank Poiſon mixt,
Ferments, and from the Bottom, with great Noiſe,
Works up the Icy Sand, whilſt to the Lake
It ſluggiſhly deſcends. This Filthineſs
Three-headed *Cerberus* delights to drink:
Here quaffs *Tiſiphone*, and dire *Megæra*
Here drinks, and thirſts, and drinks, and thirſts again,
Nor can the largeſt Draughts her Rage allay.——
A Band of dreadful Monſters keep around
Continual Watch, and ev'ry Paſſage guard:
Wild Lamentation here with horrid Din,
Mixt Shrieks and Groans, the Ghoſts affrighted ſcares:
Leanneſs Companion haggard of Diſeaſe;
Grief fed with Tears; and Paleneſs void of Blood;
Treaſons, and Cares, and querulous old Age;
Malice, with both Her Hands graſp'd round her Neck,
Throttling herſelf; and Wickedneſs deform'd;
And Want to Evil prone; and Error blind,
Stumbling along; and Diſcord, Earth and Heav'n
Delighting to embroil.—Before Hell Gates,
Tremendous Guard! his hundred Arms out-ſtretch'd,
Briareus ſtands, and *Sphynx*, her Virgin Chaps
Beſmear'd with Gore, and *Scylla*, Monſter foul!
And the fierce *Centaurs*, and the *Giant*'s Ghoſts.——
When *Cerberus* gets looſe, and ſcours away
Thro' Hell's dark Regions, rattling at his Heels
A thouſand broken Chains, and roars along,
His Viper's Tail laſhing his working Sides:
Not ev'n *Alecto*, nor the grim *Megæra*,
All Fury as ſhe is, dares the fell Monſter face.——
——————High ſeated on his Throne,
Th' infernal Monarch tries the Ghoſts of Kings.
Before his dread Tribunal, bound they ſtand,
Repentant, now too late, of all their Crimes.

Circum errant Furiæ, pœnarumque omnis imago.
Quàm vellent nunquam Sceptris fulſiſſe ſuperbis!
Inſultant duro imperio, non digna, nec æqua
Ad ſuperos paſſi Manes: quæque ante profari
Non licitum vivis, tandem permiſſa queruntur.
Tunc alius ſævis religatur rupe catenis.
Aſt alius ſubigit ſaxum, pérque ardua montis.
Vipereo domat hunc æterna Megæra flagello.
Talia lethiferis reſtant patienda Tyrannis.——

Ibid.

At ſcelerata jacet ſedes in nocte profunda
Abdita, quam circum flumina nigra ſonant.
Tiſiphonéque impexa feros pro crinibus angues
Sævit, & huc illuc impia turba fugit.
Tum niger in porta ſerpens: tum Cerberus ore
Stridet, & æratas excubat ante fores.
Illic Junonem tentare Ixionis auſi
Verſantur celeri noxia membra rota.
Porrectúſque novem Tityus per jugera terræ
Adſiduas atro viſcere paſcit aves.
Tantalus eſt illic, & circum ſtagna, ſed acrem
Jam jam poturi deſerit unda ſitim.
Et Danai proles, Veneris quod numina læſit,
In cava lethæas dolia portat aquas.——

Tibul. Lib. I. El. 3

HEROS. Vide DUX. MILES.

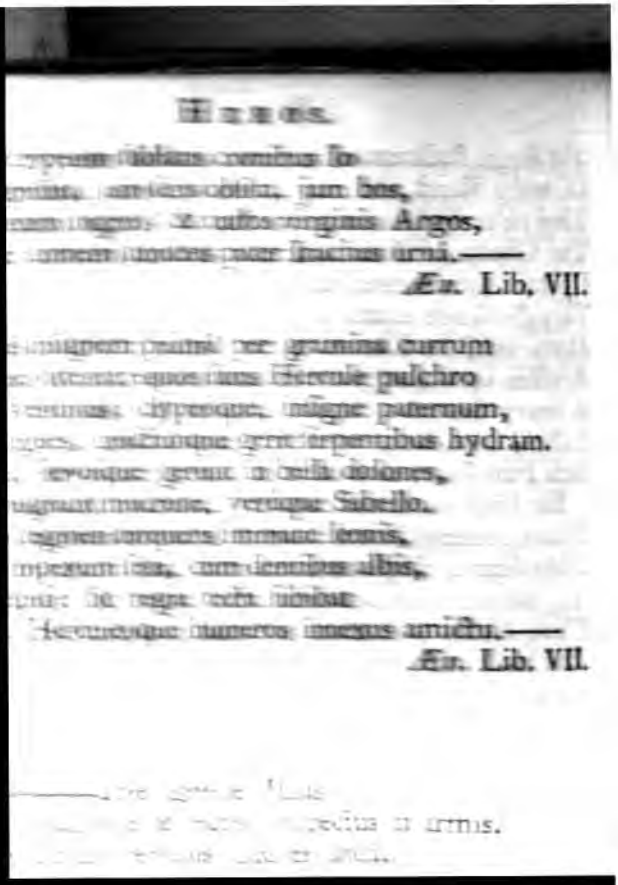
IPſe inter primos præſtanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur, arma tenens, & toto vertice ſupra eſt.
Cui triplici crinitâ jubâ galea alta Chimæram
Suſtinet, Ætnæos efflantem faucibus ignes:
Tam magis illa fremens, & triſtibus effera flammis,
Quam magis effuſo crudeſcunt ſanguine pugnæ.

The *Furies* ſtalk around, with Puniſhments
Of every Kind and Form.—Oh! how they wiſh
They ne'er had known the Pride of regal Sway!
The Ghoſts of ſuch as have unjuſtly ſuffer'd
Upbraid their cruel Reign, and what alive
They durſt not utter, freely now complain of.
Here, one, in Chains, is faſten'd to a Rock:
Another up a ſteepy Mountain heaves
A heavy Stone: a third the fierce *Megæra*
Laſhes, inceſſant, with her Viper-Scourge.
Such Puniſhments muſt cruel Tyrants feel.——
But impious Souls ſhall lie in Night profound,
Where muddy Waters flow with ſolemn Sound:
Snake-hair'd *Tiſiphone* patroles about,
And laſhes, here and there, the impious Rout.
There *Hydra* horrid at the Portal waits,
And barking *Cerb'rus* guards the brazen Gates:
There *Ixion's* whirl'd around th' inceſſant Wheel,
For tempting *Juno*, and intending Ill:
There *Tityus* lies over nine Acres ſpread,
While his black Entrails hungry Vultures feed:
There *Tantalus* remains, for ever dry,
His eager Lips ſurrounding Waters fly:
There *Danaus'* Daughter, impious to profane
Great *Venus'* Rites, are doom'd a fruitleſs Pain,
To fill with *Lethe's* Streams a Tun in vain.—— *Dart.*

HERO. See GENERAL. WARRIOR.

BUT, by the Head entire, o'ertopping All,
Turnus himſelf with beauteous Form appears,
High in the Van, and graceful ſhines in Arms.
His creſted Helmet with a triple Plume
Tow'ring, ſuſtains *Chimæra*, from her Jaws
Breathing *Ætnean* Fires: the more the Fight
Kindles in Rage, and rolls with Tides of Blood:
The more ſhe ſtorms, and burns with baleful Flames.

With



Æn. Lib. VII.

Æn. Lib. VII.

With Horns erected, *Io* caſt in Gold
(Illuſtrious Argument!) his Buckler grac'd,
An Heifer now, and all with Hair o'ergrown:
Argus her Watch: and *Inachus* her Sire,
Pouring his River from his graven Urn.—— *Trap.*
Next, *Aventinus* drives his Chariot round
The *Latian* Plains, with Palms and Lawrels crown'd.
Proud of his Steeds, he ſmokes along the Field:
His Father's *Hydra* fills the ample Shield:
A hundred Serpents hiſs about the Brims:
The Son of *Hercules* he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad Shoulders and gigantic Limbs.
For Arms his Men long Piles and Jav'lins bore,
And Poles with pointed Steel their Foes in Battle gore.
Himſelf on Foot, in ſavage Pomp appears,
A Lion's Hide he like his Father wears:
About his Shoulders hangs the ſhaggy Skin,
The Teeth, and gaping Jaws ſeverely grin.
All rough, and with *Herculean* Terror dreſt,
He ſtrides into the Hall, a horrid Gueſt.—— *Dryden.*
Pallas himſelf advances in the Midſt,
Conſpicuous in his Cloak, and painted Arms:
As when the Star by *Venus* moſt belov'd,
Bright *Lucifer*, juſt waſh'd in Ocean's Waves,
Upraiſes in the Sky his ſacred Head,
And diſſipates the Shades.—— —— *Trap.*
The * Senior riſes: with his homely Coat
His Body cloaths, and faſtens to his Feet
The *Tyrrhene* Sandals: then th' *Arcadian* Sword
Girds to his Side, and Shoulders: on the Left
A Panther's Hide retorts: two truſty Dogs,
From the high Gate, attend their Maſter's Steps.—— *Id.*
Forthwith new Fire burns ſparkling in his Eyes:
With dreadful Clank his ſhining Armour rings:
High on his Creſt the bloody-colour'd Plumes
Tremble: and Lightning flaſhes from his Shield.— *Id.*

* *Evander* King of *Arcadia.*

Turnus:

Æn. XI.

Ibid.

Now *Turnus*, raging, arms him for the Fight;
In his *Rutulian* Corſlet clad, and rough
With brazen Scales; he ſheaths his Legs in Gold,
His Head yet bare: then buckles to his Side
His faithful Sword: from the high Fort runs down,
And ſhines all o'er in Gold: with martial Pride
Exulting, and in Hope prevents the Foe.—— *Id.*

Young *Ornitus* beſtrode a Hunter Steed,
Swift for the Chace, and of *Apulian* Breed:
He at a Diſtance rode, in Arms unknown,
O'er his broad Back an Ox's Hide was thrown,
His Helm a Wolf's, whoſe gaping Jaws were ſpread
A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head.
He clench'd within his Hand an iron Prong, [*Dryd.*
And tow'r'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the Throng.—

Sacred to *Cybele*, and once her Prieſt,
Chloreus, by Chance, all bright in *Phrygian* Arms,
At Diſtance ſhone, and ſpurr'd his foaming Steed:
The Steed rich Trappings cloth'd, compact with Scales
Of Braſs, and Gold, like Feathers wrought: Himſelf
Gaudy in Purple, and *Barbaric* Dye,
Shot *Lycian* Arrows from a *Cretan* Bow.
The ſounding Bow which from his Shoulders hung,
Glitter'd with Gold: and golden was the Helm
That deck'd his prieſtly Head: His ſaffron Cloak,
And linnen Folds, which rattled, as he mov'd,
With yellow Gold He in a Knot confin'd.
With Needle Work embroider'd were his Robes,
And *Aſian* Cuiſſes, that his Thighs enclos'd.—— *Trap.*

A Lion's Hide around his Loins he wore:
A well pois'd Jav'lin to the Field he bore
Headed with glitt'ring Steel; a pointed Dart,
And the beſt Weapon, an undaunted Heart.— *Addiſon.*

Achilles in his Car had ſcour'd the Plain,
And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks.——
His white-main'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the Yoke,
He chear'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke:
Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe,
And ſhook his quiv'ring Lance, in act to throw.—Dryd.

Spes

Horatius

[illegible] Hæc gens mendax Veios,
[illegible] quotiegnera regum, reginæque, pestifero
[illegible]que fecum, tulimusque ad Hadriæ Troiam:
[illegible]cur duces, rebiem quem fulmen amisit
[illegible]: ac bello gravatus pe aquora rotis.
[illegible]: in patria, crudelique parentibus ora
[illegible] cecidit: patriæ qui & pro patre
[illegible]que crepat: cavidque & ne prohibit
[illegible]offertus latices in carcere dextr:-
[illegible]que in tenues auis di deducat rivos.
[illegible]cunda hostis.———————

Mæcl. Lib. 8.

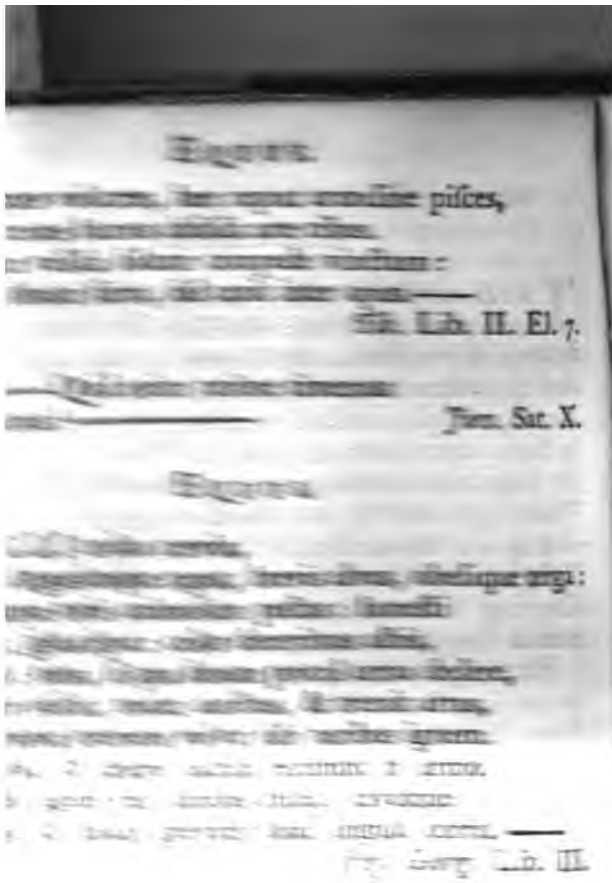
HOMER.

THE mighty Bard, in laſting Numbers ſings,
Ilium's long Wars: the King of Fifty Kings:
Brave *Hector*'s Brand, the bloody dreadful Field,
And *Troy* ſecure behind the Hero's Shield.
He ſings *Ulyſſes*, and his wandring Years
In Time and Glory equal to his Wars:
He ſings how twice he conq'ring plow'd the Main,
While *Scylla* roar'd, and *Neptune* rag'd in vain,
And how at home he fix'd his tott'ring Throne,
Redeem'd his Honour, and ſecur'd his Son:
Uſurping Woers felt his thund'ring Sword,
And willing Nations knew their native Lord.
His Subjects theſe: from whoſe abundant Spring
Succeeding Poets draw the Songs they ſing:
From him they take, from him adorn their Themes,
And into little Channels cut his Streams:
Rich in his Store. ——————— *Creech.*

HOPE.

WHEN from this wicked World the Gods withdrew,
HOPE ſtay'd behind, nor hence amongſt 'em flew.
She cheers the ſhackl'd Slave that digs the Mine,
And cries, Sweet Liberty will ſoon be thine.
Thro' her, tho' wreck'd, where not a Shore he ſpies,
Amidſt the Waves his Arms the Sailor plies.
Phyſicians often give the Patient o'er,
But Hope ſtill ſtays, tho' Death be at the Door.
Priſoners, condemn'd, in Dungeons hope Reprieve,
Nor ev'n on the Croſs does *Hope* the Wretched leave.—
Death long ago had ta'n my Grief away,
But flatt'ring *Hope* ſtill urges on Delay,
And ſays to Morrow'll bring a better Day.
Hope chears the Peaſant when he turns the Soil,
And promiſes a Harveſt from his Toil.

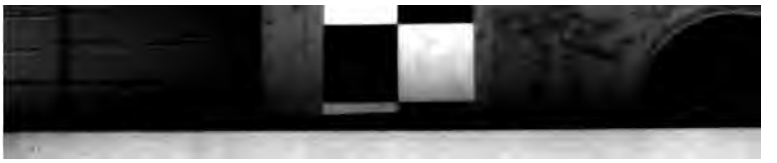
Hope



Virg. Lib. II. El. 7.

Juv. Sat. X.

Ovid. Lib. III.



Hope bids the artful Fowler Springes lay,
And ſtill aſſures him of the wiſh'd-for Prey.
The patient Angler ſtretching out his Reed,
Hopes on the cover'd Hook to catch the finny Breed.
The Slave in Hopes of Liberty remains, [*Dart* alt.
And ſings, tho' on his Legs he hears the rattling Chains.—
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!—

HORSE.

—HIGH his Neck,
His Head acute, his Belly thin, his Back
Fleſhy, and round: his Cheſt with ſwelling Knots
Luxuriant: (beſt for Colour is the Bay,
And dappled: worſt the Sorrel, and the White:)
Then, if the Clank of diſtant Arms is heard,
He paws, impatient, quickens his ſharp Ears,
And quivers ev'ry Joint, and ſnorting curbs
The Smoke and Fire which in his Noſtrils roll.
His full thick Mane on his Right Shoulder plays:
A double ſpinal Bone his Chine divides:
His ſounding Hoof with ſolid Horn upturns [*Trap.*
The crumbling Mould, and rings againſt the Ground.—
Firſt be the Steed accuſtom'd to behold
The Warrior's Arms, and Courage: to endure
The Trumpet, and the rumbling Chariot's Noiſe,
And hear the Bridles rattle in the Stalls:
Then more and more to love the ſoothing Sound
Of the clap'd Cheſt, and proudly to rejoyce
In the fond Praiſes of the buſy Groom.
Thus, when firſt ſever'd from the ſuckling Dam,
Let him be exercis'd, and taught to bear
Soft pliant Headſtalls: in his weaker Age
Yet trembling, nor experienc'd from his Years.
But when another Summer to the Third
Is added: Let him now begin to wheel
In artful *Rings*: with ſounding Hooſs to form

: ſinuéſque alterna volumina crûrum,
oranti ſimilis: tum curſibus auras
ic per aperta volans, ceu liber habenis,
vix ſummâ veſtigia ponat arenâ.
ui Elei metas & maxima campi
atia, & ſpumis agit ore cruentas:
i molli melius feret effeda collo.——

Ibid.

Erichthonius currus & quatuor auſus
quos, rapidiſque rotis inſiſtere victor.
lethronii Lapithæ, gyróſque dedere,
dorſo: atque equitem docuere ſub armis
olo, & greſſus glomerare ſuperbos.——

Georg. Lib. III.

, ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis,
liber Equus, campóque potitus aperto:
n paſtus armentaque tendit equarum;
rus aquæ pernudi ſumine noto
[illegible]
s [illegible] per arma, per armos.——

Æn. XI.

His Steps: to manage his alternate Feet
Sinuous and flexile: and to paw, and bound
With ſeeming Labour: Then to dare the Winds
In Fleetneſs: and, as if unrein'd, to fly
O'er the wide Plain, nor preſs th' unprinted Sand.
A Steed thus train'd, or in the ſpacious Cirque
Will ſweat, and labour round the *Eleïan* Goal,
And from his Mouth throw Flakes of bloody Foam:
Or more obſequious draw the *Belgic* Car.—— *Id.*

Firſt daring *Erictbonius* to the Car
Four Horſes join'd, and rode on rapid Wheels:
The *Lapithæ* firſt, mounting on their Backs,
Added the Reins: And taught them, under Arms,
Graceful to form the Steps, to wheel, and turn,
Inſult the Ground, and proudly pace the Plain.—— *Id.*

So, looſe with broken Reins, the ſprightly Steed
Flies from his Stall, and gains the open Field:
Or to the Paſtures, and the female Herd
He bends his Courſe: or to the wonted Stream,
To bathe his Limbs: He neighs, and bounds from Earth,
Luxuriant, prancing, with his Cheſt erect,
And Head high toſs'd in Air: his waving Mane
Flows on his Neck, and o'er his Shoulders plays.——*Id.*

HOSPITALITY. See Banquet. Munificence.

HERE *Jove* with *Hermes* came: but in Diſguiſe
Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his Thunder, one his Rod,
And many toilſom Steps together trod.
For Harbour at a thouſand Doors they knock'd:
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable Cot they found,
Whoſe humble Roof, not far above the Ground,
Was thatch'd with Weeds and Straw together bound.
There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there,
Of equal Years, grown old together, were.

Ergo ubi Cœlicolæ parvos tetigere penates,
Submiſsóque humiles intrarunt vertice poſtes,
Membra ſenex poſito juſſit relevare ſedili:
Quo ſuperinjecit textum rude ſedula Baucis.

Inde foco tepidum cinerem dimovit: & ignes
Suſcitat heſternos: foliiſque & cortice ſicco
Nutrit: & ad flammas anima producit anili:
Multifidáſque faces, ramaliaque arida tecto
Detulit, & minuit, parvóque admovit aheno.

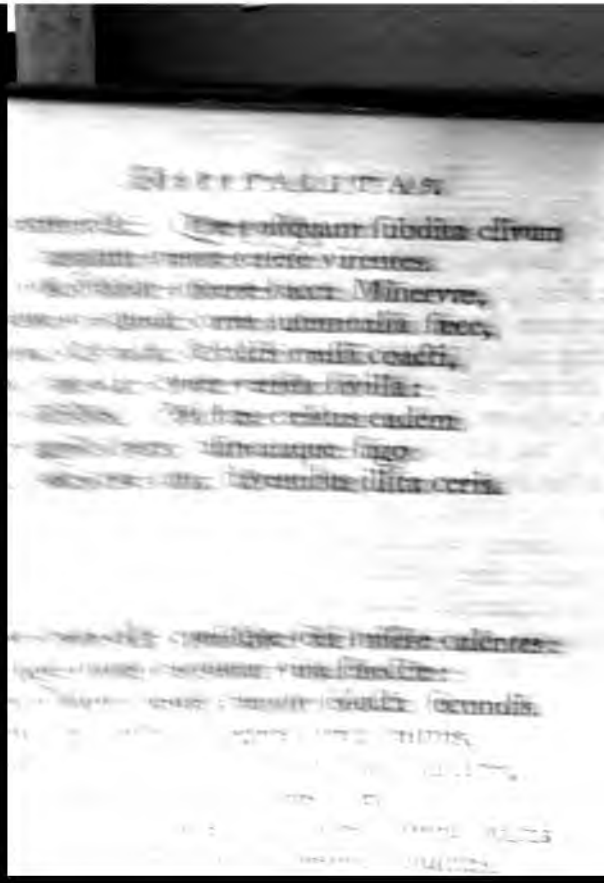
Quodque ſuus conjux riguo collegerat horto,
Truncat olus foliis. Firca levat ille bicorni
Sordida terga ſuis, nigro pendentia tigno:
Servatóque diu reſecat de tergore partem
Exiguam: ſectámque domat ferventibus undis.
Interea medias fallunt ſermonibus horas.

——————Erat alveus illic
Fagineus, curva clavo ſuſpenſus ab anſa:
Is tepidis impletur aquis: artúſque fovendos
Accipit. In medio torus eſt de mollibus ulvis
Impoſitus lecto, ſponda pedibúſque ſalignis.
Veſtibus hunc velant, quas non niſi tempore feſto
Sternere conſuerant: ſed & hæc vilíſque vetúſque
Veſtis erat, lecto non indignando ſaligno.

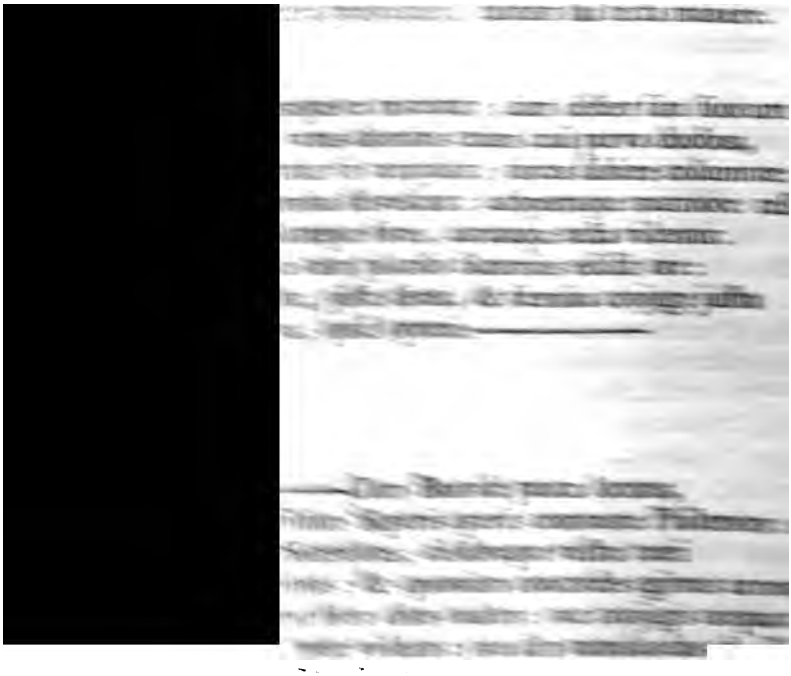
Accubuere Dei. Menſam ſuccincta treménſque
Ponit anus. Menſæ ſed erat pes tertius impar:

Teſta

From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now, ſtooping, enter'd thro' the little Door:
The Man (their hearty Welcome firſt expreſs'd,)
A common Settle drew for either Gueſt,
Inviting each his weary Limbs to reſt.
But e'er they ſat, officious *Baucis* lays
Two Cuſhions ſtuft with Straw, the Seat to raiſe:
Coarſe, but the beſt ſhe had: then rakes the Load
Of Aſhes from the Hearth, and ſpreads abroad
The living Coals; and, leſt they ſhould expire,
With Leaves, and Bark, ſhe feeds the feeble Fire:
It ſmoaks: ſhe puffs it with her trembling Breath,
Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames burſt forth:
Bruſhwood, and Chips ſhe adds, to ſtrengthen theſe,
And over all ſome Boughs of rotten Trees.
The Fire thus form'd, ſhe hangs her little Pot:
Then picks, and cuts the Sprouts, her Huſband got
From his own Ground, a ſmall well water'd Spot.
High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;
Good old *Philemon* ſeiz'd it with a Prong:
And from the ſooty Raftor drew it down,
Then cut a Slice: but ſcarce enough for one.
This in the ſmoking Pot was plung'd to boil,
While they with pleaſing Chat the Time beguile.
A Beam there was, on which a beechen Pail
Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail:
This, fill'd with Water gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their Gueſts: in this they bath'd their Feet.
A Mattreſs ſtuff'd with Moſs lay on the Bed;
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted;
And of a Piece the homely Coverlid:
The Cloaths were old and coarſe: yet ſuch as theſe
They us'd alone, at Feaſts, on Holidays.
The palſy'd Houſewife, tucking up her Gown,
The Table ſets; th' invited Gods lye down.
The Trivet Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame:



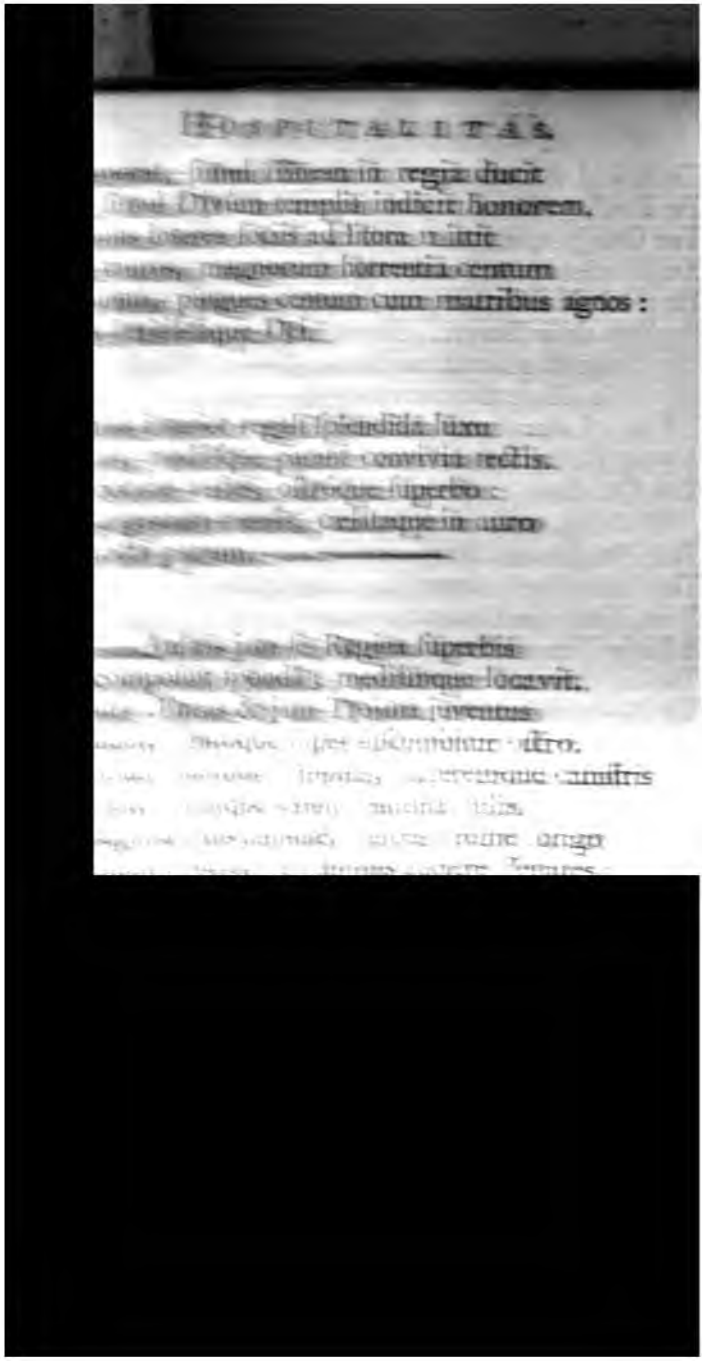
Thruſting beneath the limping Leg a Shred,
The tott'ring Board ſhe on a Level rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd Mint,
A wholſome Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Firſt on the Board, *Minerva*'s Gift, were ſeen
The party-colour'd Olives, black, and green:
Autumnal Cornels next, in order ſerv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickled, and preſerv'd:
Endive, and Radiſhes, Eggs roaſted rare, [Ware.
And Cheeſe-Curd newly preſs'd:—all plac'd on earthen
A Pitcher of the ſame, with Figures wrought,
And beechen Bowls, were to the Side-board brought,
Varniſh'd with Wax they were, and lin'd within.——
And now the ſmoking Meſs was ſerv'd to Board,
And with new Wine again the Pitcher ſtor'd:
Then came the ſecond Courſe, like that before,
Plumbs, Apples, Nuts, and of their Winter Store
Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkled Dates were ſet
In Caniſters, t' enlarge the little Treat:
All theſe a milk white Honey-comb ſurround,
Which, in the midſt, the rural Banquet crown'd.
But the kind Hoſts their Entertainment grace,
With hearty Welcome, and an open Face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with Eaſe,
Sincere Good-will, and a Deſire to pleaſe.
Mean time the beechen Bowls went round, and ſtill,
Tho' often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill:
Devotion ſeiz'd the Pair, to ſee the Feaſt
With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd:
And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r,
Excuſing, as they could, their homely Fare.
One ſingle Gooſe the pious Pair had got,
And 'twas the Guardian of their little Cot:
This to the Gods they vow'd a Sacrifice,
And ſtrove to catch; but ſwift away it flies,
And dodges long, (for their old Age too faſt,)
Then of the Gods Protection ſeeks at laſt.
Its Death the Gods forbid: and thus declare;—
You're not miſtaken, Gods indeed we are.



The wicked Race around ſhall quickly feel
Due Puniſhment: be you ſecure from Ill;
Your Cottage quit, and follow where we lead,
And haſte away to yonder Mountain's Head,
The good old Pair obey:—Slow Steps each takes,
Prop'd on their Staves. But when the hilly Height
They'd almoſt gain'd, within an Arrow's Flight,
Back to the Place they left they turn their Eyes;
Loſt in a Lake the floated Level lies:
A watry Deſart covers all the Plains,
Their Cot alone, as in an Iſle, remains.
Wondring, with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more:
Their little Shed, ſcarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to grow.
A ſtately Temple ſhoots within the Skies:
The Crotchets of their Cot in Columns riſe:
The Pavement poliſh'd Marble they behold:
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spires and Tiles of Gold.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Looks ſerene.
Speak thy Deſire, Thou only juſt of Men:
And Thou, O Woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a Man in Marriage bound.
Awhile they whiſper: then, to *Jove* addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Requeſt:
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred Shrine,
And offer at your Altars Rites divine:
And ſince not any Action of our Life,
Has been polluted with domeſtick Strife,
We beg one Hour of Death: that neither She
With Widow's Tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping, I with widow'd Arms may bear,
My breathleſs *Baucis* to her Sepulcher.
The Gods confirm their Suit.———— *Dryden* alter'd.
————Come on then, gallant Gueſts,
Enter my Palace.————
Acquainted with Misfortune, * I have learn'd

* *Dido.*

To



To pity and to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
This ſaid, ſhe leads *Æneas* to her Court,
And to the Gods a Feſtival proclaims.
Mean-while to all the Crew, on board his Ships
Which lay in Harbour, twenty Bulls ſhe ſends:
An hundred briſtly Boars with ſpacious Chines:
An hundred fatted Lambs, with Ewes: and Wine,
Gift of the jolly God.
But with proud Pomp the inner Rooms of State
Are ſplendidly adorn'd: and Feaſts prepar'd
In the mid-Court: the purple Carpets wrought
With Art: the Tables groan with maſſy Plate,
And brave Exploits of warlike Anceſtors
Emboſs'd in Gold.———————
———————Upon the golden Couch,
Sumptuous with Tapeſtry, the Queen had plac'd
Herſelf, and in the Middle choſe her Seat.
Now Prince *Æneas*, and the *Trojan* Youth,
Advance; and feaſt, on crimſon Beds repos'd.
Th' Attendants wait with Water for the Hands,
Diſtribute Bread from Caniſters, and hold
Soft Towels. Fifty Handmaids wait within,
Diſpoſe the Banquet in long Order rang'd,
And burn rich Incenſe to the Houſhold Gods.
An hundred Maids beſides, as many Youths,
Of equal Age, attend: who pile the Boards
With Diſhes, and the Cups and Goblets place.
Nor leſs the *Tyrians* crowd the joyful Court,
Invited on embroider'd Beds to feaſt.
The Banquet pauſing, and the Meat remov'd,
Large maſſy Bowls they place, and crown the Wine.
Loud Noiſe ſucceeds: and thro' the ample Courts
They roll the Sound: in Sconces Tapers hang
Lighted from gilded Roofs: and Night retires,
O'erpower'd with blazing Flambeaus.—Here the Queen
Calls for a Goblet, rough with Gems, and Gold,
(Which *Belus* us'd, and all the Kings from him,)
And fills it up with Wine: then thro' the Court

Silence

e (postquam nam te dare jura loquimur)
eatum Tyriisque dem Trojaque profectis
is, sollicitique hujus meminisse minores.
entire Bacchus dante, & bona Juno:
d coetum Tyrii celebrate favorem.

e, & in medium talentum libravit honorem,
ne libum, famem vena angit ore.
ine dedit inceptum: ille impiger hausit
eum pateram, & plena ex profusit aura:
i primus, ——————
eum plaudens Tyrii, Troëque sequuntur.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I

eum ad fidos: hæc, inquit, limina victor
tabit: hæc illum regia cepit.
tabor, solamen nos. & tu quoque dignum
bi, vocata vel ut alter egenis
& inquit nova telluris in
e. Eneam nos fluctus ejecit
e vota & nobis Cynthius ut ——

Silence commands.——O *Jove!* (for Thou art ſaid
To fix the Laws of Hoſpitality,)
Grant that this Day auſpicious may be prov'd
To both the Colonies of *Tyre* and *Troy*,
And by our late Poſterity be known.
May *Bacchus* God of Mirth, and *Juno* kind,
Be preſent here: and You my *Tyrians* join,
Well pleas'd, to celebrate the ſolemn Feaſt.
This ſaid, ſhe for Libation ſpills the Wine
Upon the Board: and firſt with gentle Touch
Salutes the Cup: which, haſt'ning him, ſhe gives
To *Bitias*: He with ſpeed the frothy Bowl
Drinks off, and ſwills himſelf with the full Gold.
Then all the Lords.——————
————The *Tyrians* loud acclaim
Redouble: and the *Trojan* Gueſts concur.—— *Trap.*

When to the Seat they came, Theſe Gates, he ſaid,
Alcides enter'd: Him this Court receiv'd.
Dare to ſcorn Wealth, brave Gueſt: Preſume thy ſelf
Worthy to emulate a God: and come
Not ſupercilious to our little State.
He ſaid; and underneath his homely Roof
Conducts the great *Æneas*: on ſpread Leaves,
And on a *Lybian* Bear's rough Hide repos'd.—— *Id.*

HUNGER. See FAMINE.

THE Morning came, the Night, and Slumbers paſt,
But ſtill the furious Pangs of * Hunger laſt:
The cank'rous Rage ſtill gnaws with griping Pains,
Stings in his Throat, and in his Bowels reigns.
Strait he requires, impatient in Demand,
Proviſions from the Air, the Seas, the Land:
But tho' Land, Air, and Sea, Proviſions grant,
Starves at full Tables, and complains of Want.

**Erifichthon* having prophan'd the Grove of *Ceres*, and reviſ'd her Worſhip, *Famine*, at her Requeſt, tormented him with an inſatiable Hunger.

What

What to a People might in Dole be paid,
Or victual Cities for a long Blockade,
Could not one wolfiſh Appetite aſſwage:
For glutting Nouriſhment increas'd it's Rage.
As Rivers pour'd from ev'ry diſtant Shore,
The Sea inſatiate drinks, and thirſts for more:
Or as the Fire, which all Materials burns,
And waſted Foreſts into Aſhes turns,
Grows more voracious as the more it preys,
Recruits dilate the Flame, and ſpread the Blaze:
So impious *Eriſichthon*'s Hunger raves,
Receives Refreſhments, and Refreſhments craves.
Food raiſes a Deſire for Food, and Meat
Is but a new Provocative to eat:
He grows more empty, as the more ſupply'd,
And endleſs cramming but extends the Void.
Now Riches hoarded by paternal Care
Were ſunk, the Glutton ſwallowing up the Heir.
Yet the devouring Flame no Stores abate,
Nor leſs his Hunger grew with his Eſtate.
One Daughter left, as left his keen Deſire,
(A Daughter worthy of a better Sire:)
Her too he ſold, ſpent Nature to ſuſtain.
At laſt all Means, as all Proviſions, fail'd;
For the Diſeaſe by Remedies prevail'd:
His Muſcles with a furious Bite he tore,
Gorg'd his own tatter'd Fleſh, and gulp'd his Gore:
Wounds were his Feaſt; his Life to Life a Prey:
Supporting Nature by it's own Decay.—— *Vernon.*

HUNTING.

SCARCE had *Aurora* left her orient Bed,
And rear'd above the Waves her radiant Head,
When pouring thro' the Gates, the Train appear,
Maſſylian Hunters with the ſteely Spear,
Sagacious Hounds, and Toils, and all the Sylvan War.

...um dilos ventum in montes, atque invia lustra:
... cava dejecêre vertice capræ
... rupes: alia de parte patentes
...que cum campos atque agmina cervi
...ora fugâ glomerant, montésque relinquunt.—
Æn. Lib. IV.

...equicus cubilibus.—————
...ntia, devexaque profpicit arva.
...unt Venere viri: pars retia nendunt:
...os aditumque canibus: pars preffa fequuntur
...um: cognôntque fuum reperire periculum.

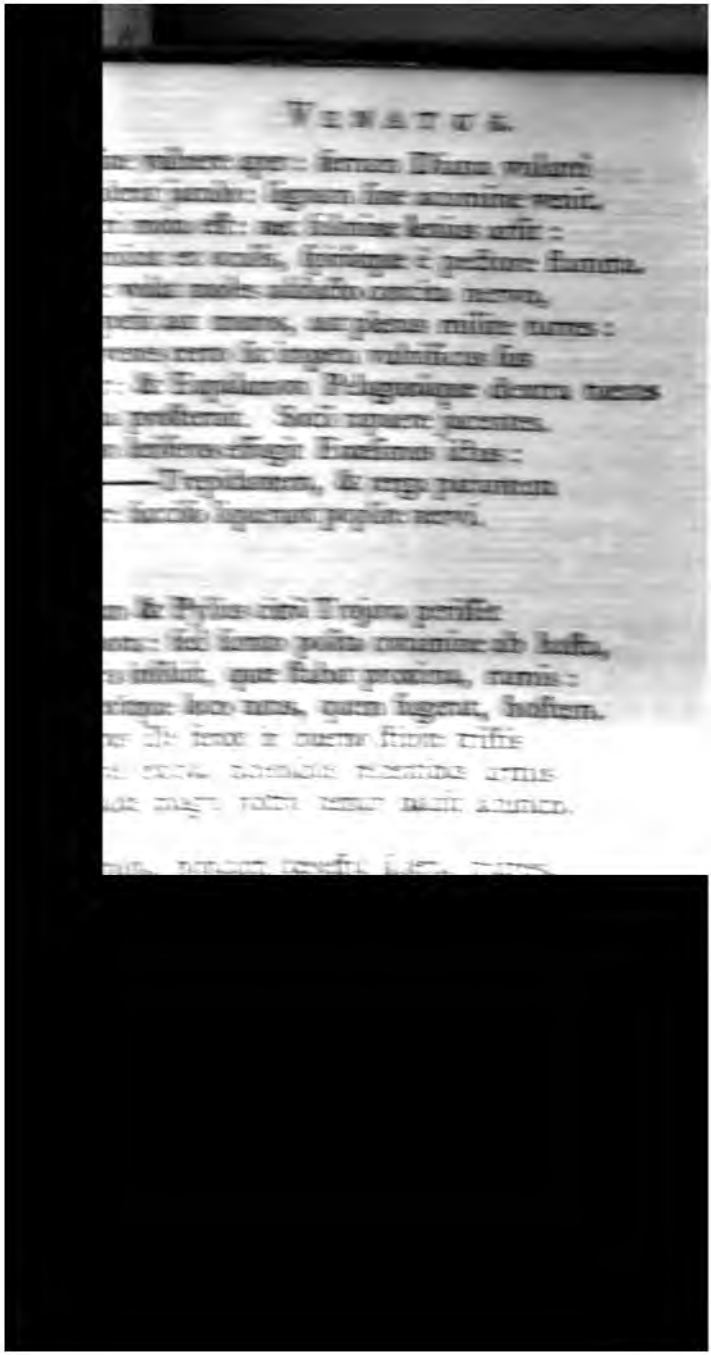
...per casurus mediis violentus in hoftes
...s sævâ cùm nubibus ignes,
...norem demus: & propulfa fragorem
———————
...& gracilescant oculi, turget horrida cervix:
...nos ...bilibus horrent,
...ere.
...tempus
...que fori
...).

Soon as the Troop amid the Mountains came;
And ſtorm'd the Coverts of the ſavage Game:
The Goats flew bounding o'er the craggy Brow,
From Rock to Rock, and ſought the Fields below;
Here the fleet Stags chac'd down the tow'ring Steep,
In Clouds of Duſt thro' the long Vallies ſweep. —— *Pitt.*

There ſtood a Foreſt on a Mountain's Brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded Plains below.
The Heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The Toils: ſome ſought the Footſteps on the Ground:
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs an honourable Danger ſought.

From hence the Boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
Like Light'ning ſudden, on the Warrior Train:
The Trees before him fall, he ſhakes the Ground,
The Foreſt echoes to the crackling Sound.
His Eye-Balls glare with Fire ſuffus'd with Blood:
His Neck ſhoots up a thick-ſet thorny Wood:
His briſtled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a Field of Spears:
Froth fills his Chaps, he ſends a grunting Sound,
And part he churns, and part be-foams the Ground:
Loud ſhout the Youth, and Clamours ring around.
All ſtood with their protended Spears prepar'd:
With broad Steel Heads the brandiſh'd Weapons glar'd.

The Beaſt impetuous, with his Tuſks aſide
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
All ſpend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his Mark,
And ſtuck his Boar-Spear on a Maple's Bark.
Then *Jaſon*:—and his Jav'lin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd thro' over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.
Mopſus was next, and e'er he threw addreſs'd
To *Phœbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Prieſt!
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy Pow'r Divine, thy preſent Aid afford,
That I may reach the Beaſt. The God allow'd
His Pray'r, and ſmiling, gave him what he cou'd:



He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew:
Dian diſarm'd the Jav'lin as it flew.
This chaf'd the Boar: his Noſtrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-Balls roll with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown
Amid the Foes, ſo flies a mighty Stone
As flew the Beaſt. The left Wing put to Flight,
The Chiefs o'er-born, he ruſhes on the Right.
Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
In Duſt, and would have kill'd, but for their Fellows Aid.
Oneſimus far'd worſe: prepar'd to fly,
The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves: the Nerves no more ſuſtain
The Bulk: the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to ſee,
But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree:
Then gathering up his Feet, look'd down with Fear,
And thought his monſtrous Foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a Stump his Tuſks the Monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds:
Then, truſting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
And in his Hip ſtruck deep a crooked Wound.
Now *Leda*'s Twins, the future Stars, appear:
White were their Habits, white their Horſes were:
Conſpicuous both, and both in Act to throw,
Their trembling Lances brandiſh'd at the Foe:
Nor had they miſs'd: but he to Thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor pervious to the Steed.
Now lovely *Atalanta* ſtrain'd her Bow;
The well-ſped Arrow left the twanging Yew,
And to the diſtant Mark unerring flew.
Beneath his Ear the faſtned Arrow ſtood,
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus* takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting Ax:
Then, forward to his Fate, he fetch'd a Stride
Before the reſt, and to his Fellows cry'd,

Diſcite fœmineis quam tela virilia præſtant,
O Juvenes, oneríque meo concedite, dixit.
Ipſa ſuis licet hunc Latonia protegat armis,
Hunc tamen invita perimet mea dextra Diana.
Talia magniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore:
Ancipitémque manu tollens utraque ſecurim,
Inſtiterat digitis primos ſuſpenſus in artus:
Occupat audacem, quaque eſt via proxima leto,
Summa ferus geminos direxit in inguine dentes;
Concidit Ancæus: glomeratáque ſanguine multo
Viſcera lapſa fluunt: madefactáque terra cruore eſt.

At manus Oenidæ variat: miſſiſque duabus,
Haſta prior terra, medio ſtetit altera tergo.
Nec mora: dum ſævit, dum corpora verſat in orbem,
Stridentémque novo ſpumam cum ſanguine fundit,
Vulneris auctor adeſt, hoſtémque irritat ad iram:
Splendidáque adverſos venabula condit in armos.

Gaudia teſtantur ſocii clamore ſecundo:
Victricémque petunt dextræ conjungere dextram:
Immanémque ferum multa tellure jacentem
Mirantes ſpectant: neque adhuc contingere tutum
Eſſe putant: ſed tela tamen ſua quiſque cruentant.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

VENATUS LEPORIS.

UT Canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit: & hic prædam pedibus petit, ille ſalutem:
Alter inhæſuro ſimilis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, & extento ſtringit veſtigia roſtro:
Alter in ambiguo eſt, an ſit deprenſus: & ipſis
Morſibus eripitur: tangentiaque ora relinquit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib.

VENATU

Give place, and mark the Diff'rence, if You can,
Between a Woman Warrior, and a Man:
The Boar is doom'd: nor tho' *Diana* lend
Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted He; then ſtretch'd, on Tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty Promiſe good.
But the more wary Beaſt prevents the Blow,
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancæus falls: His Bowels from the Wound
Ruſh out, and clotted Blood diſtains the Ground.
Two Spears from *Meleager*'s Hand were ſent,
With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
The firſt was fixt in Earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the Boars briſtled Back, and deeply drank his Blood.
Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
The Wound's great Author cloſe at Hand provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;
Wheels, as he Wheels: and with his pointed Dart
Explores the neareſt Paſſage to his Heart.
Quick, and more quick he ſpins in giddy Gires,
Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
This Act, with Shouts Heav'n-high the friendly Band
Applaud, and ſtrain in their's the Victor's Hand.
Then All approach the Slain with vaſt Surprize:
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies:
And ſcarce ſecure, reach out their Spears afar,
And blood their Points, to prove their Partnerſhip of War.——— *Dryden.*

HUNTING the HARE.

AS when a Hare the nimble Greyhound ſpies,
His Feet for Prey, ſhe her's for Safety plies:
And now he ſtrains, and now he forward bends,
Now to her Heels his lengthned Snout extends:
So near he bears, and hovers over the Prize,
He ſeems to ſeize her ev'ry Step ſhe flies;
While ſhe ſcarce knowing if She's caught or no,
Springs from his Mouth, and mocks the ſeizing Foe.——
[Sewell HUNTR.

MAIDEN. Vide AMADIN.

[illegible] de more habilem ſuſpenderat arcum
Venator, deinde[illegible]que comam diffuderevento,
[illegible]que finus collecta fluentes.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

[illegible] hujus opus lanam mollire trahendo,
[illegible] ubi fibula veſtem,
[illegible] neglectos ulla capillos,
[illegible] ſumpſerat unam:
Phœbe.—— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. II.

—Nereidumque choros Tegeæa Lycæi,
[illegible] fimbriata modeſtas fibula veſtem:
[illegible] ſimplex nodum collectus in unum:
[illegible] pendens ſolemnibus obvertea lævo
[illegible] quaſſata leva tenebat.
[illegible] verè
[illegible] poſſes.
Met. Lib. VIII.

HUNTRESS. See AMAZON.

SHE, Huntreſs like, had on her Shoulders hung
A light commodious Bow; and giv'n the Winds
To wanton in her Treſſes: bare her Knee:
And in a Knot her flowing Folds confin'd.—— *Trap.*

The Nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful Pride:
Her Veſt was gather'd up, her Hair was ty'd:
Now in her Hand a ſlender Spear ſhe bore,
Now a light Quiver on her Shoulders wore:
To chaſt *Diana* from her Youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly Warriors of the Wood ſhe join'd.—*Addiſon.*

——————Fair *Atalanta* came,
Grace of the Woods: a Diamond Buckle bound
Her Veſt behind, that elſe had flow'd upon the Ground.
A ſingle Knot her lovely Locks confin'd:
The Ends, uncurl'd, lay open to the Wind.
An Iv'ry Quiver, o'er her Shoulders flung,
Contain'd her Darts, which rattled as it hung.
In her left Hand a curious Bow ſhe held,
And, thus array'd, ſhe iſſu'd to the Field.
Such was her Face, as in a Nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
The bluſhing Beauties of a modeſt Maid.— *Dryd.* alt.

Her Arms were naked to th' admiring Eye,
And in the Wind her comely Treſſes fly:
A furniſh'd Quiver on her Shoulder hung,
A Bow was in her Hand, but now unſtrung:
Her *Cretan* Veſt, ſhort gather'd from the Ground,
A double Girdle regularly bound.—— *Hughes.*

HYPOCRISY. See DISSIMULATION. LOOKS.

I'M ſick of *Rome*, and wiſh myſelf convey'd
Where freezing Seas obſtruct the Merchant's Trade:
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Sot,
Becauſe into a Preaching-Habit got,

Qui curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.
Indocti primùm : quanquam plena omnia gypſo
Chryſippi invenias : nam perfectiſſimus horum eſt,
Si quis Ariſtotilem ſimilem ——emit.——

Juv. Sat. II.

ZELOTYPIA.

DUM tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia : væ, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur,

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manent : humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.———

Hor. Lib. I, Ode 13.

Credit amans : Veneriſque novæ perterrita fama
Indulſit primò lachrymis :————
————Mox deinde, quid autem
Flemus, ait ? Pellex lachrymis lætabitur iſtis.
——Paro facinus, quantumque injuria poſſit,
Fœmineuſque dolor jugulata Pellice teſtor.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

Eſſe Metus cœpit, ne jura jugalia Conjux
Non bene ſervâſſet. Faciesque ætaſque jubebant

Eadem

Tho' ſurfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the Stews,
Nothing but Abſtinence for's Theme will chuſe.
The Creatures too pretend to Learning:——Why?
Chryſippus' Statue decks their Library.
Who makes his Cloſet fineſt, is moſt read:
The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotle's* Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Streight ſets up for a *Stagyrite* himſelf.—— *Tate.*

JEALOUSY.

WHEN *Telephus* his youthful Charms,
His roſy Neck, and winding Arms,
With endleſs Rapture you recite,
And in that pleaſing Name delight:
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberleſs Reſentments beats:
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies.
By Fits my ſwelling Grief appears
In riſing Sighs, and falling Tears,
That ſhew too well the warm Deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming Fires,
Which on my inmoſt Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.—— *Addiſon.*

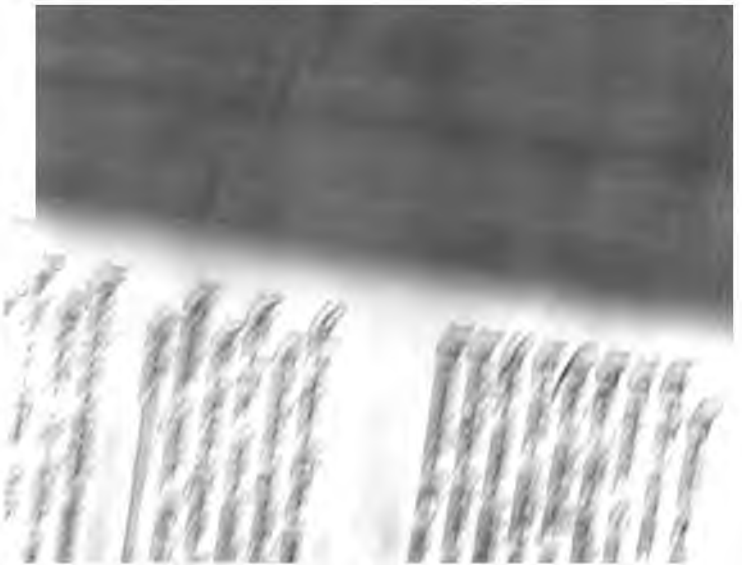
Her Love believes the Tale: the Truth * ſhe fears
Of his new Paſſion, and gives Way to Tears:
But ſoon, ſhe cries, Oh! wherefore do I ſo?
The Harlot will but triumph in my Woe.
My raging Wrongs now urge me to purſue
Some deſp'rate Deed, by which the World ſhall view
How far Revenge and Woman's Rage can riſe,
When weltring in her Blood the Harlot dies.—*Gay* alter'd.

Now my † fond Heart with jealous Torments bled,
For fear my Wife had wrong'd her nuptial Bed;

* *Dejanira* Wife of *Hercules*, jealous of the fair *Iole*.

† *Cephalus* ſuſpecting the Virtue of his Wife *Procris*, came in Diſguiſe to tempt her.

Mus



Much I diſtruſt her Charms and blooming Years,
But then her Virtue checks my riſing Fears.
Yet I was abſent long; Experience too
Taught me how far a Woman could be true.
Each doubtful Circumſtance Suſpicion bred,
For Lovers Sceptics are, and all Things dread.
I try to ſeek what I ſhould grieve to find,
Reſolve to bribe her, and with Preſents blind.— *Gay* alt.

Great Love is ſooneſt with Suſpicion fir'd;
She ſwoon'd, and with the * Tale almoſt expir'd.
Senſeleſs ſome time ſhe lay, then thus began:
Ah, hapleſs Woman! Ah faithleſs Man!—
Tranſported with imaginary Blame,
She fears a Nothing, a mere empty Name:
But grieves as much, and is as jealous too,
As if the Crime were real, the Rival true.
Yet oft ſhe doubts, and hopes ſhe is deceiv'd,
And ſcarce forgives herſelf that ſhe believ'd:
Reſolves to ſee, and to ſuſpend her Blame, [*Gay* alt.
Till her own Eyes convince her of the Shame.—*Sewell* and

No furious Boar, whom Rage and Anger fire,
To rend the Dogs in his revengeful Ire:
No Lioneſs, whoſe Whelps receive the Breaſt,
No Viper, by unwary Footſteps preſt:
Can equal Woman's Rage, by Fury led,
To find a Rival in her injur'd Bed.—— *Dryden* alter'd.

Soon as the Name of *Aura Procris* hears,
With Jealouſy ſurpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her roſy Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies like Death ſupply'd the Place:
Pale ſhe appear'd, as are the falling Leaves,
When firſt the Vine the Winter Blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces ſuch the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-Berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes ſhe tore:
Nor her own faultleſs Face to wound forbore.—*Congreve.*

* *Procris* being told of her Huſband's Regard for *Aura*.

IMPRE-

IMPRECATIO.

tibi non mortem, quæ cunctis pœna paratur,
ed sensum post fata tuæ dent, Craffine, morti,
ora manu commisit lancea bellum.——

Lucan. Lib. VII.

ib: pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis
qua est cælo pœna, quæ talia curet)
ent grates dignas, & præmia reddant
qui nati coram me cernere letum
& patrias fœdasti funere vultus.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luimus:
tantum insignes curarum, & conscia Juno:
nitum Thebæ vivis ululata per urbes:
ulmen, & Dardanum Phœbi
nec, [illegible] adversus numen,
ne audax pœna. Sed tangens portus
t cetus, ac vetus amnis necessi est,

IMPRECATION.

FOR him, ye Gods! for *Craſtinus*, whoſe Spear
With impious Eagerneſs began the War,
Some more than common Puniſhment prepare:
Beyond the Grave long laſting Plagues ordain,
Surviving Senſe, and never-ceaſing Pain.—— *Rowe.*

————For Crimes like Theſe,
So bold, and monſtrous, may the righteous Gods
(If Heav'n has any Juſtice, that regards
Such Outrages) reward Thee, as thy Deeds
Deſerve! who thus haſt forc'd * me to behold
The Murder of my Son, and with his Blood,
Barbarian! could'ſt pollute a Father's Sight.—— *Trap.*

Thou *Sun!* who view'ſt at once the World below!
Thou *Juno!* Guardian of the nuptial Vow!
Thou *Hecate!* hearken from the dark Abodes:
Ye *Furies! Fiends!* and *violated Gods!*
All Powers invok'd with *Dido*'s dying Breath,
Attend her Curſes, and avenge her Death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and *Jove* Commands
Th' ungrateful † Wretch ſhould find the *Latian* Lands:
Yet let a Race untam'd, and haughty Foes,
His peaceful Entrance with dire Arms oppoſe:
Oppreſs'd with Numbers in th' unequal Field,
His Men diſcourag'd, and himſelf expell'd,
Let him for Succour ſue from Place to Place,
Torn from his Subjects, and his Son's Embrace.
Firſt let him ſee his Friends in Battle ſlain,
And their untimely Fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel War ſhall ceaſe,
On hard Conditions may he buy his Peace.
Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme Command,
But fall, untimely, by ſome hoſtile Hand:
And lye unbury'd on the barren Sand.

* *Priam.* † *Æneas.*

Theſe

Hæc precor: hanc vocem extremam cum ſanguine fundo.
Tum vos, ô Tyrii, ſtirpem & genus omne futurum
Excercete odiis: cineríque hæc mittite noſtro
Munera: nullus amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferróque ſequare colonos.
Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt ſe tempore vires,
Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsíque nepotes.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

——————————Tiſiphone,
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quæque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu, regníſque, parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Prò dolor!) & noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemitúſque odere paternos.
Hiſce etiam funeſtus ego? & videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, & totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votíſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da, Tartarei regina barathri,
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas.——————

Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Hanc volitent animæ circum ſua fata querentes
Semper, & è tectis ſtrix violenta canat:
Ipſa fame ſtimulante furens herbáſque ſepulchris
Quærat, & à ſævis oſſa relicta lupis.——

Tibul. Lib. I. El. 6.

HOMINUM

Theſe are my Pray'rs, and this my dying Will,
And you, my *Tyrians*, every Curſe fulfil:
Perpetual Hate, and mortal Wars proclaim,
Againſt the Prince, the People, and the Name:
Theſe grateful Off'rings on my Grave beſtow,
Nor League, nor Love, the hoſtile Nations know:
Now, and from hence, in every future Age,
When Rage excites your Arms, and Strength ſupplies the Rage:
Riſe ſome Avenger of our *Lybian* Blood,
With Fire and Sword purſue the perjur'd Brood:
Our Arms, our Seas, our Shores oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame Hate deſcend on all our Heirs.— *Dryden.*

——————————— *Tiſiphone!*
Oh hear, and aid the Vengeance * I require,
If worthy Thee, and what Thou might'ſt inſpire!
My Sons their old unhappy Sire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and depriv'd of Eyes:
Guideleſs, I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their Scepters o'er my Urn:
Theſe Sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious Pride,
Inſult my Darkneſs, and my Groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove!*
And ſleeps thy Thunder in the Realms above?
Thou Fury then, ſome laſting Curſe entail,
Which o'er their Children's Children ſhall prevail:
Place on their Heads that Crown diſtain'd with Gore,
Which theſe dire Hands from my ſlain Father tore:
Go, and a Parent's heavy Curſes bear:
Break all the Bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred Souls to mutual Hate and War!
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee,
Blind as I am, ſome glorious Villany!—— *Pope.*

May Ghoſts ſurround her with complaining Cries;
And the dire Owl ſcream at her from the Skies:
May She, of ev'ry Kind of Food bereft,
Rob Graves, and gnaw the Bones that Wolves have left!—
Dart alter'd.

* *OEdipus.*

INCLINA-

Hominum Diversitas.

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur, amántque:
Carmine tu gaudes, hic delectatur Iambis:
Ille Bioneis Sermonibus, & ſale nigro.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu, quod jubet alter.
Quod petis, id ſanè eſt inviſum, acidúmque duobus.—
Hor. Lib. II. Epiſt. 2.

Caſtor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia.———— *Hor.* Lib. II. Sat 1.

Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtémque jocoſi:
Sedatum celeres; agilem, gnavúmque remiſſi.
Potores bibuli mediâ de nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt 18.

Mille hominum ſpecies, & rerum diſcolor uſus
Velle ſuum cuique eſt, nec voto vivitur uno.
Mercibus hic Italis mutat ſub ſole recenti
Rugoſum piper, & pallentis grana Cumini.
Hic ſatur irriguo mavult turgeſcere ſomno:
Hic campo indulget: hunc alea decoquit: ille
In venerem eſt putris: ſed cùm lapidoſa Chiragra
Fregerit articulos, veteris ramalia fagi,
Tum craſſos tranſiſſe dies, lucemque paluſtrem,

Inclinations of Men Different.

MEN diff'rent Things admire and approve:
Odes You like beſt; *Iambics* Others love:
Whilſt a third Sort in *Satyr*'s Rage delight:
Sharp Salt alone can pleaſe their Appetite.
Three Friends by me are ſent for to a Feaſt,
A diff'rent Palate too has ev'ry Gueſt.
What ſhall, what ſhall I not provide? when You
For what They like a ſtrong Averſion ſhew;
And chuſe what's hateful to the other two.——
Pollux on Foot, on Horſeback *Caſtor* fights:
As many Men, ſo many their Delights.—— *Creech.*

Who's Temper's ſerious, and their Humour ſad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad:
They who are merry, and whoſe Humour's free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious Gravity:
They who are ſlow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit.
The ſlothful hate the buſy active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.
They whoſe free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To drink all Night and revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man that can his Cups refuſe.—— *Pooly.*

Nature is ever various in her Frame:
Each has a diff'rent Will, and few the ſame.
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, run
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the riſing Sun:
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for Spices their *Italian* Ware.
The lazy Glutton ſafe at Home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep.
One bribes for high Preferment in the State,
A ſecond ſhakes the Box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the Bed, diſſolving there,
Till Knots upon his gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his crippled Fingers found:
Rots like a doddard Oak, and peice-meal falls to Ground.

[redacted]

Then, his lewd Follies he would late repent;
And his paſt Years, that in a Miſt were ſpent.—*Dryden.*

For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are;
Tho' born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.
In Mind and Manners Twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame Sign, almoſt the ſame Degree.
One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to dine,
Does at a Penny's Coſt in Herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine:
Prepar'd as Prieſt of his own Rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles Pepper with a ſparing Hand.
His jolly Brother oppoſite in Senſe,
Laughs at his Thrift: and laviſh of Expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own Defence.—*Dryd.*

Some view, with a delighted Eye,
Thick Clouds of Duſt around them fly,
While their contending Chariots roll,
And nicely ſhun-th' *Olympic* Goal:
Where Races, won, and Palms beſtow'd,
Exalt a Hero to a God.

This is of high Preferment proud,
And Honours given by the Crowd:
That plows his own paternal Fields,
With what the *Lybian* Harveſt yields
Content: nor by the Hopes of Gain
Can'ſt Thou e'er tempt him from the Plain:
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
In feeble Ships, and ſtem the Tide.

The Merchant toſs'd on angry Seas,
Commends his Farm, and rural Eaſe:
Yet rigs his ſhatter'd Bark once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor.

There are who quaff, (or careleſs laid
Beneath the wilding-Apple's Shade,
Or where the riſing Fountains play,)
Old *Maſſic* Wine throughout the Day.
And Many be, whom Camps delight,
And Battles, that fond Mothers fright:

Permiſtus ſonitus, bellaque matribus
Deteſtata. Manet ſub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor:
Seu viſa eſt catulis Cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes marſus Aper plagas.——
Hor. Lib. I. Od. 1.

Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruúntque
In ferrum: penetrant aulas & limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem, miſeróſque Penates,
Et gemmâ bibat, & Sarrano indormiat oſtro:
Condit opes alius, defoſſoque incubat auro:
Hic ſtupet attonitus roſtris: hunc plauſus hiantem
Per cuneos (geminatur enim) plebiſque patrumque
Corripuit: gaudent perfuſi ſanguine fratrum,
Exſilióque domos & dulcia limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quærunt ſub Sole jacentem.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

Torva leæna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam:
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella:
Te Corydon, ô Alexi: trahit ſua quemque voluptas.—
Virg. Ecl. II.

Triſte Lupus ſtabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti: nobis Amaryllidis iræ.
Dulce ſatis humor, depulſis arbutus hœdis,
Lenta ſalix fœto pecori: mihi ſolus Amyntas.——
Virg. Ecl. III.

INCONSTANTIA.

NIL æquale homini fuit illi: ſæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: modò reges, atque tetrarchas,

Omni

Who in the Fife's, and Clarion's Voice,
The Symphony of War, rejoyce.
The Hunter bears bleak Cold and Wet,
Unmindful of his lovely Spouſe:
Whether the Stag the Beagles rouſe,
Or the wild Boar has broke the Net.—*Creech. Welſted* alt.
Some vex the Deep with Oars, and ruſh to Arms:
Sollicit Favour in the Courts of Kings.
One Spoils, from wretched, ruin'd Cities ſeeks:
To quaff on Gems, and ſnore on *Tyrian* Dye:
This buries Wealth, and broods o'er hoarded Gold:
That doats with Fondneſs on the Roſtrum's Fame;
Another on th' Applauſes of the Cirque,
And Theaters: for doubled is th' Applauſe:
The People and the Fathers both concur:
He, ſet agape, ſtands raviſh'd at the Sound.
Some triumph, reeking in their Brother's Blood:
And change for Exile their ſweet native Homes,
And ſeek a Soil warm'd by another Sun.—— *Trap.*
The ſavage Lioneſs purſues the Wolf:
The Wolf the Goat: the Goat the Trefoil's Flowers:
Thee, *Corydon*, *Alexis:* All their Love.—— *Id.*
By Flocks the Wolf is dreaded: ſoaking Show'rs
By the ripe Harveſts: by the Trees the Wind:
By Me, my *Amaryllis'* angry Frown.
Grateful is Dew to ſpringing Corn: ſweet Brouze
To new-wean'd Kids: the bending Sallow's Leaves
To pregnant Yews: *Amyntas* ſole to Me.—— *Id.*

INCONSTANCY.

THIS fickle Wretch ne'er holds in the ſame Mind:
Sometimes his haſty Steps outſtrip the Wind,
As if he fear'd ſome Enemy behind:
Now, with ſlow Pace he apes the ſolemn Prieſt,
Who in Proceſſion walks to *Juno's* Feaſt:
His Equipage, now, counts two hundred Men,
And, now, the Number is reduc'd to ten:
Now, with grand Airs his Converſation rings,
Of nothing leſs than Governors and Kings:

Omnia magna loquens: modò, Sit mihi mensa tripes, & Concha ſalis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus Quamvis craſſa, queat. ——————

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 3.

Quod petiit, ſpernet: repetit, quod nuper omiſit: Æſtuat, & vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto. ——

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 1.

INDUSTRIA. Vide APES. LABOR.

PArvula, nam exemplo eſt, magni Formica laboris, Ore trahit quodcumque poteſt, atque addit acervo, Quem ſtruit, haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri. ——

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 1.

——Prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ Curriculo expulerat ſomnum: cum fœmina, primum Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ, Impoſitum cinerem & ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes, Noctem addens operi, famulâſque ad lumina longo Exercet penſo: caſtum ut ſervare cubile Conjugis, & poſcit parvos educere natos. ——

Æn. VIII.

INFANS.

——PUER, ut ſævis projectus ab undis Navita, nudus humi jacet, Infans, indigus omni Vitali auxilio: cùm primum in luminis oras Nixibus ex alvo Matris natura profudit: Vagitúque locum lugubri complet ut æquum 'ſt, Cui tantum in vitâ reſtet tranſire malorum.

At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque; Non crepitacula eis opu' ſunt, nec cuiquam adhibenda 'ſt, Alma nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela: Nec varias quærunt veſtes pro tempore cœli,

Now, a clean Salt-Cellar is all his Wiſh,
And a ſmall Table for one homely Diſh;
And as to Cloths, however coarſe and old,
They're good enough, if they keep out the Cold.—*Anon.*
What he was fond of, now he does reject,
And ſeeks what he but lately did neglect:
He wavers ſtill, and flies from that to this,
And all his Life a Contradiction is.—— *Creech.*

INDUSTRY. See BEES. LABOUR.

THE little Ant, (Example ſhe to Man
Of Care and Labour,) gathers all ſhe can,
And brings it to enlarge her Heap at Home,
Againſt the Winter, which ſhe knows will come.—*Creech.*
Night now was ſliding in her middle Courſe:
The firſt Repoſe was finiſh'd: When the Dame,
Who by her Diſtaff's ſlender Art ſubſiſts,
Wakes the ſpread Embers, and the ſleeping Fire,
Night adding to her Work: and calls her Maids
To their long Taſks, by lighted Tapers urg'd:
Thus ſpotleſs to preſerve her Huſband's Bed,
And educate her little prattling Babes.—— *Trap.*

INFANT.

LIKE ſome poor Sailor by the Tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the *Babe* is ſhipwreck'd on the World;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpleſs of all that human Wants require:
Expos'd upon th' unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt Moment of his hapleſs Birth:
Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room,
Too ſure Preſages of his future Doom.
But Flocks, and Herds, and ev'ry ſavage Beaſt,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd:
They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
No Nurſe to reconcile them to their Food,
With broken Words: nor Winter Blaſts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:

Denique non Armis opus eſt, non mœnibus altis,
Queis ſua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia largè
Tellus ipſa parit, naturaque dædala rerum.——
Lucret. Lib. V.

———Hominis ſpeciem materna ſumit in alvo,
Perque ſuos intus numeros componitur Infans,
Nec niſi maturus communes exit in auras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

INHUMANITAS. Vide CRUDELITAS.

CUM ſubito aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion
In vada cæca tulit, penituſque procacibus Auſtris
Perque undas, ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit: Huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara [morem
Permittit patria? hoſpitio prohibemur arenæ:
Bella cient, primáque vetant conſiſtere terra.——
Æn. Lib. I.

Paulatim adnabam terræ, & jam tuta tenebam:
Ni gens crudelis madida cum veſte gravatum,
Prenſantémque uncis manibus capita aſpera montis,
Ferro invaſiſſet, prædámque ignara putaſſet.———
Æn. Lib. VI.

SUPPLICATIO. Vide Diſſuaſio. Exoratio Morientis.

—PER ſuperos & conſcia numina veri:
Per, ſi qua eſt, quæ reſtat adhuc mortalibus uſquam
Intemerata fides, oro: miſerere laborum

Tuorum.

Nor for their Safety Citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War.
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh Hands ſupply their common Wants.—
Dryden.

————An *Infant* in the Mother's Womb,
Does by Degrees the Form of Man aſſume:
There ſleeps till all the Parts proportion bear,
Nor taſts, till ripe for Life, the common Air.— *Gay.*

INHUMANITY. See CRUELTY.

WHEN on a ſudden, riſing with a Storm,
Boiſtrous *Orion* drove Us on the Flats,
And hidden Shelves: and with capricious Winds
Scatter'd Us o'er the Waves, the foamy Deep,
And Rocks unpaſſable: We few eſcap'd
From Shipwreck to your Coaſt,— * What Race of Men
Is This? What barb'rous Country, that permits
Such Cuſtoms? From the Refuge of the Strand
They drive us, offer War, and beat us back
From the firſt Shore.———— *Trap.*

————————By Degrees
I ſwam to Land: and now had ſafe arriv'd:
Had not the cruel Nation, as I catch'd
With graſping Hands the Mountain's rugged Sides,
Clogg'd in my brine-drench'd Garments, with the * Sword
Invaded me, and ignorant ſuppos'd
They gain'd a Prize.———————— *Id.*

INTREATY. See Diſſuaſion. Requeſt (Dying.)

——BY Heav'n,
By all the Gods, who witneſs to the Truth,
By all that Faith, (if any ſuch there be,)
Which yet remains untainted in the World,
You ſuppliant I implore: commiſerate

* This inhuman Practice is too frequent on our own Coaſts.

Such

Tantorum, miſerere animi non digna ferentis.——

Æn. Lib. II.

Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?
Quo ruit? extremum hoc miſeræ det munus amanti:
Exſpectet facilémque fugam, ventóſque ferentes.
Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro:
Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnúmque relinquat.
Tempus inane peto, requiem ſpatiúmque furori,
Dum mea me victam doceat Fortuna dolore.
Quod mihi cum dederit, cumulatum morte remittam.

Æn. Lib. IV.

Et genua amplectens effatur talia ſupplex:
Per patrios manes, & ſpes ſurgentis Iüli,
Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natóque patríque.
Eſt domus alta: jacent penitus defoſſa talenta
Cælati argenti: ſunt auri pondera facti
Infectíque mihi: non hic victoria Teucrûm
Vertitur: haud anima una dabit diſcrimina tanta.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

INVITATIO.

HUC ades, ô formoſe Puer: tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Naïs,
Pallentes violas & ſumma papavera carpens,
Narciſſum & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
Tum caſia, atque aliis intexens ſuavibus herbis,
Mollia luteolâ pingit vaccinia calthâ.——

Virg. Ecl. II.

Nerine.

Such mighty Woes, commiſerate a Wretch
Not meriting the Afflictions he endures.—— *Trap.*
Why does * he ſtop his unrelenting Ears
To my Intreaties? Whither does he fly
So haſty? this laſt Favour let him grant
To his unhappy Lover: let him wait
An eaſy Voyage, and permitting Winds.
† I now no more petition him to yield
The Rights of Nuptials, which he has betray'd:
Nor urge him to relinquiſh his gay Hopes
Of *Italy* and Empire:—All I beg
Is but a ſoothing Interval, ſome Reſt,
And Reſpite to my Paſſion: 'till my Fate
Shall to Misfortune reconcile my Soul,
Subdu'd by Grief, and teach me how to mourn.
This let him grant: I'll then diſmiſs him free,
And crown his Satisfaction with my Death.—— *Id.*
Trembling, he claſp'd the Hero's Knees, and pray'd:
By young *Iülus*, by thy Father's Shade,
O ſpare my Life, and ſend me back to ſee
My longing Sire, and tender Progeny.
A lofty Houſe I have, and Wealth untold,
In Silver Ingots, and in Bars of Gold:
All theſe, and Sums beſides, which ſee no Day,
The Ranſom of this one poor Life ſhall pay.
If I ſurvive, ſhall *Troy* the leſs prevail?
A ſingle Soul's too light to turn the Scale.—— *Dryden.*

INVITATION.

COME hither, beauteous Boy! behold; the Nymphs
To Thee freſh Lillies in full Baſkets bring:
For Thee the lovely *Naïs* crops the Heads
Of Poppies, and the Violet's pale Flow'rs,
With the Narciſſus and ſweet Aniſe join'd:
Then mingling Cinamon, and other Herbs
Of fragrant Scent, with the ſoft Hyacinth
The Saffron Bloom of Marigolds adorns,——

* *Æneas.* † *Dido.*

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cycnis, hederâ formoſior albâ:
Cùm primum paſti repetent præſepia tauri,
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.——
Virg. Ecl. VII.

Huc ades, ô Galatea:——————
Hic ver perpetuum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet: & lentæ texunt umbracula vites.——
Huc ades.—————— *Virg. Ecl.* IX.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verſo lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Mœcenas, roſarum, &
Preſſa tuis balanus capillis
Jamdudum apud me eſt. Eripe te mora:

Faſtidioſam deſere copiam, &
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum, & opes, ſtrepitúmque Romæ.

Plerúmque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, ſine aulæis, & oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.———
Hor. Lib. III. Ode 29.

LÆTITIA Publica.

LIttora cum plauſu clamor, ſuperáſque Deorum
Implevere domos.—— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. IV.
————————Fovet ignibus Aras,
Muneribúſque Deos implet: feriúntque ſecures,

Colla

Dear *Galatea!* ſweeter far to me
Than *Hybla*'s Thyme to the laborious Bee:
Whiter than Swans that ſwim the Chryſtal Streams,
And fairer than the ſhining Ivy ſeems:
Come, when the Bulls ſhall to their Stalls repair:
Ah! come, if *Corydon*'s at all thy Care.——
Hither, O *Galatea!* hither come,
My charming Fair: Here blooms the purple Spring:
Here various Flow'rs, the winding Rivers round,
The Earth pours forth: Here the pale Poplar hangs
O'er our cool Grot: and intermingled Vines
With pliant Tendrils weave a gentle Shade.—— *Trap.*

Deſcended of an antient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Scepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the gen'rous Wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy Wreath is ready made,
And artful Hands prepare
The fragrant Oyl that ſhall perfume thy Hair.
From all thy cloying Plenty fly,
Thy Palace leave, that riſes to the Sky:
Nor longer value *Rome*'s fantaſtick Joys,
It's Smoke, it's Riches, and it's Noiſe.
Sometimes 'tis pleaſing to the Rich to try
A ſhort Viciſſitude, a Fit of Poverty:
A ſavory Diſh, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
Or Carpets from the *Tyrian* Loom, [alt.
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.—*Dryd.*

Joy Publick.

LOUD Shouts of Joy, and glad Applauſes riſe,
Ring round the Shores, and eccho to the Skies.——
The hallowed Fires on ev'ry Altar ſhine,
And grateful Off'rings load each ſacred Shrine:

Proud

ɔſa boum vinctorum cornua Vittis.
rechthidis fertur celebratior illo
lies. Agitant convivia patres,
ım vulgus : nec non & carmina, vino
faciente, canunt.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

ɔmnis longo ſolvit ſe Teucria luctu :
r Portæ : juvat ire, & Dorica caſtra,
ue videre locos, litúſque relictum.——

Æn. Lib. II.

ì ludiſque viæ plausúque fremebant :
in templis matrum chorus, omnibus aræ :
terram cæſi ſtravere juvenci.——

Æn. Lib. VIII.

IRIS. Vide MORIENS.

Iduitur velamina mille colorum
ris, & arquato cœlum curvamine ſignat.——

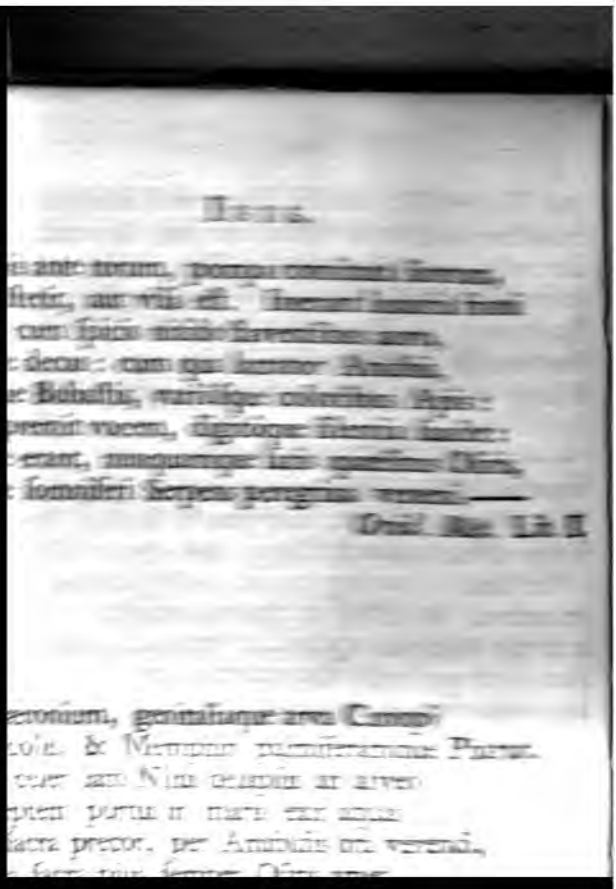
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Proud Victims fall, their Horns with Ribbons bound,
And tincture with their Blood the holy Ground.
Athens ne'er knew ſo general a Joy:
Feaſting and Mirth does every Soul employ:
Promiſcuouſly the Peers and People dine,
Promiſcuouſly their thankful Voices join,
In Songs of Wit, ſublim'd by ſprightly Wine.——
Tate alter'd.

——————Tranſported *Troy*
Forgot her Woes, and gave a looſe to Joy:
Threw wide her Gates, and pour'd forth all her Train,
To view th' abandon'd Camp, and empty Plain.— *Pitt.*
With loud rejoycing Shouts, and gladſome Sports,
And feſtival Applauſe the Streets reſound:
In all the Temples Quires of Matrons croud:
Altars in all erected: On the Ground
Before thoſe Altars ſlaughter'd Oxen fall.—— *Trap.*

IRIS. See DYING.

HER ſhining Robes, rich with a thouſand Dies,
Iris puts on; then from the Heav'ns flies;
And flying forms an Arch, a Segment of the Skies.—
————Down to the *Trojan* Fleet
Saturnian Juno Iris ſends from Heav'n,
And breaths the Winds to ſpeed her airy Courſe:
The Virgin, ſeen by none, with wingy Speed
Shoots thro' a thouſand Colours of her Bow. *Trap.*
————Uprais'd on even Wings,
The Goddeſs mounts into the Air, and cuts
Her Bow of ſpacious Arch beneath the Clouds.—— *Id.*
Mean while great *Jove* ſends dewy *Iris* down,
To call the Gods to Council round his Throne.
Wrap'd in her colour'd Robes ſhe ſwiftly flies,
On gentle *Zephyrs*, thro' the yielding Skies.——
Hughes alter'd.



Isis.

A Glorious Train, and *Iſis* at their Head,
Or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand, before the Bed.
Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
And golden Sheaves her ſhining Temples grac'd,
Round which a regal Diadem on high
Blaz'd forth: The Dog *Anubis* too was by,
Sacred *Bubaſtis*, glorious to the Sight,
And the black *Apis* mark'd with Spots of White,
And He, the ſpeechleſs God, whoſe Finger laid
A-croſs his Lips to ſilence does perſwade:
The ſounding *Siſtra* in the Train were brought,
Oſiris who can ne'er enough be ſought,
And the ſtrange Snake with deadly Venom fraught.—
Dryden alter'd.

Great *Iſis!* who delight'ſt to haunt the Fields,
Where fruitful *Nile* it's golden Harveſt yields;
Where with ſev'n Mouths into the Sea it falls,
And tak'ſt thy Walks around *Canope*'s Walls;
Who *Memphis* viſit'ſt, and the *Pharian* Tow'rs,
Aſſiſt my dear One with thy friendly Pow'rs!
By all thy ſacred Rites I Thee conjure,
A Life ſo precious with thy Help ſecure!
By *Anubis*'s venerable Face!
So may'ſt Thou with *Oſiris* ſtill find Grace!
So may thy Altars heap'd with Off'rings ſhine,
And round thoſe Offrings deadly Serpents twine!
May horned *Apis* ſo thy Pomp attend,
And be to Thee, as Thou'rt to her a Friend!
Look down, Oh *Iſis!* on the teeming Fair,
And make at once her Life, and mine, thy Care:
Save both by helping one; the Aid you give
To her ſaves me, for 'tis by her I live.
Nor undeſerving is ſhe, for ſhe pays
Her Vows to Thee on all thy ſolemn Days;
And ſtill attends thy Feaſts to celebrate,
Whene'er the *Galli* round thy laurel'd Altars wait.— Amen.
[alter'd.

ITALIA.

SED neque Medorum ſylvæ, ditiſſima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque turiferis Panchaïa pinguis arenis.
Hic gravidæ fruges, & Bacchi Maſſicus humor
Implevere: tenent oleæque, armentaque læta.
Hinc bellator equus campo ſeſe arduus infert:
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, & maxima taurus
Victima ſæpe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro,
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.
Hic ver aſſiduum, atque alienis menſibus æſtas.
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rabidæ tigres abſunt, & ſæva leonum
Semina: nec miſeros fallunt aconita legentes:
Nec rapit immenſos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in ſpiram tractu ſe colligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbes, operúmque laborem:
Tot congeſta manu præruptis oppida ſaxis:
Fluminaque antiquos ſubterlabentia muros.
Hæc eadem argenti rivos, æríſque metalla
Oſtendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm.———— *Virg. Georg.* Lib. II.

JUPITER. Vide DEUS. PROVIDENTIA.

AB Jove principium, Muſæ: Jovis omnia plena:
Ille colit terras.———— *Virg. Ecl.* III.

—Jupiter

ITALY.

BUT neither *Media*'s wealthy Groves, and Soil,
Nor far-fam'd *Ganges*, nor rich *Hermus*' Stream,
Turbid with Gold, can match *Italia*'s Praiſe:
Nor *Bactra*, *India*, nor *Panchaia* fat,
All o'er, with Frankincenſe producing Glebe.
——————Here ſwelling Grain
Abounds, and *Bacchus*' *Maſſic* Juice, and Oils,
And Herds of ſhining Neat. The Warrior Steed
Prances, with lofty Port, into the Field:
White Flocks, and ſtately Bulls, of Victims chief,
Oft plung'd, *Clitumnus*, in thy ſacred Stream,
To *Jove*'s high Fane the *Roman* Triumphs lead.
Here blooms perpetual Spring: and Summer ſhines
In Months not Her's: Here twice the Cattle teem,
The Trees twice yield their Fruit: But far from hence
Is the fell Tyger, and the ſavage Breed
Of Lions: Nor does Aconite deceive
The wretched Simplers. No huge ſcaly Snake
Snatches his Orb immenſe along the Ground:
Nor into Spires ſo vaſt himſelf convolves.
Add that Variety of Cities fam'd:
And Labour of Artificers: on Tops
Of craggy Rocks ſo many Towns uprear'd:
And Rivers gliding under ancient Walls.
The ſame bleſt Region Veins of Silver ſhows:
Rivers of Braſs: and flows in copious Gold.
Hail happy Clime! *Saturnian* Realm! of Fruits,
And Men, great Parent!—————— *Trap.*

JUPITER. See GOD. PROVIDENCE.

WITH *Jove*, ye *Muſes!* let the Song begin:
All Things are full of *Jove:* He for the World
Provides, indulgent.—————— *Trap.*

——————Juppiter æthere ſummo
Deſpiciens mare velivolum, terráſque jacentes,
Litoraque, & latos populos: ſic vertice cœli
Conſtitit, & Lybiæ defixit lumina regnis.
Atque illum,——————
Triſtior, & lachrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes,
Alloquitur Venus: O, qui res hominúmque Deûmque
Æternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terres.
Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum,
Vultu, quo cœlum tempeſtatéſque ſerenat,
Oſcula libavit natæ.—————— *Æn.* Lib. I.

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi;
Conſiliumque vocat Divûm pater atque hominum rex
Sideream in ſedem, terras unde arduus omnes
Aſpectat.——————
Conſidunt tectis bipatentibus.——————
Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui ſumma poteſtas,
Infit: eo dicente, Deûm domus alta ſileſcit,
Et tremefacta ſolo tellus, ſilet arduus æther:
Tum Zephyri poſuere, premit placida æquora pontus.—
Æn. Lib. X.

——————Sua cuique exorſa laborem
Fortunámque ferent. Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.
——————Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes atrâque voragine ripas,
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
Hic finis fandi: ſolio tum Juppiter aureo
Surgit: cœlicolæ medium quem ad limina ducunt.——
Ibid.

Ergo ubi marmoreo Superi ſedere receſſu,
Celſior ipſe loco, ſceptróque innixus eburno,
Terrificam capitis concuſſit térque quatérque
Cæſariem: cum quâ terram, mare, ſidera movit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Regum

——————Imperial *Jove*
Surveying, from the Summit of the Sky,
The navigable Seas, and low laid Earth,
And Shores, and Nations wide, on Heav'n's high Tow'r
Stood, and on *Lybia*'s Kingdoms fix'd his Eyes.
——————To Him,
Sad *Venus*, her bright Eyes all drown'd in Tears,
Suppliant applies.—O Thou! whoſe Sov'reign Pow'r
Controuls th' Affairs of Men, and Gods, with Rule
Eternal, and with Thunder awes!———
Smiling on Her, the Sire of Men and Gods,
With that ſmooth Look which clears the ſtormy Sky,
His Daughter gently kiſs'd.——— *Id.*
Olympus now it's everlaſting Doors
Widely unfolds: the King of Gods and Men
Summons a Council in the ſtarry Hall:
From whence, enthron'd on high, all Lands he views.—
Th' Etherial Synod meets.———
Th' Almighty Father then, ſupreme of Kings,
His aweful Speech begins, and, while he ſpeaks,
Heav'n's lofty Court keeps Silence, and the Earth
Trembles below, th' Etherial Arch above:
Huſh'd are the Winds, th' unruffled Seas ſubſide.— *Id.*
——————Let Each
Abide th' Event and Fortune of his Deeds:
Jove is the ſame, one common King to All.
——————So ſpake the God:
And by his *Stygian* Brother's pitchy Banks,
And whirling Torrent, ratify'd the Doom:
And all *Olympus* trembled at his Nod.
Here ended the Debate: Imperial *Jove*
Upriſes from his Throne of Gold: the Gods
Attend him to his Palace, round inclos'd.—— *Id.*
When on their marble Seats the Gods were plac'd,
And the high Throne with *Jove* himſelf was grac'd:
Upon his Iv'ry Scepter firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his Head, that ſhook the Firmament:
Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty Nod,
And with a gen'ral Fear confeſs'd the God.—Dryd. alter'd

W6

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipſos imperium eſt Jovis,
Claro Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta ſupercilio moventis.— *Hor.* Lib. III. Ode 1.

JUPITER AMMON.

VEntum erat ad templum, Lybicis quod gentibus unum
Inculti Garamantes habent: ſtat corniger illic
Jupiter, ut memorant, ſed non aut fulmina vibrans,
Aut ſimilis noſtro, ſed tortis cornibus Ammon.
Non illic Lybicæ poſuerunt ditia gentes
Templa: neç Eois ſplendent donaria gemmis.
Quamvis Æthiopum populis, Arabúmque beatis
Gentibus, atque Indis unus ſit Jupiter Ammon:
Pauper adhuc Deus eſt, nullis violata per ævum
Divitiis delubra tenens: morúmque priorum
Numen Romano templum defendit ab auro.——
Lucan. Lib. IX.

JUSTITIA. Vide LEGES.

——PHlegyas miſerrimus omnes
Admonet, & magnâ teſtatur voce per umbras:
Diſcite Juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Juſtitia, tu prima hominem ſilveſtribus antris
Elicis, & fœdo detergis ſæcula victu.
Te propter colimus leges, animóſque ferarum

Eximus.

While mighty Kings o'er trembling Nations ſway,
Thoſe mighty Kings themſelves muſt *Jove* obey;
Whoſe pow'rful Arm the Gyants did confound,
Whoſe Nod turns all the Univerſe around.——

JUPITER AMMON.

NOW to the ſacred Temple they draw near,
Whoſe only Altars *Lybian* Lands revere:
There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
A Form uncouth, ſtands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
No regal Enſigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the Light'nings flaming Brand:
But, ruder to behold, a horned Ram
Appears the God, and *Ammon* is his Name.
There tho' he reigns, unrival'd, and alone,
O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone:
Tho' *Ethiopia* is by him poſſeſs'd,
India the rich, and *Araby* the bleſt,
Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his Shrines with coſtly Sheen:
But plain, and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:
A God of pious Times, and Days of old,
That keeps his Temple ſafe from *Roman* Gold.— *Rowe.*

JUSTICE. See LAWS.

——IN Hell, adviſing All,
The wretched *Phlegyas* teſtifies aloud
With ſolemn Voice, and preaches thro' the Shades:
"Be warn'd, learn *Juſtice*, nor contemn the Gods.—*Trap.*
Thou, *Juſtice*, wer't the firſt that brought Mankind
From Caves in Deſarts: and the Uſe of Food,
Wholeſome, and good, didſt teach the ſavage Race.
For thy ſake only We the Laws revere:
To humanize the Mind, and thence expel
All brutal Paſſions, 'tis to Thee we owe.

Whoſe

Exuimus: nitidis quiſquis te ſenſibus hauſit,
Irruet intrepidus flammis, hiberna ſecabit
Æquora: conſertos hoſtes ſuperabit inermis.
Ille vel Æthiopum pluviis ſolabitur æſtus:
Illum trans Scythiam vernus comitabitur aër.——
Claud. de Mall. Theod. Conſ.

Qui ſtatuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet ſtatuerit, haud æquus fuerit.— *Senec. Med.*

Quàm vos facillimè agitis, quàm eſtis maxumè
Potentes, Dites, Fortunati, Nobiles,
Tam maxumè vos æquo animo æqua noſcere
Oportet, ſi vos voltis perhiberi Probos.———
Terent. Adelp.

JUSTITIA Divina. Vide PROVIDENTIA.

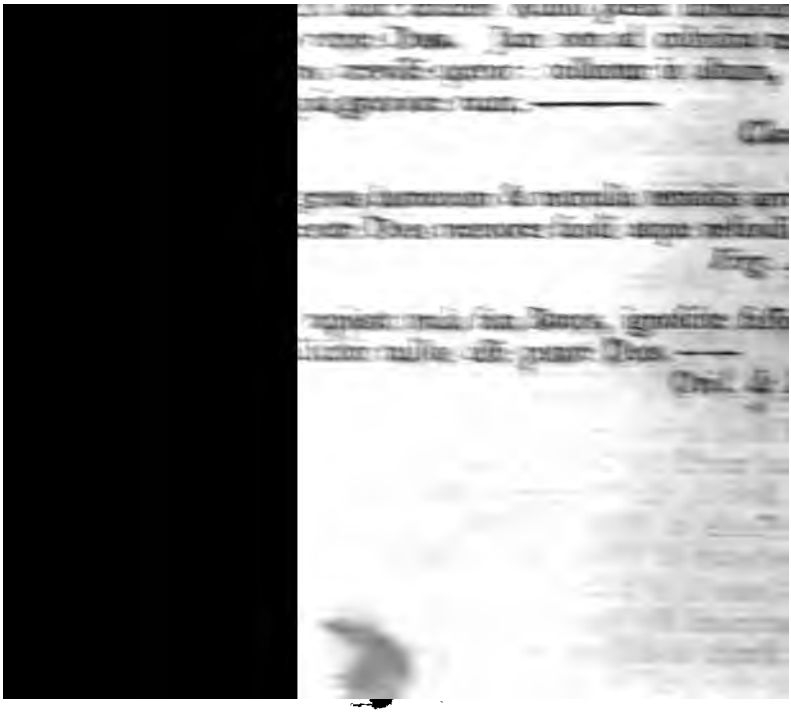
SÆpe mihi dubiam traxit Sententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus ineſſet
Rector, & incerto fluerunt mortalia caſu.
Nam cùm diſpoſiti quæsîſſem fœdera mundi,
Præſcriptóſque mari fines, annîquè meatus,
Et lucis noctiſque vices: tunc omnia rebar
Concilio firmata Dei: qui lege moveri
Sidera, qui fruges diverſo tempore naſci,
Qui variam Phœben alieno juſſerit igne
Compleri, Solémque ſuo: porrexerit undis
Litora: tellurem medio libraverit axe.

Sed cùm res hominum tantâ caligine volvi
Adſpicerem: lætóſque diu florere nocentes,
Vexaríque pios: rurſus labefacta cadebat

Whoſe upright Soul Thee deeply has imbib'd,
Fearleſs thro' Flames ſhall ruſh: thro' Northern Storms
Shall ſail undaunted: and a Hoſt of Foes
Shall overthrow, unarmed, and alone.
He, ev'n in *Æthiopia*'s ſcorching Plains,
Shall give the Comfort of refreſhing Show'rs:
And him, the balmy Zephyrs of the Spring,
Thro' *Scythia*'s icy Regions ſhall attend.——
Who paſſes Judgment, e'er both Sides are heard,
Tho' right his Sentence prove, is yet unjuſt.——
The more You live at Eaſe, the more you're bleſt
With Pow'r, and Wealth, Preferment, and a Name,
So much the ſtricter muſt be your Regard
For Honeſty and Juſtice, if you wiſh
To have the World believe you Men of Honour.——

JUSTICE (Divine.) See PROVIDENCE.

OFT have I been perplex'd with anxious Doubts:
Uncertain if about this World the Gods
Employ their Care, or if, without a Guide,
All mortal Things at random take their Courſe.
When I had trac'd the Order of the Whole,
The Ocean's Bounds, the Winding of the Year,
The fixt Viciſſitude of Night and Day,
Thence I concluded all Things were diſpos'd
By the wiſe Councils of a Deity:
At whoſe Command the Stars their Rounds fulfill,
And various Fruits at diff'rent Seaſons grow;
By whom the changeful Moon with borrow'd Beams
Repleat, ſhines forth, and *Phœbus* with his own:
Whoſe Hand ſtretch'd out the Shores to bound the Main;
And on it's Axis, ballanc'd, hung the Ball.
But, when I view'd th' Affairs of Humankind,
All dark, perplext, and unaccountable:
The Wicked flouriſhing, elate, and proud:
The Righteous ſuff'ring, wretched, and diſtreſt;
My Faith again was ſtagger'd, and inclin'd,



Altho' unwillingly to his Belief,
Who, that the Parts of Matter hurry on
At random, thro' the mighty Void, maintain'd,
In no determin'd, ſteady, certain Courſe:
And ſhift their Forms, by Chance not Wiſdom rul'd,
Who, or ſuppos'd the Gods of Reaſon void,
Or Beings indolent at beſt, and weak,
Of Us unknowing, and of our Affairs.
But now, this Tumult of the Mind is calm'd:
Ruſinus' Puniſhment acquits the Gods:
And, that the Wicked to th' utmoſt Pitch
Of Grandeur ſoar, no longer I complain.
They're rais'd on high to make their Fall the greater.—

————If Humankind you ſcorn,
And mortal Arms: Expect, at leaſt, the Gods
Will have a due Regard to Right, and Wrong.— *Trag.*

When, ſnatch'd by cruel Fate, the Good and Juſt,
Periſh, and ſink untimely to the Duſt.
(May I the bold Confeſſion be forgiven!)
I almoſt think there are no Gods in Heaven.—— *Aron.*

Printed for D. MIDWINTER, A. BETTESWORTH *and* C. HITCH, J. *and* J. PEMBERTON, R. WARE, C. RIVINGTON, J. *and* P. KNAPTON, J. BATLEY, T. LONGMAN, F. CLAY, A. WARD, *and* R. HETT,

THE Philoſophical Works of FRANCIS BACON, Baron of *Verulam*, Viſcount *St. Albans*, and Lord Chancellor of *England*, *Methodized, and made Engliſh from the Originals.* With occaſional *Notes* to explain what is *Obſcure:* and ſhew how far the ſeveral *Plans* of the Author, for the Advancement of all the Parts of Knowledge, have been executed to the *preſent Time.* With *References* from *one Part* of the Work to *another*, where the *ſame Subject* is treated; ſo as to make the Whole a *Comment upon itſelf.* To which is prefixed, A ſummary View of the AUTHOR's *Life*, and a *Gloſſary* or *Explanation* of certain *Philoſophical Terms*, either *Invented* or *Uſed* by him in a *New Senſe.* With Two *Appendixes*; to ſhew how advantageouſly the great Deſigns of the Author may be *at preſent executed* from the Lights ſtruck out by him, even in the Works he left unfiniſhed Illuſtrated wirh uſeful *Tables of Contents* to each Volume; particular *Preſaces* to the *principal Pieces*, and a copious *Index* to the Whole. In Three Volumes in *Quarto.* By PETER SHAW, *M. D.*

N B. The following Extracts from the General Preface, will give a brief Account of this Undertaking.

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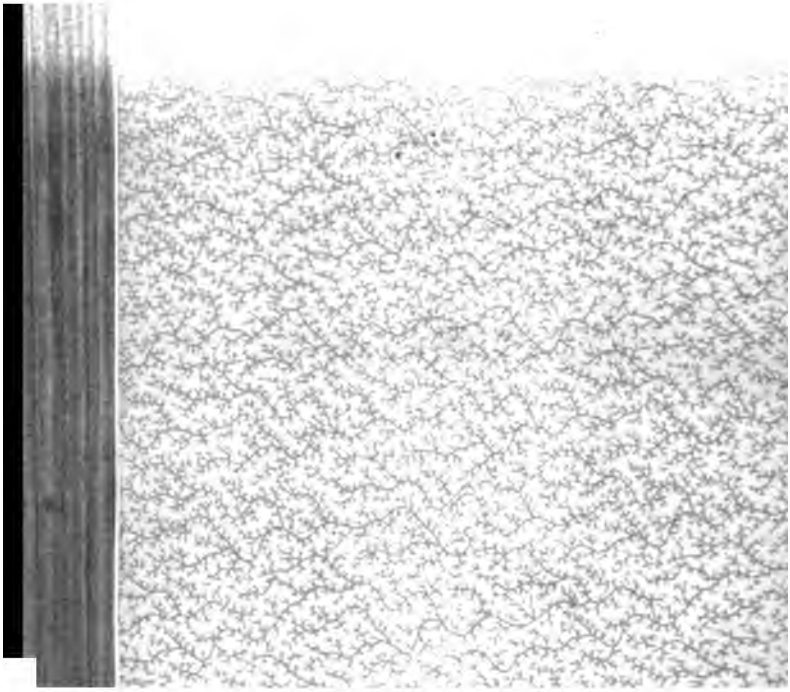

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